SPECIAL ISSUE: THE UNDERDOG

S P O B S

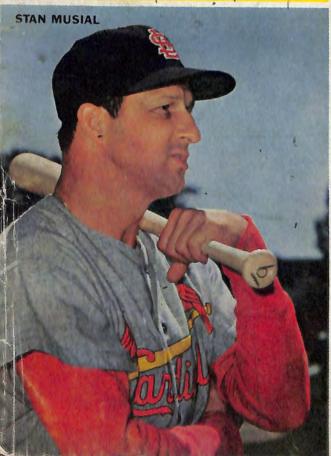
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GIANT SPORT QUIZ

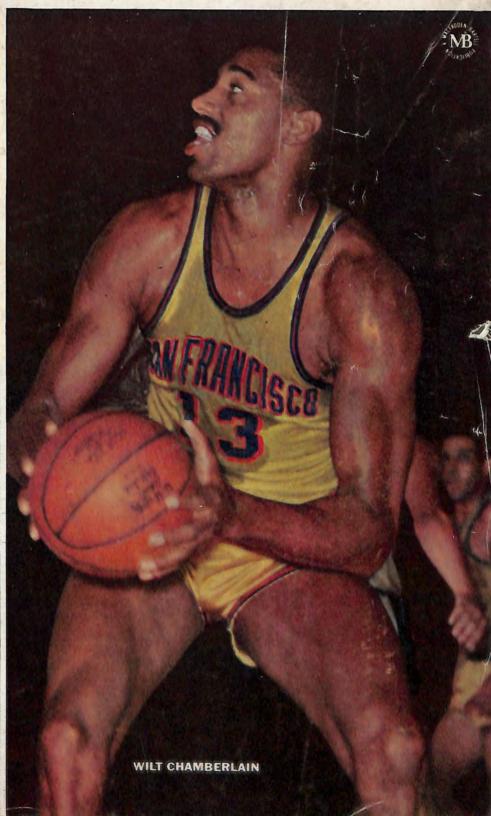
Ernie Banks' Life With A Loser

Wilt Chamberlain: "No One Roots For Goliath"

OF THE ANGELS' SUCCESS

Stan Musial's Fight To Keep Playing





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AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS MARCH 28



ORLANDO CEPEDA



ARNOLD PALMER

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

The headline story in May is an ex-Mantle. Looking back over his seasons in baseball, Mickey reveals a batch of behind-the-scenes stories about a man who has been with the Yankees since he joined them. The man? Yogi Berra. You won't want to miss, "The Yogi Berra I Know" by Mickey Mantle. Look for them on the cover of May SPORT.

Also next month a pair of inside stories looking ahead to the baseball season. The first is Sporr's annual feature, "The Ballplayers Pick The Pennant Winners." The men who play in the big leagues predict the outcome of the pennant races and predict, too, who will be the top stars in 1963 . . . The second inside piece features Orlando Cepeda, Frank Howard, Vada Pinson, Whitey Ford and Jim Gentile. Arnold Hano tells why 1963 is a crisis year for each.

Golf's No. 1 star is featured next month in "Arnold Palmer—How He Survives Brutal Pressure" . . . Bart Starr, quarterback of the Green Bay Packers, is the subject of a probing profile . . . Myron Cope writes with humor about a slice of boxing life

one of sport's hottest topics, the pro-football investigations. The players' opinions and gripes are aired by their official spokesman, Pete Retzlaff . . . Our SPORT SPECIAL subject is Vic Power, who candidly talks about the troubles he's had in baseball and what he thinks the future

holds for him.

Next month, too, Part Two of our Giant Sport Quiz contest-\$7,000 in cash and other prizes . . . Plus stories on baseball's Bill Mazeroski and Art Mahaffey, the great Boston Bruins' hockey team of 1938-1939, the late auto racer Ricardo Rodriguez. And a lot more besides.

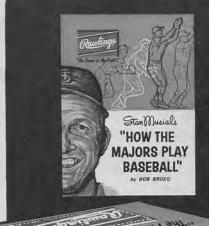




Stan Musial

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LETTERS TO SPORT

205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N.Y.

THIEF'S REWARD

Although Maury Wills stole your Man of the Year award with the same finesse as he did bases last season, he truly deserved it. Everyone has com-plained about baseball dying, but here is a man who revitalized it. In the preceding year, Roger Maris took all kinds of awards by hitting 61 home runs, yet his attitude did little to increase the interest in baseball. The fact that Wills stole 104 bases in a single season is considered by many sports fans to be as great, if not greater, an accomplishment than Maris' feat. Wills' attitude throughout the entire season was that of a true sportsman and competitor.

Rochester, N. Y. James W. Doty

SICK READER

Your choice of Man of the Year made me sick to my stomach. Stealing 104 bases appears to be the one and only reason that this prominent Dodger was selected. It seems to me that track speedsters like Frank Budd could have done the same.

Isn't it a pity that from all of the greats in football, basketball, baseball or boxing that Maury Wills was chosen as the most outstanding performer of the year?

Montclair, Cal.

Mike Lambert

SONNY'S SIDE KICKS

I feel that a great injustice has been done. In my opinion, there is no doubt that Sonny Liston should have been named Man of the Year. Tujunga, Cal. Steve Nakasone

BURNED UP

Since you fellas forgot about the wonderful Mr. Mays in your Man of the Year selection, I am not renewing my subscription. Stuff that in your pipe and smoke it.

San Jose, Cal.

Dan Hammer

We're smoking more these days and enjoying it less.



SURPRISE

In your selection of Top Performers of 1962, the pick of Dick Tiger over Sonny Liston might draw an argument, but the thing that surprised me was the choice of Paul Hogue over

Jerry Lucas in college basketball.
Where are all the "experts" who
were clamoring Hogue's greatness and
calling him better than Lucas? Hogue can't seem to make the grade with the lowly New York Knickerbockers. Lucas has always had more moves, more class, more endurance, and far more

ability than Hogue.
I'm not anti-Hogue by a long shot, and certainly he is a great and natural athlete, but Lucas is a living legend. Certainly no college player could ever be greater than Jerry Lucas. Charleston, W. Va. Eric Le Roy

PUCK + POKE = POEM

I saw many famous faces In my little lame brain; Wills may have stolen many bases, But the best was really Chamberlain.

This poem may sound nutty because, believe it or not, just before I started it, I got hit square in the nose by a hockey puck.

Riverview Heights, N. B. Doug Taylor



HULL'S UPSIDE-DOWN WORLD

I think Bobby Hull is very deserving of the Top Performer award in hockey that you gave him.

I remember one game three or four years ago in which Hull stole the puck at the red line and skated around two wingmen. As he crossed the blue line he still had the two defensemen to cope with and they were both around 220 pounds. He just kept skating in and when he was about seven feet away from the goal, both of those big bruisers sandwiched him in. They hit him so hard he went flying up in the air. While he was completely upside-down in mid-air, he shot and beat the goalie. This was the most unbelievable play I've ever seen. Stamford, Conn. Dan Kimling

WAITING FOR AN ANSWER

I read the February article by Jimmy Piersall called "Sure I'm a Pest, But . . ." and I would still like to know: But what? Alexandria, Va. Bill Monday

HERE'S "BUT WHAT"

I think that a good ballplayer should not be called a nut as often as Jimmy Piersall is. I went to Yankee Stadium last season and here's what happens in the first inning. Piersall leads off with a single and stirs up the crowd by getting on Bill Skowron. Piersall advances to second on a hit and tries to knock down the relay from the out-field. Next play: A foul ball and Jimmy has the third-base umpire in fits. Next play: Jimmy gets thrown out on a force play which he protests bitterly. That's a lot of action for a game only one out old. And he led the Senators to a sweep of a doubleheader

N. Arlington, N. J. Bobby Murray

HE CAME TO PRAISE HAND

Arnold Hano's story in February Sport on how adversity affects athletes and teams was a refreshing and rewarding reading experience. The examples cited by Mr. Hano were unique and appropriate. Natick, Mass. Lenny Megliola

HE CAME TO BURY HIM

Arnold Hano has certainly cited some inspiring examples of how men have faced and overcome adversity in such a way that they were better men for it. However, it is a dangerous and psychologically poor theory of success through alibis that has been suggested.

It is true that in meeting hardships and in working to overcome adversity boys become mature men and men grow stronger, but growth comes about in honestly facing one's weaknesses and not in dreaming up alibis. Surely no good can come from ignoring weak points and then, like a baby still in the world of imagination and fantasy, dreaming up fictitious reasons for failure

No, gentlemen, men are not born in fantasy and deceptive ego-centric self-confidence, but men grow out of stark honesty and sheer determina-tion to remake themselves through disciplined hard work! Self-confidence grows out of difficult practice and is based upon good reasons. To insist that self-confidence is founded upon self-deceiving alibis is to instill in young men psychologically unhealthy patterns of thought.

Boston, Mass. D. Bruce Roberts

GIVING UP THE GHOST

I have been reading Sport for over five years now, and never before have I been so incensed as to write a letter. But after reading the article by Willie Mays in the February issue I feel that something must be said.

First, if Mr. Mays did write the story I advise him to quit writing and stick to playing baseball. And if the story was written by a ghost, then Mr. Mays should get a new ghost. I have no objection to the actual writing but the article was a poor attempt at brainwashing and propagandizing. To Mays the fact that the Dodgers lost Sandy Koufax, the best pitcher in

the National League, means so little that it was worth only a few words. Whether or not the Dodgers did choke is a question without an answer. But the fact that they lost something like eight of their last ten and that they experienced an incredible streak of experienced an incredible streak of scoreless innings gave the title to the Giants. In truth the Giants did back into a gift pennant, no matter how much Mr. Mays says they didn't.

Finally, I will say that the story is a good example of certain things. It

a perfect example of how not to win friends and influence people. And it changed one idea I had about Willie Mays. I had always thought that Mays was a sportsmanship-minded athlete. No more.

Stony Brook, L. I. Jeffrey Spiro

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Arnel...a Clanese contemporary fiber

(Continued from page 4) your January issue. The major league's most underrated and most versatile ballplayer is a most accurate description.

I would like to point out one of the things that, though small, means a lot in proving a professional ballplayer and team man. Catcher John Roseboro was injured in a game this past season. While the trainer was checking to see how John was, and Walt Alston was getting a replacement, at least ten minutes elapsed. Realizing this lapse in time could tighten up a pitcher's arm, Junior tossed down his third-baseman's glove and ran down the line toward home plate. He proceeded to pick up the catcher's glove and ordered the pitcher to throw to him. It is difficult to estimate the true value of a part of the state of

of a player like this on any team.

Rochester, N. Y. James F. Lynd

HEAD-HUNTING PUBLICITY SEEKERS

This is in regard to the article "The Reformation of a 'Gutless' Football Player" in your February issue. The story tells how Frank Clarke developed into one of the finest pass-receivers in the NFL by building confidence in himself. This is a fine asset but it also revealed a very ugly side of profootball.

Why must pro players resort to roughhouse tactics in order to receive publicity? Hidden under the term "aggressive players," they gleefully pounce upon their victims, smashing bones with carefully placed elbows

and knees.

It appears pro football is playing host to a well paid group of trained "brawlers." There should be more fine players like Frank Clarke who display quiet courage.

Norfolk, Va. Dave Nelson



SOME LITTLE KNOWN FACTS

I have been reading Sport for the past four years and I have read something in almost every issue about Paul Hornung, Jim Taylor, Y. A. Tittle and Sam Huff. Your writers have told us almost everything about these "stars," from the products Hornung endorses to the way Tittle runs. However you have missed some (very few) important items.

Has Sam Huff mastered the art of swallowing three footballs in one gulp? (He's got the mouth to do it.) Does Paul Hornung really wear

Does Paul Hornung really wear orthopedic snowshoes while kicking off?

Is Y. A. Tittle a Vitalis man?

Darby, Pa.

R. Brown

THE THINKING MAN

I think "Bill Russell's Private World" in February Sport is the best article I have read in your magazine for the past six or seven years. Ed Linn's use of frequent comments

Ed Linn's use of frequent comments from Russell proved very interesting and I have yet to recover from the thoughtful and thought-provoking comments of Russell's which were printed in the article.

Columbus, Ohio Stan Darling II

ASK THE EXPERTS



Ernie Harwell, who's aired big-league ball for 15 years, does Tiger games for WKMH and WJBK-TV Detroit

In a football passing situation, how far is an offensive lineman allowed downfield before being declared an ineligible pass receiver?

-Norman Corn, Hollis, New York

In professional football, a lineman can go across the line to make his initial contact on an opponent directly across from him, but once he loses that contact he must drop back. There is no set distance in yards although the lineman is ruled an illegal receiver if he is hit by a pass once he's across the line.

Which baseball player has received the Most Valuable Player award the greatest number of times?

-Francey Lucas, Rome, Italy

In the Baseball Writers' poll, regarded as the official vote, six players have won the award three times. They are Jimmy Foxx, Joe DiMaggio, Yogi Berra and Mickey Mantle in the American League, and Stan Musial and Roy Campanella in the National League.



Boston's Curt Gowdy covers sports for WHDH, airs Red Sox games, and does specials for ABC and NBC

What are the American and National League records for home runs in one season by a pitcher? Who holds them?

-Roger Swanson, Prophetstown, Illinois

Wes Ferrell, of the Indians, hit nine in 1931 for the American League best. Don Newcombe, Dodgers, in 1955 and Don Drysdale, Dodgers, in 1958 hit seven for the National League record.

Are there any Negro hockey players in the National Hockey League? If not, is the league segregated?

-Andy Dawkins, Western Springs, Illinois

There were no Negroes listed on the opening-day rosters this season, but one, Billy O'Ree, played a full season for Boston in 1960-61.



Sports director of Kansas City's WDAF, Merle Harmon broadcasts baseball, football and basketball

What team won the first World Series?

-Mike Gail, Wheaton, Minnesota

The initial Series was played in 1882 but there was no winner. Cincinnati of the American Association challenged Chicago, the National League winner, to a series and each won one game. However, the Association president, enraged by player raids, wired the Reds and warned them they would be expelled if they continued the series. So further play was abandoned. The present World Series between the American and National Leagues began in 1903, with Boston of the American League winning from Pittsburgh.

Can you tell me if Ron Kramer and Jerry Kramer of the Green Bay Packers are brothers?

-James Macher, Napa, California

No, they are not related.

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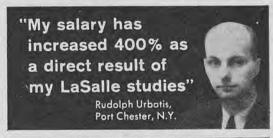
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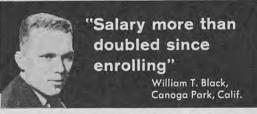
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LASALLE EXTENSION

SPORT TALK

WILL THE REAL WILLIE MAYS PLEASE STAND UP?

Carl Boles is 5-11 and weighs 180 pounds. Willie Mays is 5-11 and weighs 180 pounds. Carl Boles plays baseball for the San Francisco Giants (a .375 average in 24 at-bats last year). Willie Mays plays baseball for the San Francisco Giants. And the similarity goes on. Carl Boles looks so much like Willie Mays that his entire baseball career has been checkered with incidents of mistaken iden-

tity.
"I was mistaken for Mays almost every day last year," says Carl. "Almost every place the club went, including San Francisco. In the minors it was the same thing. But I guess it just can't be helped."

Some people refused to believe that Carl Boles isn't Willie Mays. "You've got to explain it to some of the little got to explain it to some of the little kids who come up for autographs," says Carl. "Some of them you've almost got to sign, you know, they don't believe me. No, I don't sign 'Willie Mays.' Sometimes they'll ask me for an autograph and I'll sign my name and they'll look at the autograph and look at me, and they'll be a little disappointed.

appointed.
"The first incident, I guess, came when I first joined the club in San Francisco. I left the clubhouse and a little boy ran up to me with a cake that his relatives had cooked for Mays. And I couldn't make him believe that I wasn't Mays. So I had to take the cake to keep down confusion. The boy was really getting embar-rassed because I wouldn't take it. I

didn't want to, but in a situation like that I had to take it anyway to satis-

fy the kid."

Carl drew plenty of cheers for Willie, particularly on his first trip to New York. The Polo Grounds was packed with Met fans and Mays fans.

"That was the largest continue I get." "That was the largest ovation I got,"
Carl says, smiling. "I left the centerfield clubhouse before Mays and on
my way to the dugout I almost got a standing ovation. And then, as the fans gradually saw the number on my back (14; Mays' number is 24) and recognized that I wasn't Mays they gave me a few ahs, a few boos, you know. Then Mays came out and they had to give him another ovation. I don't think his was as loud as mine. No, there weren't any boos for him. They're nice fans in New York."

When the Milwaukee Braves made their first trip to San Francisco after he joined the Giants, Carl was shagging flies with a bunch of guys before the game. Warren Spahn spotted him. "He came halfway out to center field, says Boles, "to shake my hand-just in foolishness, he knew I wasn't Mays—and say, 'Hello, Mays.' I knew right away what he was doing: having fun. Quite a few opposing ballplayers thought I was Mays when I first joined the club, though, and they would wave. I would wave back, but I knew it was Mays they were waving to."

ing to."

Naturally, Willie got a big kick out of the whole situation. "He had a lot of fun, teasing and joking," Carl says. "He'd say, 'You're getting all my credit!' or something like that. He's great to the young ballplayers. He'd

tell me about different pitchers and how to play hitters. He always helped. I pinch-hit mostly, but in the few games I played in left field he always moved me around on the hitters I didn't know. It's quite a bit different in left after always playing center field in the minors."

Carl Boles has two ambitions this season. "I would like to break spring training with the club," he says. "It'll be hard, to be honest with you, with all the established ballplayers the Giants have. But if I can break spring training with the club, you never know." And, of course, Boles would like to hit as well as the man he resembles. Can you imagine Whitey Ford going out to pitch against a team with two Willie Mays in the lineup?

A "BUM'S" STUMBLE UP

Victor Grupico is a boxing manager who has been around the fight scene for 26 of his 41 years. An unusually good-natured guy, Vic grins easily and talks in a voice that sounds like Jimmy Durante doing a routine in a wind tunnel. Vic was talking in Billy Newman's Gym in San Francisco not long ago and our man on the coast

"I like fighters," Vic said in his hoarse baritone, "first, 'cause I was one, and second, 'cause many of 'em are guys who never get a break in life except maybe what they get with their fists." Then Vic grinned. "Also there is such a thing as makin' a pile of scratch with a good fighter.

Vic has worked with some good fighters: Bobby Scanlon, Joey Giambra, and Jimmy Carter. A light heavyweight he manages now is called

Dancing Jackson.

On this afternoon a bunch of the experts were standing around Newman's, and a philosopher known as Earthquake Erasmus, who thinks the fight game is a very solemn business, said to Vic: "What's this with Dancing Jackson, always dancing around like a rock 'n' roller and making with the a rock n' roller and making with the wise cracks? That is not good for the fight game, and no good for a fighter." "Oh, I don't know," Vic said. "Fight-ers need a sense of humor. It keeps

their minds off those belts on the chin they're likely to take. And, in fact, I even exchange a few wisecracks and stories with my fighters now and

Well," Earthquake said, "I seem to recall a bum you handle once who never exchanges anything funny at all, and is very often tagged on the chin with no humor whatsoever."
"Yeah," Vic said, "that was Sam





Which Willie Mays is Carl Boles? The player at right is Boles; at left, Mays.

Rosegarden. He had an interesting story. Sam is just a palooka, but he loves to fight for reasons known only to a few, if that many. He is maybe six-four, with the biggest hands and feet I ever see, and he is a very clumsy guy who has trouble getting out of his own way. Most of the time he ends up on his back blinking sadly at the ring lights.

"One day I tell him: 'Sam, face it, you are a stumble bum.' But in that serious way of his, he says, 'It is not so bad, Vic. Maybe one more fight and I make some good money.

"So he fights on the next Cow Palace card, and in the second round there he is on his back, his big feet sticking up in the air. I jump into the ring and lean over him. Sam lifts his head a bit off the canvas and says, 'I guess I got clobbered, huh?' And suddenly he smiles one of the few smiles I ever see on his face.

"Then I hear the crowd shouting and laughing, and I look around to see people pointing to Sam's size 14 feet. I take a peek and am astonished at what I see. In big letters on the bottom of one foot is: EAT AT NEW JOE'S, and on the other: TAKE A

YELLOW CAB.
"And," Vic said, "thousands of spectators are staring at these commercials." Vic smiled. "Isn't that some-

There is a very silent silence for about the duration of a round. Then one listener wanted to know: "What

does this guy Sam do now, Vic?"
"What else?" Vic said. "He quits
the fight game the very next day,
and is now with a big advertising
firm in the financial district."

THE HEART OF MIKE McCOY

Jerry Lucas, Jack Foley, Billy Mc-Gill, Wayne Hightower, Sandy Pomerantz and Mike McCoy were the most sought-after basketball-playing high school graduates of 1958. Each had many scholarship offers from colleges, each went to college, each had his own particular problems. Pomerantz and Hightower never finished. Foley and McGill did and, along with Hightower, are trying to make it with the pros. Lucas is trying to make it with his own lonely team. Mickey, as Mc-Coy is called, is the only one still in college, not Northwestern where he originally enrolled but at the University of Miami (Florida). He's trying to make it with his own oscillating psyche. An introspective and candid young man, Mickey, like the protag-onist of Robert Frost's Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, has miles

to go before he sleeps.
"I went to Northwestern for the first quarter in the fall of '58," Mickey said when we talked to him in Talla-hassee before a game. "I wasn't too happy there. I just . . . didn't seem to fit in out there for some reason. I felt out of place. I don't know, it just seemed like an uncomfortable situation . . . with the kids out there. you know, a lot of them had money and well-to-do families and so on and so forth. And there were three or four guys down at Miami who I knew from my home town—Ft. Wayne, Indiana—and they were home for Christmas. So after I finished my first somether where I finished my first semester, when Christmas vacation came along I just went back with them on the chance that I could get in down there.

"And I got down there and I had to

sit out the next semester and then I sat out the whole next year. Actually, I could've played the second half of my sophomore year but if I did I wouldn't have been able to play the second half of this year. That second half of this year. That wouldn've been bad because we've got a fabulous future this year and I want to be around for everything."

"What affect did transferring have on you?" we asked. "Well," Mickey said, "I sort of goofed around a little bit at first. You know, sitting around a year and a half and doing nothing, I lost a lot of interest in basketball, a lot of desire that I had because I wasn't able to play in competition. That, along with the fact that there's a big change between bigh spheel and tween high school and college bas-ketball, sort of kept me going back and forth and at odds with myself my sophomore year. But these last three



Mike McCoy, University of Miami

years have been fabulous. I couldn't be happier that I did change. I've benefited myself, being the kind of person I am, you know, just an aver-age everyday guy."
"You didn't play much as a sopho-

"You didn't piay much as a sopno-more. You averaged only eight points a game," we said. "Were you dis-appointed?"
"Well, I tell you," Mickey said, "the guy I was playing behind had more heart, more desire than anybody I've ever seen. Not that much ability, but, God, he gave it everything he had. I couldn't be disappointed."

"After your long layoff, did you seem to lose desire?"

"I don't know . . You never

recapture—especially if you're from Indiana; yes you do, I guess maybe it's just me . . . But after I got out of high school I never really felt that burning—that deep burning desire I had all through high school. You know, like you hear those stories that we used to go out when we were kids in ten-degree-below-zero weather and sweep off the courts and play when we couldn't feel the ball in our hands. And that's true; we actually did that. And after I got into college I never really had that same feeling again. I mean: I still love it: I'd have to love

it to do it. But the love . . . I'm finding myself as I grow older that I'm thinking too much about, you know, other things in life: like getting married and having a job, a home, responsi-bilities, so on and so forth. I don't know, maybe I grew up just a little bit too fast or looked too far in the

future too soon . . ."

"Is that the only way you can explain your lack of burning de-

"Well, I tell you, when they need me, or when we're really playing someone that's outstanding, I come through for 'em. But there's a lot of teams I know they can beat without me. So I go up and down the floor and I... I try; I don't give a hundred and ten percent but I try. I'll score, you know, I'll score my points and I'll grab some rebounds and, I tell you, I do quite a bit in there on de-fense, not only for myself but for the

tense, not only for myself but for the other guys down here."
"What brought on your tremendous desire in basketball as a boy?"
"Well, I tell you, I was living in Indiana and, boy, I had to—that was it, that was all there is to do: you've gotta be great in basketball if you're a boy there. I mean, it was just a thing, you know. So I went out and I was just like all the other kids. I was just like all the other kids, except," he laughed, "I was sevenfoot-one in high school and so on and so forth and everything that went with it. And," he laughed again, "before I got out of high school everybody knew about me—because I was from Indiana. But then, I don't know what it was, but after high school . . . it just wasn't my whole life any more. It isn't as much of my life as it should be? life as it should be."

"Because you're on a basketball scholarship?"

"No, no. I mean, I should . . . Most of the guys I play with, basketball is 50 percent of their life and school is the other 50 percent. But with me On a given night, if we're playing Duke or Providence, say, on a night like that, basketball is practically my whole life. But as soon as the night's over with, it doesn't hold that much of a place in my heart."
"You don't plan to play pro ball

"Well, I tell you, I'm gonna try to. It would be a wonderful way to make I was good enough."

"Do you think you are good enough?"

"Well I think I have the ability."

Well, I think I have the ability. think I have the ability to play pro ball; whether I have the heart and the desire, I'm not sure."

"What are your ultimate plans?"
"I . . . I wish I knew. I don't think that far in advance. Right now I think into the future of this season and I think of the possibilty of playing proball and then, if I can't make that, I'll look into some other fall. look into some other field. I don't know what it would be right now. But with a background in English, plus the other courses I've taken in college, I don't think I'll have too much trouble in anything, really."
"When you finished high school,

Mickey, and over 100 colleges were after you, what kind of a basketball player did you think you'd eventually be?"

"I tell you, when I got out of high school I thought to myself: Well, I'll have no trouble at all. I'll tear 'em up and after college I'll go into proball. Now, as I get closer to the end of my senior year, I stop and I start

SPORT TALK

thinking to myself: You know, I'm just not sure whether I'll be able to make it in pro ball. I think to myself: Gosh, Mick, you got the ability, but I just don't have that desire, that burning desire. And everyone says, you know, come on, Mick; what the heck, you wanta get in there and play pro ball and you got to . . . But what I can't seem to put into people's minds is: I'm not sure that's what I want, really. If I did it . . . It's just sort of a mixed-up situation . . . "You don't have any long-range plans then."

"Well, you might say so. I've got this girl that I want to marry, I want to settle down— Hey that's 90 perheck, you wanta get in there and play

to settle down— Hey, that's 90 percent of my life right there: a girl that I want to marry. Linda Hickman's her name. She graduated last summer and is a substitute teacher

summer and is a substitute teacher now. That's what takes up almost all of my life."

"Thank you, Mickey," we said, "and best of luck the rest of this season."

"Well," he said, "we're gonna try and make it on everyone else's spirit and . . . and a little ability here and there."

THE McKEEVERS TODAY

When Marlin and Mike McKeever were All-America football players at USC a few years ago, writers made the identical twins virtual Corsican brothers. The funny thing was the Mc-Keevers were almost that close. They did everything together as far back as they could remember.

There was the time they were in high school and Marlin was selected to play in the North-South High School Shrine game in California. Mike wasn't chosen. Marlin didn't

The twins had always planned to play professionally—together—just as they had as youngsters, in high school, in college. They made this known to the professional leagues. They didn't want to be separated. The National Football League reportedly agreed at a private meeting to permit the Mc-Keevers to be drafted together, as one pick, the drafting team to simply pass its next round. This reported agreement was never tested, because before it could be the twins were split by the punishing combat of the sport they

In his senior year Mike McKeever was struck down by two blood clots on his brain. The tough guard almost gave his life to football. An operation saved him and he's in excellent health today. But now he plays his football in the person of Marlin, while seated in the stands of the Los Angeles Coliseum during Ram home games. It has been a difficult change for both

"I had never played on a team that Mike hadn't played on," Marlin says, "up until two years ago when I joined the Rams. I felt kind of lost. I'll tell you when I first felt it: when I went to the All-Star game in Chicago. My wife was pregnant then and didn't go with me, and of course Mike didn't play because he'd already been hurt by then. So I'm in Chicago. Of course, I'd been in every big city in the country, but always with someone. I felt Chicago had suddenly gotten a lot bigger when I went back there by myself. I didn't know really quite what to do."

On the football field it was even lonelier. "It gave me an altogether different feeling. Let me give you an example," Marlin says. "People say, How is it being a twin? And I always Say, Well, how is it not being a twin? Actually, it was playing on a football field alone for the first time, that's what it amounted to. It was quite a bit different when Mike was out there all the time. Of course, now I've adjusted—not adjusted, because I don't think it's a matter of adjustment—but

John R. Towers

I've gotten used to playing, you know, as a regular person plays. But it's quite a change when you suddenly start playing by yourself, when you don't have a blood relation out on the

field with you . . ." Mike and Marlin McKeever are still They see each other every other day, talk on the phone daily. Mike works as a construction super-Mike works as a construction super-intendent. Marlin plays football and sells Lincoln Continentals. The twins play basketball and golf together, Mike's primary recreation now. It's not the same; it's not football. But when Marlin finishes playing football and the McKeever Bros. get their own construction business, maybe it will be the same again will be the same again.

PHIL LINZ: ACCIDENT SEEKER

Phil Linz is probably the only guy alive who can bat .287 (.482 pinch-hitting) as a rookie for the New York Yankees, then play 26 winter ball games for San Juan of the Puerto Rican league and be fired. Yankees, si!, San Juan, no! he was told. Strange things happen to Phil Linz.

In this instance Phil's poor hitting stemmed from physical weakness. He started playing winter ball ten days after his tonsils had been removed. This left him not only without any This left him not only without any tonsils but also minus ten pounds from his already slender body. So Linz, who led two leagues in hitting prior to joining the Yankees, saw his batting average fall to .194 at San Juan. "Then they asked me to leave," Phil said. "But I was about ready to leave on my own anyway. In fact, I should have left three days ahead of time and beat 'em to the punch." He laughed. laughed.

Despite Phil's average, it is unusual for a member of the world's champion baseball team to be dismissed by a winter-league club—except in Puerto Rico. It seems everyone bets on games there, including team owners. Heavily. So the crowds got on Phil as if he were costing them the pennant. "They expected me to win the pennant for them," he said, "but it didn't work out that them."

out that way.'

Witness the crucial moment in San Juan, first place at stake, Linz stepping to the plate in the last of the ninth, two out and the bases loaded. A hit would win it. Cheers for Phil, as the fans counted their winnings. Strike one; the cheers decreased. Strike two; the cheers disappeared, the prayers began. Strike three, a barrage of boos. Phil turned disgustedly from the plate and saw the owners of his team lead-

trouble. Very excitable.
"The funny thing was, when I first went down there these guys were all

"They were yelling like they lost their life," he said. "They probably lost their home. I mean I felt bad about it, but what're you gonna do? I guess I'm lucky Dan Topping doesn't bet on games. He'd have probably lost a hotel on me. The owners down there are very emotional people. They sit in a box down on the field and you see their expressions a mile away. They get these long faces and when their chins reach the ground you're in

"I had never played on a team that Mike hadn't played on until I joined the Rams," says Marlin McKeever (86) of

his twin brother. "I felt kind of lost."





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SPORT TALK

over me. I started off real good the first four or five days and I was like King Tut, you know. Then, just a couple of days later when I started to go bad, holy cow, they wouldn't even talk to me. I'm really glad the people in the United States aren't front-runners."

Phil said he reacted to this treat-ment humorously at first. "I found it hard to be very serious about playing ball there because of the whole at-mosphere, the way things are run. I don't think a ballplayer should get a serious attitude. This is the first time serious attitude. This is the first time I've ever felt that way in my life—that when my team lost I didn't feel bad about it. It was a very funny feeling. That was the first time I've played winter ball and it was a good played winter ball and last."

experience. The first and last."
Linz, who claims he has always been accident-prone, had no accidents in Puerto Rico. "But when I was a kid I'd always trip over things. I busted my hand. One time I tried to open my door and my hand went through the glass; I got about eight stitches. One year at spring training I was doing real well, and getting out of a car one night one of the fellows slammed the door on my hand. Another time in spring training I cut my foot on glass; more stitches. Little things like that made me think I was accident prone. And there were a few instances with the Yankees. I got picked off second one day. That was an accident." He laughed.

an accident." He laughed.
"But nothing happened in Puerto
Rico. Probably that was the reason
why I didn't hit. So next year I'm
gonna look around for an accident."
He laughed, then got serious. "I'll
tell you one thing, though, that experience in San Juan did wake me up.
I thought I had a good year last year I thought I had a good year last year, but I've learned you can't lay off. Ever since I've been home I've been swinging a bat 200 times a day and working out with a weight bar to strengthen my arms. And I'll be able to play in the rain this year because I bought contact lenses." He laughed. "I was looking for an income tax deduction. The contacts are pretty diffi-cult to get used to. But I'm determined

to use them if I have to cry all year." That, of course, could lead to some accidents, which could lead to a fine performance from Phil Linz. Phil might even bet on it, though he knows some guys who would bet against

LI'L GRAMBLING'S BIG STARS

The 920 men and 1640 women who enrolled at Grambling College in Louisiana last fall could study liberal arts, education, science and technology or applied sciences. Fifty of the men could, and did, also play football. The Tigers, who won 8 and lost 2 in '61, were 6-2-2 this season. Not a spectacular record, but the team's record since then has been spectacular. It has sent eight players to professional

Junius Buchanan, 277-pound tackle, and Stone Johnson, 185-pound half-back who holds the world 200-meter back who holds the world 200-meter record, signed with the Dallas Texans; Bob Burton, 250-pound tackle, and Bill Brown, 225-pound end, signed with the Houston Oilers of the AFL. The NFL signees are Ken Thomas, 284-pound tackle, with the Chicago Bears; Lane Howell, 250-pound center, with the New York Giants; Charles Cook, 225-pound end with the Pittsburgh Steelers: and Cliff McNeil Pittsburgh Steelers; and Cliff McNeil, a 186-pound end the Cleveland Browns drafted last year who was expected to sign as we went to press.
Although it's unlikely that all of

these boys will make pro teams, the fact that so many were signed out of a little college like Grambling emphasizes not only the intense competition between the three pro leagues but the quality of coach Eddie Robin-son's players. The first player Robinson, a 20-year man at Grambling, sent into pro ball was Tank Younger. Nobody drafted Tank in 1947. He signed as a free agent with the Rams in 1948, then starred nine years for them, one for the Steelers. Since then 24 Grambling players have been signed, with last year's five being the single-season record until this year.

Grambling in 1962 had nine players

in pro camps; three rookies were cut. Those who stayed were Green Bay's fine defensive end Willie Davis, San Phil Linz, No. 34, thinks he'll get to play more for the Yankees this year, if he isn't traded: "I sure don't want to be, even if it meant playing regular."

Diego's defensive tackle Ernie Ladd and halfback Jerry Robinson, Chi-cago's defensive halfback Roosevelt Taylor, St. Louis' linebacker Garland Boyette and the Canadian league's Jamie Caleb.

Jamie Caleb.

Because Grambling is a small Negro college in the south, its players receive little publicity. When they were drafted by the pros it was almost always in the 17s, 18s, etc., until this year. The Texans broke the precedent by choosing Buchanan in the first round.

In the past, though, being a Negro college in the south was a recruiting advantage. "Now," says publicity man Collie Nicholson, "we have a lot of competition everywhere, especially from schools in the Big Ten. The recruiting hassel has gotten to be quite a problem." Obviously coach Robin-son and his staff still do a good job, concentrating in Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi. Grambling gives 60 ath-letic scholarships and 45 are for football. The school is proud that its top student—straight A's—is a star guard. Incidentally, Grambling, which won

the NAIA small-college basketball championship two years ago and last year sent Charlie Hardnett to the NBA, won 13 of its first 14 basketball games this season. But that's another

story.

FAN CLUB NOTES

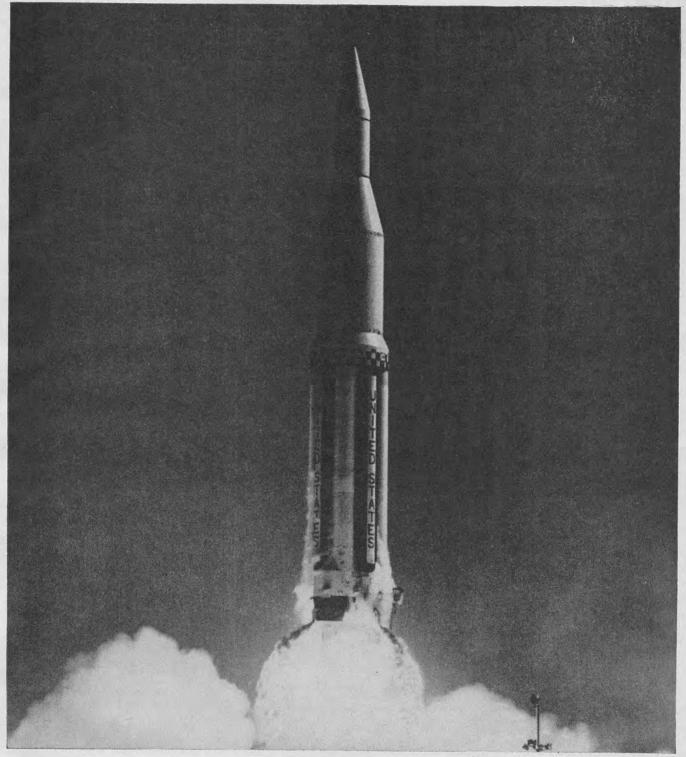
These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Barbara Pospie, 3620 E. 63 St., Cleveland 5, O.: Bill Dailey. Gina Luzad, 26554 Albany, Warren, Mich.: Rocky Colavito. Georgia Maggiotto, 47-15 Bell Blvd., Bayside 61, N.Y.: New York Yankees. Buddy Thomas, 57 Locust St., New Bedford, Mass.: Chicago White Sox. Sharon Serio, 1214 Feliciana St., New Orleans 17, La.: Bobby Richardson. Bonnie Everson, 4517 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.: Mike Hershberger.

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Tommy Brooker, the end who kicked the field goal that won the AFL championship for the Texans in the sudden-death playoff with Houston, caught a 92-yard touchdown pass in one game this past season. Brooker, by no means a speedster, returned to the bench breathless after the run. Instead of offering congratulations, Dallas safetyman Bobby Hunt had a question for Brooker: "What were you trying to do, Tom, run out the clock?"

Jimmy Piersall has dozens of baseball anecdotes he relates at banquets, like the one, says Jimmy, "About a like the one, says Jimmy, former teammate who shall be nameless because I don't want to embarrass him. He went up to bat in a critical situation and struck out on a pitch that was two feet over his head, no kidding. This guy went back to the bench and paced up and down. Finally, he yelled to the pitcher who struck him out: 'You keep pitching that way and you won't last in the big leagues.'

See you next month. BERRY STAINBACK



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Great Moments in Sport by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

"TIGER TURPIN SHAKES WORLD"

I'T WAS MID-SUMMER OF 1951 and for Sugar Ray Robinson, middle-weight champion of the world, the living was easy. Life was a kaleidoscope of big cars, stylish clothes, adulating flunkies and round-heeled opponents. Robinson was touring Europe fresh from his February victory

over Jake LaMotta; he was living the good life.

But it soon became evident that Sugar Ray was something less than a good-will ambassador. Europeans were willing to recognize him as the greatest fighter of the generation but they resented his flaunting flamboyance. In Berlin, steamed-up Germans hurled beer bottles at the champion after he knocked out a local favorite with a kidney punch. With only damaged pride, Robinson sped through France in his lavender Cadillac, his entourage of barber, golf pro and masseur close behind.

While Sugar Ray was making his getaway, a 23-year-old Britisher named Randolph Turpin was leading a sedate and spartan existence. He was fighting-and beating-opponents at the recent rate of one a month. And in between bouts he watched movies-all the movies ever taken of Sugar Ray Robinson in action. For Turpin had a 15-rounds-or-less date with Robinson in London's Earl's Court arena on July 10 and his goal was to become the first English middleweight champion in 60 years.

Few experts thought Turpin, despite his record of 43 victories (29 by knockouts) and one draw, in 46 fights, was ready for Robinson. They mainly pointed out that Randy had never fought more than eight rounds before, and since he could hardly be expected to dispose of the champion within that period, they figured Turpin to be an easy target for Sugar

Ray in late rounds.

Strangely enough, Turpin's biggest impartial booster was American boxing writer Nat Fleischer. Three months before the fight Fleischer "In Turpin, the British have the boxer most likely to come through with a world title. . . . He has it in his make-up to whip Ray Robinson. Sugar Ray can be hit with a left hook, a punch he has never been able to avoid, and with a socker like Turpin landing it, there is no telling what might happen. . . .

British bookmakers, from a patriotic standpoint, would have liked to have believed Fleischer. But they figured they owed greater allegiance to the welfare of their families and so Sugar Ray went into the ring a 31/2-1 favorite over Turpin. A standing-room-only crowd of 18,000 jammed the hot arena and bellowed support for its underdog countryman.

At the opening gong, the broad-shouldered challenger strode out and began to attack without thought. All his thinking had been done during the months of preparation. Turpin jabbed with his left. And jabbed again. And jabbed some more. Sugar Ray backtracked clockwise to escape the annoying flicks, only to be met by short body punches. Near the end of the round Turpin drove the champion back with a left hook.

As the fight wore on, Robinson tried every trick he knew. Randy retaliated in kind, showing rugged wisdom beyond his few years in the ring. The referee warned both fighters continuously throughout the fight. He warned Robinson for holding and Turpin for a kidney punch

and for butting. Both were warned for hitting in the clinches.

But Turpin began to show he didn't need tricks. His finesse, confidence and battering punches were beginning to take their toll. He drew leads, slipped punches and moved in for leg-wobbling body attacks. From the fourth through the seventh rounds, Turpin added important points. In the seventh Randy opened a deep gash under Sugar Ray's left eye.

Infuriated, Robinson came back the next round with two vicious rights. Somehow Turpin managed to hang on. And he hung on through the 12th round, Robinson all the while shooting at the body and throwing uppercuts with either hand. And just when the experts were nodding to each other that the challenger's inexperience would do him in, Turpin began to rally once again. In the 14th he blasted Robinson with a two-handed flurry that had Ray groggy and gasping for air. It was the closest thing to a knockout in the fight. But at this point Turpin needed no knockout. He was far ahead on points and moments after the final round, everyone realized just how far. The decision was unanimous, with the Associated Press giving nine rounds to Turpin, four to Robinson and calling two even.

The next day the ultra conservative London Daily Graphic topped page one with "Tiger Turpin Shakes World." It didn't matter to the Graphic, or to any of the other Turpin-emblazoned London papers, that there was a severe newsprint shortage. After all, as history had shown, England

gets a middleweight champion only once every 60 years.

THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



VEECK-as in Wreck

By Bill Veeck with Ed Linn

G. P. Putnam's Sons

The best sport book of the past year, Veeck-as in Wreck delves with humor and insight into a side of baseball rarely seen. The author, a former team owner, tells candidly what goes on behind the scenes of the game. More than that he reveals his personal story, the story of a rebel and a showman. Bill Veeck, always noted for his frankness, has never been franker. He hits hard at some of baseball's leading men, he never loses his sense of humor while he hits. With Ed Linn, a major contributor to Sport, as his collaborator, Bill has put together a book you won't ever forget. It already has made much impact as a best-seller.



RONALD ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BASEBALL

Edited by Joe Reichler

The Ronald Press Company

A comprehensive book, the Ronald Encyclopedia Of Baseball can be a valuable reference asset to any sports fan's library. It includes the rules of baseball, team histories, records of players past and present-and much

STAND UP AND FIGHT

By Harry Sanford

Exposition Press, Inc.

\$3.00

The life stories of some important and some forgotten fighters of the past two decades are told in detail in Stand Up And Fight. The first chapter, written immediately after he won the heavyweight title, deals with Sonny Liston. Other men covered in the book are Rocky Marciano, Gus Lesnevich, Carlos Ortiz, Floyd Patterson, Bruce Woodcock, Nino Valdes, Don Cockell and Jose Becerra.



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WINNER OF SPORT MAGAZINE'S CHEVROLET CORVETTE IN THE NFL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

RAY NITSCHKE'S SURPRISE

Tradition was shattered in 1962. Up until then only offensive stars—Johnny Unitas in '58 and '59, Norm Van Brocklin in '60, Paul Hornung in '61-had won SPORT's football award

T SEEMS FITTING that announcement of Sport's fifth annual football Corvette winner should come in a special issue devoted to "the underdog." When we started the award in 1958 people were pretty much in agreement on one thing: only an offensive star could win it. They were wrong. In the 1962 National Football League championship game, Ray Nitschke, unsung middle-linebacker for the Green Bay Packers, won the award.

Overshadowed all season by his ball-carrying, passing and pass-receiving teammates, Ray seemed to have little chance to pick up a new red Chevrolet Corvette. But when he received it little argument accompanied the choice. In a defensive game, he clearly had

received it, little argument accompanied the choice. In a defensive game, he clearly had been the defensive star. He did his usual fine job of tackling, rushing and pass deflecting

And more. He was at his best at crucial moments.

In the first quarter, with the New York Giants on Green Bay's 15-yard line, Ray rushed Y.A. Tittle, deflected his pass and Green Bay's Dan Currie intercepted. In the second quarter, with the score 3-0 in favor of the Packers, Ray recovered a fumble on the Giant 28-yard line. Three plays later the Packers scored a touchdown. In the third quarter, with the Packers ahead, 10-7, Ray recovered a fumble on the Giant 42-yard line. Five plays later Green Bay scored on a field goal.

After the game, with Green Bay the winner, 16-7, Packer coach Vince Lombardi was told that Nitschke had won the Corvette award. Smiling, Vince offered his expert opinion. "An excellent choice," said the NFL champion coach.



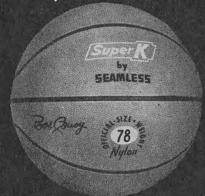
Tipping Y.A. Tittle's pass, above, was one of Ray's key plays. He won SPORT's Chevrolet Corvette award as "the man who did the most for his team in the NFL title game through overall play."



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Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on WTOP's radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast



Tom Harmon, the former Michigan football All-America, has a daily program, covering all sports, for the nationwide network of ABC radio

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6 Rainfair "Grand Prix" Coats
12 La Salle Watches
3 Westclox Isotron Clocks
3 AMF Voit Skin-Diving Fins and Polaris Mask Sets
36 Jockey Ban-Lon Sportshirts

CONTEST RULES:

- 1. Entries are to be submitted only after questions are answered in all three parts of the Giant Sport Quiz. Part Two will appear in the May issue of SPORT Magazine. Part Three will appear in the June issue of SPORT Magazine.
- 2. Answers must be typewritten (double-spaced) or written legibly in pen. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not use tissue or onion-skin paper.
- 3. Type or print your full name and address in the upper right-hand corner of the first page containing your answers. Number each additional page and place your name on it.
- 4. Only one set of answers may be submitted by a contestant.
- 5. No changes can be made after answers reach the contest editor, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest or answers.
- **6.** In the event of ties on accuracy of answers, prizes will be awarded to those persons who, in the opinion of the judges, have written the best captions. One caption will be included in each of the three parts of the Giant Sport Quiz.
- 7. In the event of ties on accuracy of answers and, in the opinion of the judges, quality of writing of the captions, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- 8. The decisions of the judges will be final.
- 9. No entries will be returned to contestants and all entries will become the property of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation.
- 10. This contest is open to everyone except employees of the Macfadden-Bartell Corporation and their families, and the guest Giant Sport Quiz conductors and their families.
- 11. This contest ends at midnight, June 30, 1963. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
- 12. Address entries for this contest to SPORT'S GIANT QUIZ, P.O. Box 2536, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
- 13. Winners will be announced in the November, 1963, issue of SPORT Magazine.

Part Two in May SPORT; Part Three in June SPORT

1 Three men hold Olympic track-and-field records, but have never finished first in an Olympic event. Who are these three men?

2 Only five turf race horses have earned more than \$1,000,000 apiece in competitive racing. List these five money-making

race horses.

3 Which catchers hold the American and National League records for most home runs in a single season? In what years did they set (or tie) the records?

4 The fourth regular in the famous Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance infield, in pennant-winning years, was — —. What position did he play?



14 The man pictured above played major-league baseball. Give his name, position and the year or years he played in the major leagues?

15 Write a caption for the photo, at right, giving all the pertinent facts of this 1947 fight: who was fighting, where, when, who won?

5 He led his league in grounding into double plays three times and set a major-league record, still standing, by grounding into 32 in one year. Who is he?

6 Who was the first National Basketball Association player to score 50 or more points in a single game? In what year did he do it?

7 Who was the first fellow chosen in the first National Football League college-player draft? What college or university did he play for?

8 What was the record going into the 1962-63 season for the most points by a defenseman in a Stanley Cup playoff game? Who set the record?

9 In 1946 pro-football star Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch finished fifth in his league in pass receiving. What team was he playing for at the time?

10 Only one man in the 20th Century has won the National Intercollegiate singles tennis championship three years in a row. Name him.

11 With what sports are each of these terms associated?

- a Double rear vault
- b Double eagle
- c Double lock

12 The only United States golfer other than Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones to win a British Open title between 1924 and 1930 was — —.









13 The four men, above, all were stars in college and then professional football. Identify them.





THE URDERDOG

By MYRON COPE

Why do people generally love the underdog? Why do some underdogs win and others lose? What motivates men who come in against the odds? The answers are here in this thoughtful, often surprising story about the world at large and the sport world in particular

WHEN ARNOLD PALMER sank a 50-foot putt on the next-to-last hole of the Los Angeles Open last January, the gallery, which of course is identified as Arnie's Army, gave off a great roar, then chanted, "Go, Arnie, go!" When news of the putt traveled to the clubhouse restaurant, a waitress screamed with ecstasy and hurled her tray into the air.

Now it is well and good that Arnold Palmer is such a popular fellow but it seems to me that there is something a little disturbing, something a little un-American, about Palmer's unchallenged popularity and about the game of golf itself. Please notice that everybody roots for Palmer. He is skillful, he is handsome, he has a cheery word for all. But while he is out there sinking those 50-foot putts, he is murdering some poor slob of a golfer who is wondering where he will get gas money to make the next stop on the tour. Americans have always had a fondness for the underdog, but golf fans sit by their television sets and pray that Palmer will make his famous charge and overrun the darkhorse who is in sight of the prize money that will pay the doctor bills for his three kids and the wife who has kidney trouble. Waitresses who are living in rooming houses and getting varicose veins from waiting on tables throw their trays in the air when Palmer tramples the underdog.

Is this, fellow sociologists, a sign that the American's traditional love of the underdog is ebbing? It is possible, because America itself is no longer the land of the underdog. During the Great Depression our people read *Grapes of Wrath*, despised Republicans, and wished that Ethiopia somehow could have knocked Mussolini into a tin can. But where are the underdogs today?

That guy who just moved into the fancy house down the street—the expensively tailored guy who's getting into his \$5000 sedan—he's the union leader who is on his way to shove a crew of hard-sleeping featherbedders down the throat of an industrialist.

The young corporation executive whose old man came over steerage from the old country—he just wrote a letter to his Congressman, reprimanding him for having allowed too many Cubans into the country.

The unemployed are with us, in great and pitiable numbers, but around them they see prosperity and perhaps hope—hope of a steady job, a union card, a lobby going for them in the state capital, and all the rewards that accrue to the underdog turned overdog. A lot of them probably root for Arnold Palmer.

Nonetheless, the Palmer case, while a worrisome straw in the wind, is the exception. Americans—more so than Europeans, for example—still pull for the underdog. A team, such as the 1960 Pittsburgh Pirates, gets involved in a pennant chase and suddenly, in taverns from New York to California, it is as though Pittsburgh is everybody's hometown. Did not football fans the country over smile broadly over their Sunday sports pages when little Miami of Ohio de-

feated mighty Purdue last fall? And is it not a fact that Americans, despite all their grousing, still recognize the importance of giving aid to underdeveloped countries while a prosperous Europe sits on its treasuries?

Our national affection for the underdog remains with us at least for today, if not tomorrow, probably because of the history lessons we learned as small boys in school.

We learned (though not precisely in these terms) of a nation that beat the spread. We learned of a nation that started out with almost no industry to manufacture the goods it required; a nation that had raw materials to trade abroad but could not trade them in the nearby West Indies or in Europe because world powers had closed those ports to us. America survived because its genius designed fast clipper ships that raced all the way to China for markets, and having survived, America crowed to the world that she was a democracy where poor men might aspire to become rich. Pride in the underdog role gave a glow to the American complexion that persists today. Ergo, we spent the year 1962 pulling for the Los Angeles Angels, the Washington Redskins, and Sybil Burton.

The world of sport has been spangled with curious romances between the public and the guy who is down. The great Jack Dempsey—Palmer-like in his rule over the boxing ring—did not become popular until beaten by Gene Tunney. Tunney retired an undefeated champion—and was never popular. The public showed little interest in Floyd Patterson until Ingemar Johansson beat him; suddenly everyone was pulling for Patterson to come back, the first moment of public affection he ever knew.

Yet later we did not embrace Patterson in his intention to come back against Sonny Liston; we only pitied him, for we choose our underdogs selectively, forming up behind only those who show us promise. Casey Stengel, for all the lovable and tickling qualities he displayed as manager of the Yankees, amused so few people when he managed the hapless Boston Braves that a civic award was proposed for a Boston taxi driver who had run over Casey in the street.

On the other hand, what is more beautiful than an underdog who cannot conceive of losing? Behold the legendary Fritzie Zivic. The year is 1945 and Zivic, ex-welter-weight champ, is in the army in Texas. Mike Jacobs, New York promoter, telephones.

"You got a furlough coming up, I want you to fight some little colored kid here."

"What's his name?"

"Billy Arnold."

"Who's Billy Arnold?"

"Ah, some little colored kid."



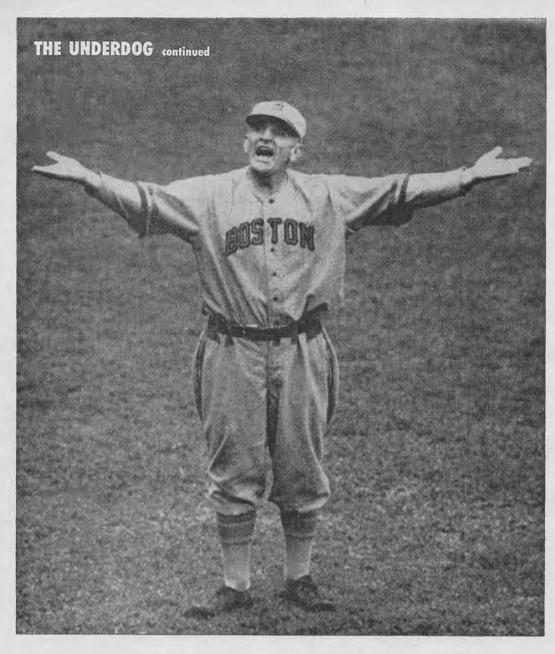
A symbol for victims of The Depression in the Thirties, Jimmy Braddock, ducking a punch at left, upset Max Baer in this 1935 fight to win the world heavyweight title and the acclaim of people throughout the country.



LEE'S MASTER TAILOR TESTS THE FIT OF HIS FAMOUS TAPERED SLACKS (he makes them really narrow with just enough room for nourishment)

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that's what make Leesures fit the way they do. And wear better. Look better. Twills, polished cottons and textured weaves. All Sanforized Plus for Wash and Wear-ability. A wide assortment of classic and continental styles in a full range of colors including Sand Beige, Bone, Sea Foam, Norse Blue, Mystic Blue, Elephant Brown, Loden, and Black. From \$4.95.



Casey Stengel was one exception to the rule that people love the underdog. When he was a losing manager with the Boston Braves, at left, Casey attracted little civic support. Things have changed for Casey, however. Today, as a losing manager of the Mets, he is quite popular.

"Some little colored kid? You talk like I'm fighting a four-year-old boy. Okay, but I want 25 percent and \$1000 in advance."

Zivic heads north and a gambler asks him, "How do you feel for the fight?" "Pretty good," says Zivic. "I been boxing around Texas and keeping in pretty good shape in the army. What's the price?"

"Four to one."

"Four to one! Favor who?"

"Not you."

"Are you kidding? Listen, will you take my order?"

"Wait a minute," says the friendly gambler. "Wait'll I explain something to you. You know this kid Billy Arnold?"

"Never heard of him."

"Well, he's from Philadelphia, 18 years old, a very good puncher. Thirty-one fights, 28 kayoes, two decisions, and one draw."

"I'd still like to make a bet of \$1000."

"Well, you're betting me; 'stead of \$1000 you're betting me \$750 to \$3000. Okay?"

Zivic arrives in New York where he runs into a cousin who has just come out of the army and is flush with mustering-out pay. The cousin listens to Zivic a few minutes and bets \$1200 on him, all the money he has. Zivic runs into a friend from Chicago. The friend bets on him. Because Arnold is underage the (——) TO PAGE 78)



can you tell which Tempest is the tiger?

Easy. The one on the right gets its power from Tempest's "4"—you know, the 4 that runs around acting like a V-8. So you have to call it a tiger. The other one has Tempest's new 326-cubic-inch, 260-h.p. V-8 under the hood. That's good for two tigers. At least. (Optional at extra cost. Grr.) Both give you Pontiac's Wide-Track stability. Which are you going to get? Your Pontiac dealer can help you decide.

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SOUND OFF! WILT CHAMBERLAIN: "No One Roots For Goliath"

A man needn't have limited skills
or limited physical equipment to be an underdog,
says Wilt. Ironically, basketball's
biggest star considers himself one of its biggest
underdogs and candidly explains why

By Jerome Holtzman

Color by Bob Peterson

WILT Chamberlain opened his hotel room door, shook hands and returned to the phone. He had arrived in Chicago an hour earlier, amid a snow storm, and had been at the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel for about 20 minutes. This was his third phone call. He completed the conversation, then turned off a television program he had been half-watching while talking.

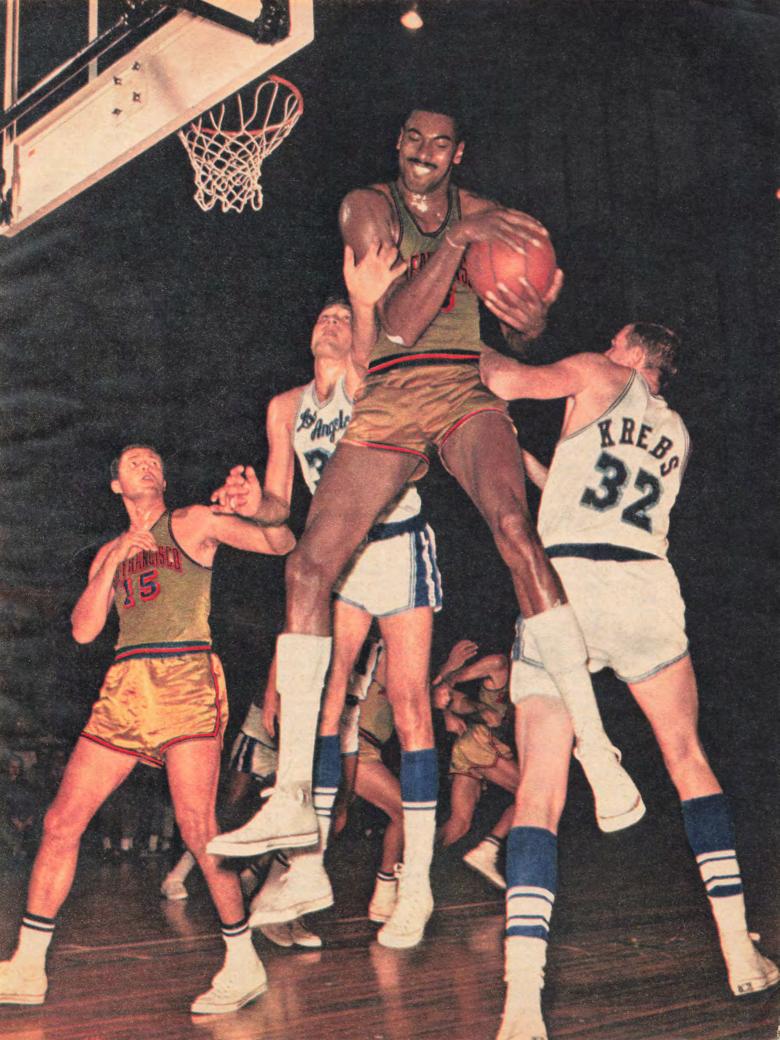
The room was small and seemed to closet Chamberlain's 7-1 3/16-inches height. The ceiling was within 11 inches of butting his head. Wilt sat on the bed and drew up his feet in a half curl. "All right," he said, waiting to sound off as he'd said he would on a previous visit. But now there was a hesitancy in his voice and some discomfort in his manner, as if he had settled himself into a dentist's chair.

Holtzman:

It has been said that you are a temperamental player and that you get into moods, moods which hamper your effectiveness. Do you feel this is true?

Chamberlain:

I'd say that temperamental ballplayer—no! Moods, definitely yes. I don't go out on the floor every night ready to play basketball. Some nights I don't want to play. I don't think any ballplayer goes out there and wants to play every night. Sometimes I'd rather be home sleeping. No one is 100 percent for every game, in any field, and especially in basketball when you play as many games as we play. Damn—you can be sick, have a toothache, or a headache, or a cold and a temperature of 102 or 103. So how in



WILT CHAMBERLAIN:

continued

the hell would you expect me to feel that I want to play basketball?

Holtzman:

How often would this happen in an 80-game (NBA) schedule?

Chamberlain:

Not too often. If it happened often I couldn't be averaging 50 points. Now this is an interesting fact. My critics say I'm temperamental. If I am temperamental and still averaging 50 points, this should make me a greater player. But they don't say that.

Holtzman:

The critics are largely against you?

Chamberlain:

I'd say that's true. Not all of them. One writer, from Boston of all places, I like. He's Jerry Nason. Once he wrote, "Even if you want to call him a goon, the least we can do is call him a talented goon." I liked that. He was giving credit.

Holtzman:

You feel, by and large, you haven't received the proper credit. Why do you think this is so?

Chamberlain:

I don't say I haven't been given credit and I don't say that I'm the most well-liked player. They talk about (Bill) Russell and how he's so well-liked. I have as many personal friends in the NBA as he does. I don't think our personalities are too much different. But with the sportswriters and fans everything is because of the image—the image of bigness. It's like David and Goliath. David killed Goliath. No one felt sorry for Goliath. He was killed by a smaller man. What they (fans, sportswriters) do is they take a little bit away from what he does and give it to the fellow who is inferior in height and weight, never realizing what the big man has to go through. This is human nature. No one roots for Goliath. This has a lot to do with it. I've been billed in so many places as the biggest player. If I was 6-8 or 6-9 and scoring 50 points it would be different. I would be regarded with more respect. I hear people say, 'All he has to do is dunk the ball.' I don't see how they can think that. I've got a lot of shots. They don't see that.

Holtzman:

In any given game about how many baskets would you score on dunks?

Chamberlain:

It depends. Sometimes two or three, sometimes more.

Holtzman:

There have been many comparisons between you and Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics. Russell, it is said, is more like Joe DiMaggio, the ideal team player, and you're more like Ted Williams, the individualist. Is this a fair comparison?

Chamberlain:

Fair or unfair this is the mistake they make. I do as much for my team as he does for his team. Maybe there is more I can do. If I made two more foul shots a game instead of missing two this would help my team more. I can't think of anything else. The mistake the critics make is that Boston wins the championships and so they say it's because of Russell. But it's not just Russell. Maybe Sam Jones hits on nine one-handers (——) TO PAGE 82)



Color by Herb Scharfman

This is the story of
The Man against time, his
success where others
failed, his personal and
often agonizing war

By Bob Broeg

ATIONAL LEAGUE pitchers, bewitched, bothered and bewildered by Stan Musial since before Pearl Harbor, may not believe it, but The Man has become a symbol for all who face a sizable obstacle. Nearing 43 he is, after all, confronted by the most intractable foe—athletic old age.

Athletic old age is an enemy from within. It can do damage physically and mentally. It can erode a man's skills, it can dampen a man's enthusiasm. Stan Musial knows this and he's fought against it and so far, he's won his fight. For him baseball remains a sport, a recreation, not a job.



Winter workouts in a St. Louis gym, says Stan, left, have been of immeasurable help in keeping him a star despite his old age. Last season he finished third in the National League batting race.

He still can't quite get over the happy fact that he is paid, handsomely, to play a game. It sounds trite, perhaps, but it's true when Musial says, "Of all my baseball thrills, the greatest is just putting on the uniform, especially to open another season."

How long, though, will the flesh match the spirit? Can Musial come close this year to his incredible 1962 performance? Or will age corrode his coordination

overnight?

These are hard questions for me to consider because the exceedingly popular player is my personal favorite. They are hard questions for the St. Louis Cardinals to consider because Stan has become a local landmark. But the Cardinals did consider the questions over the winter when Branch Rickey, returning to the club as "senior consultant," suggested to general manager Bing Devine that Stan be asked to retire. Rickey's view, reflecting a more plentiful era when he built a St. Louis farm system from which young baseball stars were harvested annually, was that the more quickly Musial quit, the earlier a younger player could get his chance.

In that plentiful era, stretching from the Thirties through the early Forties, the Cardinals dominated the National League. And among the young men who helped them dominate the league was Stan Musial. From 1941 through 1944, Musial's first four full years in the majors, St. Louis finished first in the National League four times and won the World Series three times. It was a young club, too. In 1942, for instance, the oldest regular was Terry Moore, 30. The team and the farm system that spawned it stood as monuments to Rickey. But times have changed. The Cardinals no longer have such a farm system; they haven't won a pennant since 1946.

So, Musial, a rare gem in any baseball era, has become even more precious in a period in which the Cardinals have needed him far more than he has needed

them.

The Man needed the ball club just once, actually. In 1959, the year after he had become only the seventh player in history to reach 3000 hits, his batting average fell below .300 for the first time in his 17-season career. He fell hard, batting .255 in 115 games. Many an observer nodded knowingly. They'd always said that when Stan went, he'd go in a hurry because, after all, that cockeyed corkscrew batting stance required unusual coordination.

Musial was just as certain he wasn't through. Although in the past he had said he'd quit if he couldn't hit .300, he appeared to have lowered his high standards when he said he wanted to play again. His pride, though, wouldn't permit him to quit on a dismal downbeat, not when there was a mitigating circumstance.

Because he had tired late in the 1958 season, he had agreed with the new manager, Solly Hemus, and the front-office that he ought to play less in spring training in '59 and, therefore, conserve his energy for the regular season. In retrospect late in 1959, he wondered if he—they—hadn't made a horrible mistake.

"I couldn't quit without knowing for sure whether that first change in my training plans hadn't been a big factor in this year," he said. "It would eat me up the rest of my life. I'll tell you why I don't think I'm through. My reflexes still must be pretty good because

they weren't throwing the fast ball by me."

So with apparent reluctance, as fearful for him as for themselves, the Cardinals permitted their high-salaried star to return for 1960. For the first time, Musial worked hard in the off-season under the guidance of trainer Bob Bauman and the director of physical education at St. Louis University, Walter Eberhardt. He drove himself in the spring, too. Although essentially a first-baseman since mid-season, 1956, he ran and ran in the outfield.

Despite the thoroughness of Musial's preparations, his first slump in 1960 found him benched. Hemus had sat him out from time to time the previous year, but in late May of '60 Solly said The Man was out "indefi-

nitely."

In fairness to Hemus, Solly hoped to improve the floundering Cardinals defensively by moving Bill White to first base from center field, where he had been lost. First base was Bill's natural position, one he handled better than an aging Musial. Curt Flood, a fine fielder, went to center field. There still seemed to be a place for Musial, however, left field. But the Cardinals tried to fill it with other men. Leon Wagner opened the season there, then was optioned out. Another rookie, Ellie Burton, tried out and failed. Walt Moryn was given a chance. Then John Glenn. Finally a wandering baseball minstrel, Bob Nieman, was put in left field and he began hitting well.

Musial, it appeared, was through, as much a prisoner

of opinion and of his contract as of age and athletic decline.

Although I had hoped he would retire rather than risk embarrassment, I had understood Stan's desire to go out on a higher note than in 1959 and had been impressed, along with many others, by the determination and hard work he had put into spring training. In my bumbling way, I determined to help. When Pittsburgh, leading the league in quest of its first pennant, came to town near the trading deadline, Danny Murtaugh asked me about Musial. In turn, I asked Murtaugh how much Musial might mean to the Pirates, a team with a first-base problem?

"Plenty," said Murtaugh, "but, heck, Stan never would leave the Cardinals."

I wasn't so sure. To go to Pittsburgh, near his hometown, Donora, Pennsylvania, and with a chance at one more World Series, Musial, I thought, might be interested. He was.

Murtaugh wondered whether the Cardinals would give The Man his unconditional release, so the Pirates wouldn't be bound by Stan's big contract (almost \$100,-000). Additionally, they couldn't afford to give up a

promising young player for one nearly 40 years old. But Murtaugh said he would recommend to general manager Joe L. Brown that the Pirates try to make a deal for Musial.

They didn't and Brown told me why in what was then an off-the-record telephone conversation. "As much as we'd like to have Musial, we won't make an offer for him," Brown said. "I just can't do it to Bing Devine, a fine man. Sure, if Musial were released, we would grab him in a minute. As Murtaugh said, because of Stan's age, we couldn't give up one of our better younger players for him. And to offer too little would be to take advantage of a situation in which public sentiment has to be strongly behind Musial, not the ball club. Devine would be on a spot I don't care to put him on."

I was impressed by Brown's ethics and concern for the delicate position of the Cardinals' general manager. Musial was impressed, too. And a bit disappointed.

By then Stan had become much more discouraged than when he'd gone to the bench. At the time of his benching he had said, "We haven't been winning. They want to try that new lineup. (——) TO PAGE 84)

Stan's enduring baseball success earned him tributes around the country last season. In Washington, D.C., he was a White House guest of President Kennedy, right. In New York he was given a "night" by the Mets in the Polo Grounds. His wife, Lil, and his three-year-old daughter, Janet, below, took part in the Polo Grounds' ceremonies. Stan had been a New York favorite since the days when he regularly wrecked the Giants and Dodgers.





■ Johnny Saxton had it all—fame, money, a world championship. When he lost it, he lost touch with reality, too, and he was suddenly thrust into one of the toughest battles any man can ever experience

BY DALE SHAW

THE FEEBLE LIGHT of a single dim bulb, heavily shaded, failed to light the figure on the cot in the little furnished room. I sat, chain-smoking, listening to a resonant, nostalgic voice that floated not only from an ebony face in the darkness, but from the past as well.

He had talked about many things, talked very calmly and steadily, but now the memory hammered back on him, the memory of what he had been and what he had lost. Words piled on words, a tinge of remorse touching each of them. "Y'understand, pal, I had it. I was champion of the world. Forty grand in a night. You know what that is in your pocket, baby? You know I won a quarter million dollars in my career, me, Johnny Saxton. Now I'm as good as broke. Live in a ten-buck-a-week room. Threw it all away. Cadillacs and high living. (He let out an ironic laugh.) I was a soft touch, too. This woman, she needs an eye operation, give her a few grand. Taxes. Taxes I should have paid and when they catch up to me I'm on the skids and no decent bouts, you know? They take everything I had to pay the taxes. But I had some fine times, man, I had them. You name it, we had it. We went from city to city. I been in every state of the union. Swingin'! I handled the nut (slang for total travel expenses). Me, Johnny Saxton, an' nobody complained. I was just a young kid, baby, but I was champion. They blame Frank (Blinkie Palermo, Saxton's manager), but I don't blame him. What I did wrong, I did myself, I accept the responsibility. He always helped me-maybe he could be in trouble, I would help him. Y'understand?"

The words had spilled in flurries, short jabs of sound, like the staccato punches to the speed bag Saxton used to throw in training. I lighted another cigarette. Saxton sat up on the side of the bed, stretched, yawned, raised the Venetian blind and gazed down into Brooklyn's dismal, wintry St. Mark's Avenue. In the flood of light I was able to study his calm, unmarked face, to observe his square, unfattened frame and neatly pressed shirt and trousers, and found it almost impossible to match my total impression of Saxton with what I knew of the turbulent, tragic events of his life. His biggest struggle had not been in the prize-fighting ring, but in a hospital. He had succeeded in the struggle, recovering from a mental breakdown.

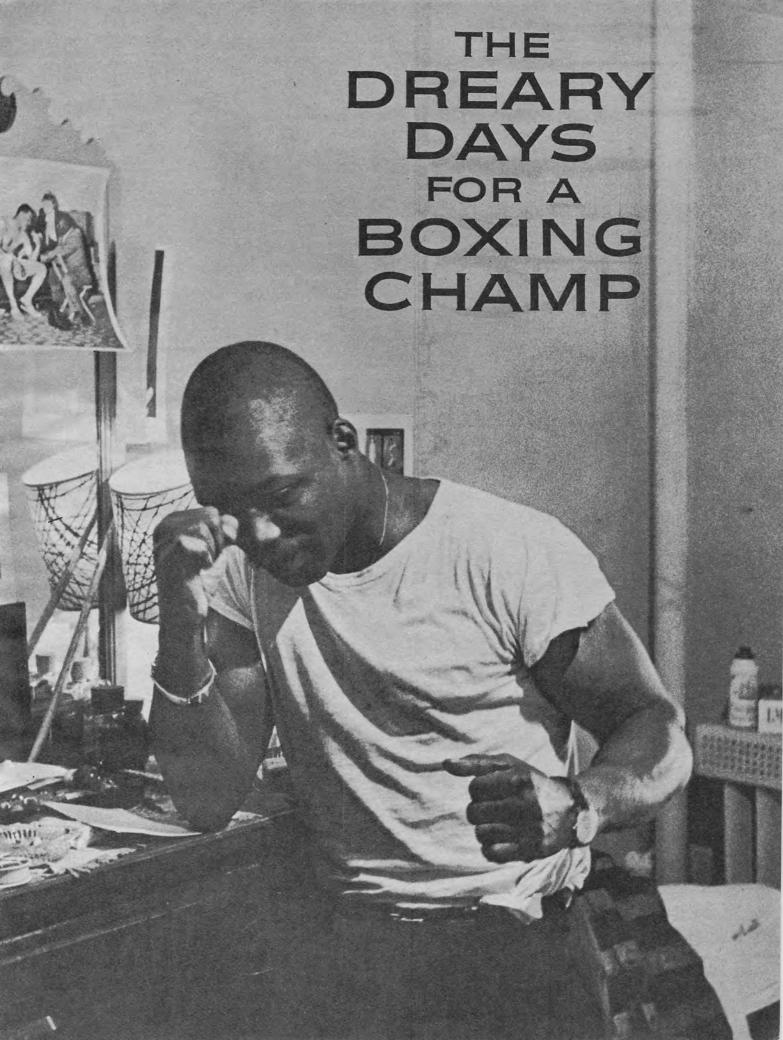
Johnny flashed me a broad grin that snapped up the ends of a painstakingly trimmed mustache. "Hey, man, I'll show you my fight pictures!" In an instant he had jerked out a drawerful of big glossy prints. He stood holding them with magnificently bulging arms and then dumped them on the bed. The fighting life of a champion was spread before us.

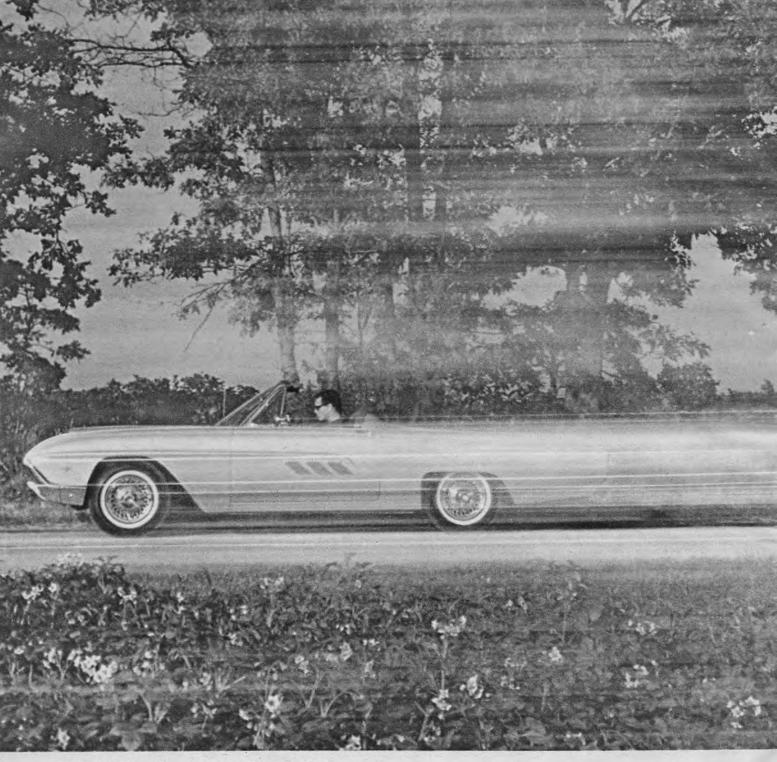
There he was trading punches with Kid Gavilan who lost the welterweight title to him in 1954. There he was with Basilio who lost to him in Chicago in 1956. There he was with Tony De Marco who won the title from him in '55 and then lost it to Basilio. And, finally, with Basilio again, who beat Saxton in the rematch and all but ended Johnny's career.

"He could hit, that Basilio," Saxton hummed.

A shot of Saxton with Johnny Bratton flashed. "He had it tough," Saxton groaned. "Said he wouldn't fight. You know his hands were all busted up, lumps out to here from bones knitting up and reknitting. He had to wait for one shot. But Bratton had worse than his hands. He was in an institution in Detroit. Violent patient ward.

Johnny Saxton's life today includes a clutter of memories and memorabilia.

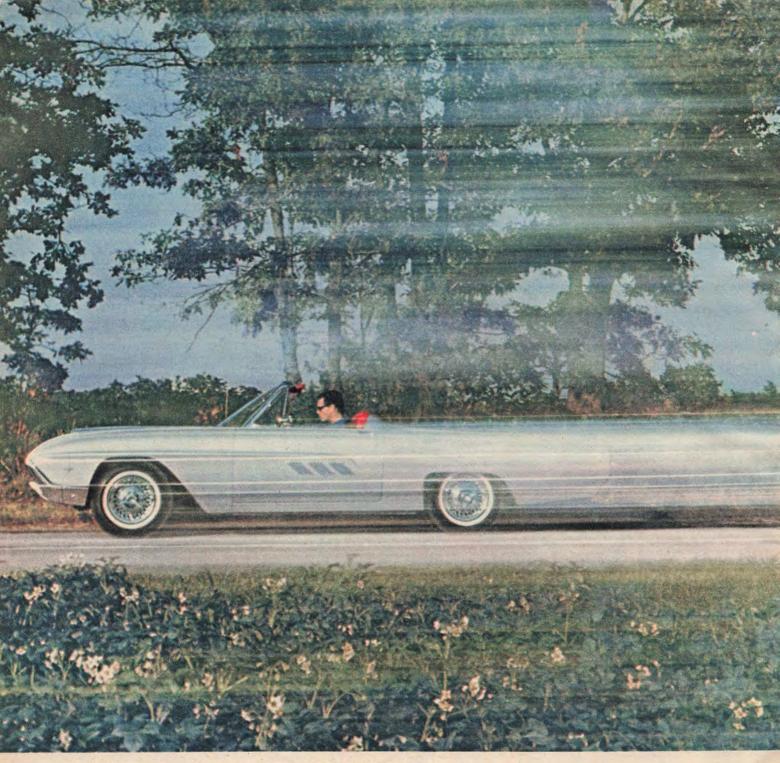




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THE DREARY DAYS FOR A BOXING CHAMP

continued



Saxton works out in a Brooklyn gym, where he is a hero to youngsters. "I love kids," he says.

Had what I had, only worse, baby. You know how many have what I had, stay in as long as I did, two years, and ever come out right? One in a thousand. That's a comeback, huh?"

The picture of Bratton had set him talking about his own past. In March, 1959, his ring career finished, his money spent or gone in back taxes. Saxton was bagged by police in a cheap Jamaica, Queens, apartment-house burglary. Free on bail, separated from his wife, he visited her in Atlantic City, New Jersey, drifted off that night and was later seized in an apparent ten-cent-store burglary. Locked up, he became despondent, incoherent, crying. That night he made a noose out of his socks and attempted to hang himself, but the flimsy rope left his bull neck undented and he was cut down uninjured. When his hysterical rage did not abate, he was committed to the state mental hospital at Ancora, New Jersey.

Johnny handed me some more pictures and said, "What they did for me I'll never forget. But I don't remember what happened, I mean the burglary. I don't remember going in that place in Queens or how I got to be in jail or getting bail. I don't remember going to Atlantic City too clear or the whole business. I remember some things in the jail, I was very depressed, I wanted to die. They gave me a shot. Out for two days. I woke up, they had these straps on me, all over. I was under restraint some time . . ."

Two years later, released as cured, Saxton turned up in court to face the old Queens burglary charge. However, given proof of the New Jersey hospitalization, district attorney Frank O'Connor moved for dismissal, declaring that Saxton was "legally insane" at the time of his arrest. A realistic judge turned the ex-boxer into the street a free man. Saxton, a fundless Negro who could never fight again, forgot his anonymous poverty and gave thanks for the decision and for the clean bill of mental health given him by the State of New Jersey. He took a subway back to his furnished room. He removed his shoes, placing them carefully in a line of eight other half-worn pairs. He hung his jacket with several dozen he'd salvaged from the grand wardrobe of old. He uncapped a Pepsi, the strongest drink he has ever allowed himself, dragged on the bottle and lay back to think. Within minutes, the mood was shattered by the jangle of the hall phone as the siege of calls by reporters began, reporters who wanted to know how "The Champ" liked the free air of Brooklyn. I was one of those who called. "Come on over, I like to talk," Saxton said simply. "I think you should have the whole story, what really happened."

"That's the beginning, that's me, a kid," said Johnny grinning. "Ain't I funnylooking?" He had shown me a photograph of a solemn-faced Negro boy of eight or nine, the puffy gloves of three-round Police Athletic League boxing cocked in front of his wary head. Here was a kid in baggy pants who wanted to go places. What happened? What went wrong? Hadn't he become champion of all the welterweights of the world? Hadn't he hit the big money? (→ TO PAGE 76) 35



Can Ed Mathews Come Back?

A shoulder injury last season plunged Ed's performance well below his super-star slugging standards. His future, and much of Milwaukee's future, hinges on his physical recovery

By Harold Rosenthal

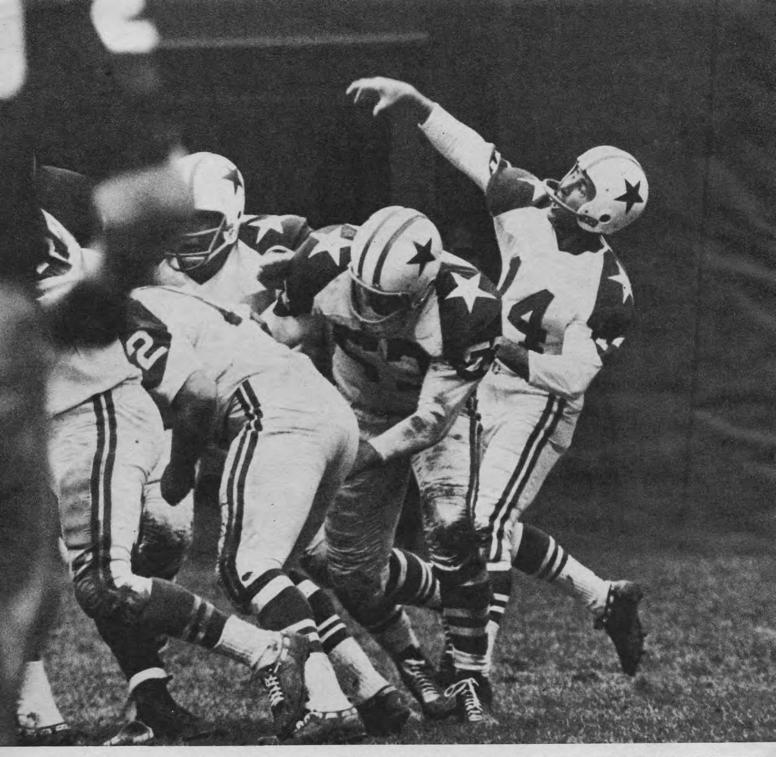
ARRING A SPRING accident, Ed Mathews, the No. 1 home-run hitter in Braves' history, will step to the plate in Pittsburgh's Forbes Field April 9 with a pair of important missions. One will be numerical. The first home run Mathews hits in 1963 will be his 400th in the major leagues; only seven men in baseball history have hit that many.

The second mission will be more important. Mathews, who a few years ago was billed as a fellow capable of breaking Babe Ruth's record of 714 home runs in a career, will be battling to prove his star's skills did not leave him for good last season. A shoulder injury watered his performance to only 29 homers and a .265 batting average in 1962. Will the shoulder be strong enough in 1963 for Mathews to come back as a star?

Eddie thinks it will. Bobby Bragan, the Milwaukee Braves' new manager, hopes it will. Hoping along with Bragan is a sort of Greek chorus composed of ten youthful, community-spirited men who purchased 90 percent of the Braves' franchise last fall.

Mathews was not the only disappointment in Milwaukee last season. The team slumped; so did the attendance. At season's end the Braves had a new manager, a new set of owners, and the most powerful prod toward doing better the sports industry could offer: A single-season attendance slip of 30 percent.

Only five years earlier the Braves had drawn a record 2,215,000 attendance; last year they attracted only 767,000 customers. The 767,000 were kind customers, though—at least toward Mathews. "I had a bad year in '62," Ed says, "but the fans stuck by me. I didn't hear a single wisecrack. Whenever anyone spoke (——) TO PAGE 90)



After ten NFL years, the Dallas Cowboys' Eddie LeBaron no longer awes fans when he goes out for the coin-flip with a cocaptain like Jerry Tubbs, right, who's eight inches taller than him. But once the game starts, Eddie, 14, still amazes many in getting off sharp, accurate passes, above, over the towering wall of players in front of him.





THE LITTLE MAN IN PRO FOOTBALL

PHÓTOS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

T AGE 16 Eddie LeBaron stood five feet, seven inches, weighed 155 pounds and was ready for college. A football star in high school, he wanted to play the sport in college, too, at USC, preferably, or Stanford or California. And while the coaches there didn't exactly kick sand in his face, they looked down on him, condescendingly. So little Eddie went to little College of the Pacific and became a Little All-America—three successive years.

Naturally, professional teams scrambled for his services. That is, after they had selected over 100 other players in the annual draft of collegians. LeBaron was the tenth pick of the Washington Redskins. By this time, 1949, he had grown to 5-7, 164 pounds. Which, according to pro experts, was hardly enough height to see defenses over a crouched center's back, much less to spot pass-receivers over charging linemen's heads.

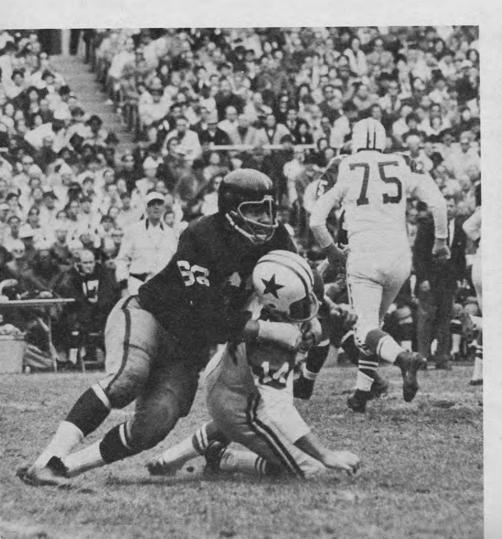
So Eddie played against big-college players in the Shrine East-West game and was named most valuable player. Then he got his test against the pros in the 1950 College All-Star game. Already in the Marines, LeBaron got a pass to play and led the All-Stars to a stunning win over the world champion Philadelphia Eagles. Halfback Charlie (Choo-Choo) Justice of the All-Stars (5-10, 175 pounds) was named MVP and when Eddie got back to his Marine unit, he sent Justice a message: "Congratulations. We midgets showed 'em how."



Like the little men in baseball and basketball, LeBaron has had to compensate for his lack of physical equipment. Eddie, right, has to try and get back into the protective pocket a bit faster than the big man, then get rid of the ball faster. Often he must roll out to find a passing lane.



One way Ed compensated for lack of size was by perfecting his faking. Above, he fakes a handoff to Amos Marsh, 31, drawing over three Redskins. Then Eddie pulls back the ball and hands it to Amos Bullocks, 22, running left.



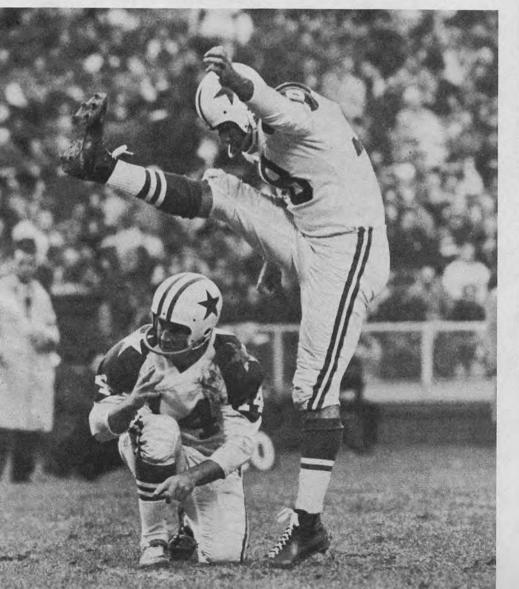


Washington linebacker Rod Breedlove, left, is one of the lighter men, at 230 pounds, who hits Eddie. But when LeBaron's blindsided, as he was on this play, all the tacklers feel like 280-pounders. If he knows the guy well, Eddie may tell him: "Take it easy on an old fellow, won't you?" "But," Eddie says, "unless I really get hurt, I don't mind getting belted."

THE LITTLE MAN IN A hero in Korea, LeBaron left the Marines in PRO FOOTBALL 1952 and joined the Redskins. Even though he threw nine touchdown passes in his last three games as a rookie, Washington coach Curley

Lambeau said, "The only thing wrong with him is that he is three inches shy of being tall enough." The following year Eddie had problems on the field and with Lambeau. He jumped to the Canandian league for the '54 season, returning to the NFL after Joe Kuharich was named Redskin coach.

Kuharich didn't care about his size; anyone who could pass as adeptly and ball-handle as deceptively as LeBaron could play quarterback for him. As a collegian Eddie's faking drove referees to such distraction that one resigned and three others refused assignments involving COP. As a pro Eddie's faking merely drove opponents to distraction. He starred for the Redskins from 1955 through '59, and for the Cowboys the last three years. What have those ten years been like for the little man in pro football? Eddie says, "When I first started in the league the program listed me as 5-9 and 175 pounds. After a while that was changed to 5-8 and 170 pounds. Now I'm listed as 5-7 and 169. That must mean that over the years they've been cutting me down to my own size." Which, with a football, is large.





A quarterback, safety and punter in college, Eddie's lone "extra" duty now is holding the ball on placekicks, left. Waiting for the team's bus, above, LeBaron looks like the successful lawyer his football fame has helped him become. He retired from the Redskins several years ago for law, but joined Dallas when he found he could combine careers.



"Every year," says one umpire, "I get a few birthday cards.

But it's often the same message: They hope it's my last." Abuse and loneliness are parts of his job. He can never, really, win

Pity The Poor Umpire

By Ralph Schoenstein

WHEN YOU SPEAK of underdogs, save considerable sympathy for the baseball umpire. It's well known that most fans and players consider him an astigmatic cretin of uncertain ancestry; but even other umpires sometimes don't like him. On one opening day in the American Association, umpire Johnny Mullin made a call that Billy Meyer, the Kansas City manager, felt was somewhat deficient in judgment.

"You're the lousiest umpire in the league!" cried Meyer.

"If you think I'm bad," said Mullin, "wait'll you see the rest of 'em."

Few men have more things going against them than the baseball umpires, who voluntarily submit to the continuous strains, pains and drains of this loneliest and least appreciated job in sport. The big-league umpire must not only have the keen eyesight and split-second judgment that fans, players and managers occasionally question, but he must also have the integrity of a priest, the agility of an acrobat, the endurance of Job, and the memory and skin of an elephant. He must know the 550 rules in the baseball rulebook while ignoring twice that many insults from the people he's serving. For all these talents, his starting salary is that of a utility infielder.

It also helps if he has muscles and guts. A bigleague umpire is a guy like the National League's Al Forman, who last year had to throw a bear hug around an enraged ex-Marine, ex-boxer, Don Hoak, to keep him from charging Cincinnati coach



Illustrated by John Gallagher



Reggie Otero. A big-league umpire is a man like the American League's Bill McKinley, who called 600 pitches behind the plate during last year's 22-inning game between the Yankees and Tigers-without once leaving the field. And during this amazing display of stamina, the middle-aged McKinley naturally got the co-operation that umpires expect from players.

"I got so tired of sweeping off the plate that I told Yogi Berra to keep it clean," said McKinley as he soaked in a tub after the marathon. "Of course, he immediately scuffed a pile of dirt on it with his foot."

Forman once worked a 26-inning game in the Texas League, a game to which he drove 500 miles in his own car. That's another thing the umpire needs: a car or a commercial airline, for the teams don't carry him on their chartered flights. So it's easy to see why the umpires feel that nobody loves them: these lonely outcasts can't even sleep in the same hotels as the players.

Of course this exile is occasionally brightened by greeting cards from fans. "Every year," says Forman, "I get a few birthday cards. But it's often the same message: they hope it's my last."

An umpire is a man for whom abuse is not only a routine but is actually something to which he looks forward. "I'd really get upset if they cheered," says the American League's Ed Runge.

'You show me an umpire with friends and I'll show you a liar," says Red Jones, who worked the American League during the Forties. "What man can like people who keep questioning his eyesight and parentage?"

"You go into this business knowing they'll never build a monument to you," says the recently retired Charlie Berry, who often worked with Jones during a long career in the American League. Perhaps Berry survived this long career because he was an All-America football player, as was his frequent comrade-inabuse, Cal Hubbard. "I used to look at those two All-Americas and then dare the fans to come down and get me," says Jones.

An umpire's headaches, hazards, and harassments are enough to crack the ordinary mortal; but ballplayers often insist an umpire isn't human. While working the plate in a Cleveland-Washington game, Red Jones was hit on the right collarbone by a foul tip. Since the pitcher was Bob Feller, Red started rubbing the bone as if he'd been shot. While he tried to massage away the agony, his eyes happened to meet those of Bob Ortiz, who was kneeling on deck and laughing.

"You got hit over the heart, huh Red?" said Ortiz.

"No, you jerk, the heart's over here," said Red, pointing to his left side.

"Not on an umpire," said Ortiz. "Heart always on wrong side."

Ortiz knew that umpires aren't human because no genuine human could survive the physical and mental punishment that a big league umpire has to take-for a salary of about \$8000 and the security of a Russian spy. After taking years to work his way up to the major leagues, an umpire can be optioned, traded or fired just like a ballplayer. In a 1961 poll, baseball writers picked the National League's Frank Dascoli as the best ball-caller in the game. A few weeks later, National League President Warren Giles thumbed Frank out of the league for losing his temper in public. An umpire is never allowed to lose his temper in public; and, as Bob Ortiz knew, anyone in baseball who never loses his temper surely can't be human. Dascoli's umpiring career had run the gamut of abuse: from a barrage of beer cans in Philadelphia to a fast bounce by the president.

The respect and compassion that baseball has for its umpires is nicely shown by what happened to another National Leaguer, Vic Delmore, who made the mistake of getting involved in two bizarre, once-in-a-lifetime plays, each of which could have been staged by the Marx brothers.

"In the first play," says Delmore, "I was back of the plate in a game between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Bill Virdon was on third. The Pittsburgh batter spun the ball towards first, a little dribbler with lots of English on it. Catcher Valmy Thomas blocked my view, so I moved around to his left. Wham! Virdon came charging home, hit me, and sent me sprawling out cold. An ump working the game with me had to call the play. I found out when I came to that he'd called Virdon out.

"The other play was even stranger. The Cards were playing the Cubs and I was back of the plate. Stan Musial walked on a fourth ball that was wild and over catcher Sammy Taylor's head. But it wasn't over mine: it caught me in the arm, a terrific shot that pained and dazed me. And (-> TO PAGE 74)

HOCKEY HOTHEAD

By DAVE ANDERSON

Howie Young, No. 4, belting a Ranger here, is noted for his roughness on and off the ice. "But whether you like him or not," says Red Sullivan, the Ranger coach, "he's good for the game in one respect: he brings people into the rink."

PLEASE TURN PAGE



"I know that I have got to watch myself," says Young, "because if I do something it'll be a bigger thing because of my reputation. I don't like this 'badman' business but I guess I am stuck with it."

Howie Young is fighting one of the strangest and

HE ICE IS DIFFERENT for every hockey player. For Gordie Howe of the Detroit Red Wings it is downhill as he glides to greatness. For Andy Bathgate of the New York Rangers it is cracked with frustration as he struggles to lift his team. For Frank Mahovlich of the Toronto Maple Leafs it is uphill as he carries the burden of a million-dollar price-tag. For Howie

Young the ice leads to the penalty box.

In the six rinks of the National Hockey League a most familiar scene has been that of Howie Young slamming an opponent into the boards, the referee blowing his whistle, and Young, red-faced with the excitement of the combat, clomping into the penalty box. The NHL ordinarily measures its badmen by penalty-minutes but Howie Young threatens to be measured by hours. Midway through this season Young had spent so much time in the penalty box, he seemed likely to break the NHL record of 202 minutes set (or sat) seven years ago by Lou Fontinato. "Maybe it's not a record to be proud of," Young said at mid-season, "but it means a lot to me. For a long time I never thought I'd be in this league long enough to set it."

Young possesses traits which would be frowned upon by, say, tennis' Davis Cup committee but they add a gangster-like glamor to a hockey badman. He uses his stick, for example, with the delicacy of a bayonet. He runs down unsuspecting opponents, especially goaltenders. He even shoots the puck into a hostile crowd. But Lou Fontinato, among others, insists, "He's not a real tough guy. Once he starts to mix it up he doesn't drop his

gloves and fight."

Right. Because Howie Young is fighting a much tougher opponent: himself. His appetite for combat, his wild-man ways, have pushed him out of the NHL. He knows that to succeed in hockey's big league, he must temper his temper. He knows that many people feel he won't ever win the battle with himself, a battle involv-

ing off the ice behavior, too. He hopes he can.

It's a curious situation. Young can shoot, skate, pass and check. He has the potential to be an All-Star. All he has to do is control himself. It's not easy. It means adjusting a set of automatic reflexes. It means finding a medium point—toning down the wild behavior that can hold him back from hockey success and still maintaining enough of his native combativeness to be a tough defenseman and a crowd-pleaser.

In Detroit early this season, Young suddenly sparked a fantastic loyalty among the fans. Only one other Red Wing, Gordie Howe, had the same kind of support and Howe attracted it only after many seasons of effortless execution. Once, when Young was benched temporarily, a fan barged into the rinkside area and shook coach Sid Abel's arm. "What's going on?" the man bellowed.

"Put Young on the ice."

Howie Young—25 years old, ruggedly handsome at a brush-cut six feet and a muscular 192 pounds—sells tickets. They cheer him in his hometown arena, wherever it may be, and boo him everywhere else. "Whether you like him or not," says George (Red) Sullivan, the Ranger coach, "he's good for the game in one respect: he brings people into the rink." Sometimes, however, the crowd can be Young's worst enemy. "They start yelling," explains Red Wing defenseman Bill Gadsby, "and it gets him going. You can see it in his eyes and his face gets redder and redder."

The sometimes terrific tempo of hockey does things to Young. Against the Rangers this season he broke one of the game's unwritten rules among the players: he shot after the whistle. "It wasn't that I didn't have time to stop," he says, "it's just that I couldn't stop." Another time he charged into Montreal's Don Marshall after a whistle. "I knew our net was open and I knew the puck was there," he explains, "and I just couldn't stop myself from hitting him."

toughest battles in sport. His career, checkered with strange, tough stories, hinges on the outcome

In the 1961-62 season, lack of self-control—on and off the ice—caused Young to be exiled to the minors by the Red Wings. At the time Doug Harvey, then the Ranger coach, was asked if Young could have helped his team: "From what I hear," Harvey replied, "he could help us enjoy life a little more." But in the Red Wing training camp before the current season, Abel, taking over as Detroit's general manager as well as its coach, told Young: "You've got a clean slate with me." Abel then warned Young to stay out of trouble.

It seemed for a while that Abel was getting excellent results from Young. Howie played well, stayed out of trouble and was a big help to the Red Wings. Then, in January, he was AWOL for three days. When Howie rejoined the team, Abel docked him a few days' pay but sympathized with him. "We're going to use a doctor to try to help him," Abel said.

Until then Young had confined his wild life to the rink, piling up penalties. Of course, penalties harm a club, but in some ways they help. Two-minute penalties for charging and elbowing and cross-checking intimidate opponents into looking for Young instead of the puck. They also allow Young to get away with more rough stuff than the average player despite Abel's early-season complaint that the refs were picking on Howie. "It's natural to watch a player with Young's reputation," admits Carl Voss, the NHL referee-inchief, "but the referees don't pick on him. He might

do something to deserve a penalty ten times in a game but only two or three might be called. You can't call ten penalties against one player." Young's value, however, would be sabotaged by a five-minute penalty for fighting foolishly or a ten-minute misconduct penalty for sassing a referee. Young began to realize this and said he was trying to improve. He showed improvement by refusing to fight, and until January, he showed improvement by staying out of trouble off the ice, too.

"I'll never send him back to the minors," Sid Abel said in December, "for what he does on the ice—within reason—but if he misbehaves off the ice, that's different. That was the trouble last season. He got away with too much off the ice."

Off-ice behavior has been a problem for Howie. In his hockey uniform, he says, "I like to get a shoulder into a guy when I check him." But he seldom uses his fists for reasons of self-control and for another reason, too, "I'm bad on my feet when I'm fighting with skates on," he explains. "I need solid footing." The solid footing, for example, of a bar-room. In the winter of 1962 he was out one night with Gil Mains, who used to play pro football with the Detroit Lions. Two men suddenly jumped Mains from behind.

Young's reaction, naturally, was to jump the two men. Fists started to fly. So did bottles and tables and chairs.

That brawl, in all fairness, could (--- TO PAGE 86)



In defensive scrambles, Young, No. 2 above, does a good job. He has the talent to be a star, he needs the temperament to go with it. 47



It seems to happen
every season in almost every
sport. A fellow who
has been around, barely hanging
on, suddenly becomes
a star. With rightful reasons
Hank had almost given
up hope it could happen to him.
But it did—and how!

OUI UF OBSCURITY, HANK AGUIRRE

By JOE FALLS

HE HALF-EATEN scrambled eggs lay there, cold, looking like little lumps of yellow rubber. The ash tray was almost filled with crushed cigarettes.

"What time is it?" Hank Aguirre asked the waitress.

"It's a little after eight," she said.

A little after eight. In less than six hours Hank would be pitching for the Detroit Tigers in Yankee Stadium, his first starting assignment of the 1962 season. This was what he had wanted. He had thought about it all winter and during spring training. "I want to be like Frank Lary," he had said in Florida. "I want people to look up to me. I want to beat the Yankees, too."

But now . . . here in the coffee shop of the Roosevelt Hotel at a little after eight on the morning of May 26, 1962, Aguirre was experiencing the same pangs of doubt which he had come to know and expect through-

out his career as a professional ballplayer.

It had been this way when Tom Downey, a Cleveland scout, asked him to sign with the Indians for a bonus of \$5000. Aguirre shuddered as he recalled the incident. As a boy he hadn't known much about money. His family was originally from Mexico. His dad ran a grocery store in San Gabriel, just outside Los Angeles, and Hank had never really been involved with money. I knew I was worth something, Aguirre thought, remembering that spring in 1951, but I didn't know how much, so I told Downey, "You make me an offer and then I'll talk things over with some of the other clubs."

"No dice," Downey had said. "I'm not getting into a bidding contest. I'm leaving for Phoenix in the morning. Either you take the \$5000 or you leave it. I'm not going

to haggle with you."

Aguirre remembered that he swallowed, and hoped that Downey didn't notice it. His mind started racing, five thousand dollars, five thousand dollars—his thoughts began running together until they weren't thoughts, just that one figure: \$5000.

I was scared, Aguirre admitted to himself. I didn't know what to do. Five thousand dollars, that was a lot of money. I didn't know how much I could get from the other clubs. I thought I might get more, but I wasn't sure. I suddenly thought I might blow it all, so I told

him I'd take the money.

It was one of the first but not the last time Aguirre would come to doubt himself. And now, as he sat alone in the quiet coffee shop in midtown Manhattan, this queasy feeling of uncertainty began to take hold of him again. Ever since manager Bob Scheffing had called him into his office in Yankee Stadium the night before and told him he was going to start, a small, tight knot had developed in Aguirre's stomach.

I'm not afraid of losing, or even getting knocked out, Aguirre thought, lighting another cigarette. That's happened to me plenty of times. But this is what I want more than anything else, a chance to start against the Yankees—and, well, I haven't pitched very well for

more than a year . . . am I ready?

Scheffing had told Aguirre to get a good night's rest. Before he turned in, Hank had a sandwich and a couple of beers. A couple of beers—that was good. It was relaxing. That's it, Hank. Relax.

Aguirre slept soundly for five hours, then awoke abruptly at 6 a.m. Wide awake. It seemed like the middle of the day to him. He tried to go back to sleep,

but his mind wouldn't let him. His mind was too busy, going over the batters—Richardson: he likes to go to right field, set him up down and in; Maris: curve him, everything away; Skowron: change ups, low. . . ."

Now, as he sat in the coffee shop, Aguirre again asked the waitress for the time. It was 8:45.

I wish we were playing right now, he thought, instead of at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Aguirre made it to Yankee Stadium and his teammates, sensing his anxiety, tried to relax him.

"Don't worry, Henry," said Jim Bunning. "You'll

gas 'em all the way."

"I'll bet they don't get a hit off you," Norm Cash said. Aguirre got by the first inning without any trouble, but as soon as he returned to the dugout, Scheffing said, "Are you all right, Hank?"

"Sure," Aguirre said. "I'm all right."

Second inning—still no damage. But again Scheffing asked him: "Okay, Hank? Everything okay?"

Now it was the middle of December and Aguirre was sitting in another restaurant, this one on Livernois Avenue in Detroit, enjoying a beef stew. It was bitterly cold outside but it was pleasantly warm in this dimly lit room. Henry John Aguirre was the picture of contentment as he savored his food and recalled his big moment in Yankee Stadium.

"It was funny that day," he said, smiling his wide smile. "Scheffing kept asking me if I was all right. He kept it up until the seventh inning. Then he changed. I'd allowed only three hits and when I came back to the dugout after the seventh inning, he said to me: 'Hank, you're okay. You're doing a great job out there. Keep it up. We're going to win this game.'

"I think he was more nervous than I was."

Pitching as he had seldom pitched in his life, Aguirre allowed the Yankees only five hits, giving the Tigers a memorable 2-1 win.

It was memorable because Al Kaline fractured his collarbone on the last play of the game and the Tigers lost their rightfielder for the next two months.

In his finest hour, Aguirre was forgotten.

It should have been a happy time for him . . . a time for clubhouse comedy . . . beers all around . . . wise-cracking across the room . . . photographers, reporters . . . the sweet surroundings of success.

But it was as quiet as a hospital corridor in the Detroit dressing room. Kaline was stretched out on the floor, his face a chalky white, his body covered by a blanket. The Tiger players were stunned. Their faces mirrored despair and they walked around in small circles, muttering to themselves. Their hopes for a pennant had been crushed.

Aguirre dressed silently and left by himself. That night he had dinner with some relatives in Brooklyn. And the next day's headlines were not about his mag-

nificent pitching but of Kaline's injury.

Nobody knew it at the time, but that game that took so much from the Tigers also gave. For that game was the most significant of Aguirre's career. It was the game which started him on one of the finest seasons any Detroit pitcher has ever known. It restored Aguirre's shaken confidence and from that day of doubt in Yankee Stadium, the slim 31-year-old lefthander became a star. He won 16 games, (——) TO PAGE 70)

EPIC UPSETS

Four famous sportswriters present on-the-scene details of historic athletic events. The underdogs described here will always be remembered for their accomplishments on these days

Kentucky Derby Blues

By Jimmy Cannon

Louisville, Ky., May 2, 1953



Dark Star edges Native Dancer in the stretch drive.

Old Buddy Lonnie:

Nine times out of ten if you took and busted my head wide open you would find nothing but money on my mind. Money is the only thing could make me feel good and bad. Some guys got to take pills or take two weeks off in the country. Just give me some money to count and I feel good. Money is like medicine to me. But all of a sudden I'm acting like a sucker. The first time in my whole life I felt lousy and money ain't got what to do with it.

I got the blues because Native Dancer got beat by Dark Star in the Kentucky Derby which ain't none of my business. It don't mean two cents if a mule won the Derby. It don't even matter to a horse. A human being collects the money. They don't give a horse nothing but water and oats which he gets if he wins or loses.

Who would bet against Native Dancer? It was a 3-5 favorite. I just sat there without a ticket because I don't like no other horse in the race. It don't mean two cents to me but I stood up and hollered for Native Dancer like I was rooting for my money. This horse done me no favors. I admit it didn't do nothing against me either. The way I was rooting you would think Dark Star bit me or something. I got nothing against Dark Star. It ran good. It deserved to win the Derby.

Lonnie, I can't tumble up why I'm graumed because Native Dancer lost the Kentucky Derby. First of all, Native Dancer can't do me a favor. Nobody's going to take no horse as a co-signer. No horse could leave me anything in his will, could he? Native Dancer is a high-class horse but he is still just a horse. But I hollered my head off for him to win. The next thing you know I'll be crying at weddings when they ain't even mine.

Second of all, I don't feel bad if I see some human being I don't even say hello to in trouble. I got all burned up because this horse got in trouble. I felt that way once before. I felt lousy the night Rocky Marciano knocked out Joe Louis. I wasn't ashamed to take the money when I won the bet but I felt lousy. I bought a ticket and Louis got in for nothing and got paid besides. But I felt lousy.

It ain't because Native Dancer is a beautiful horse. With me no horse is beautiful. With me only two things are beautiful. One is money. One is a broad. I always figure out a way to lose the two of them.

Native Dancer was the best horse in the Kentucky Derby. Right away, it got jammed up. Right at the first turn, Eric Guerin, which is Native Dancer's jockey, took up the horse instead of going through a hole and gets slammed by a louse bum of a horse name of Money Broker. Eric Guerin is a real good jockey but this here's the Kentucky Derby. You can't wait. He lost around four-five lengths and wound up laying eighth instead of fourth. No one hollers at nobody for what comes off in a Kentucky Derby. A jockey could stab another jockey with a knife and the stewards would of done nothing.

In the back stretch Native Dancer got in a pocket. Coming in the stretch Native Dancer got Correspondent, Straight Face and Dark Star ahead of it. Guerin was on the outside. He ducked inside. He came outside again. But even so, with the trouble and all, Native Dancer got only beat a head. But don't think he wasn't beat. He was beat all right. Maybe he ain't no Citation or a horse like that but he was the best horse, but no one cashed a winning ticket on him.

You take Dark Star. This horse had the lead all the way. I got nothing against him. He ran some race, first all the way, and just three-fifths of a second off the Derby record. How could you knock that? It never even thought about quitting but run all the way good. I got to boost it but I just found out I'm stuck on Native Dancer. The next thing you know I'm liable to fall in love with a motorcycle.

Your Old Buddy, Two Head Charlie

All Hail Ben Hogan

By Arthur Daley

ARDMORE, Pa., June 11, 1950—It was inevitable, of course, that there would be something of an anti-climax to the U.S. Open championship in today's play-off. There usually is to every play-off. But what set this one apart from all the others was that, in some respects, it was reminiscent of the Los Angeles Open of last January. You remember that, don't you?

Little Ben Hogan at that time was meeting his first test in his long uphill climb from the valley of death. Learned doctors had said after his terrifying auto smash-up that he would be lucky to live. Never again would his torn body be able to carry him around a golf course. Of that they were sure. The chances were that he would be unable to play even for fun. Working at his trade once more was much too insane a thought for serious consideration.

But Ben made his return in the Los Angeles Open, and the gallant man finished in a tie with Sammy Snead. He lost that play-off, which was not particularly important. The electrifying news was that Hogan was back in the thick of the fight, getting there on sheer grit and determination.

Still, he wasn't given much of a chance in the U.S. Open. The experts, who can be just as wide of the mark as anybody, were pretty well agreed that the tenacious Texan might score well in the first two rounds, but they were equally certain that the marathon finish of 36 holes in a day would buckle his tortured legs.

"Ben just can't do it," said the outspoken Gene Sarazen with a sympathetic shake of his head. "Thirty-six holes in one day will kill him." It was a reasonable assumption. This was only Hogan's seventh tournament since his brush with death, and in none of the others had he been forced to jam in two rounds in the one day. Yet the healthy stars faltered in the homestretch yesterday and the iron-willed, square-jawed scrapper from Texas finished in a three-way tie for first place.

Ben was chatting in the hotel lobby this morning before the playoff. It was idle chatter. But in the course of it he dropped a couple of significant sentences.

"The trouble with Merion," he drawled, "is that it always has you on the defensive. There's no way you can take the offensive against it."

His jaw jutted grimly. It was obvious that he favors attack, even against something as inanimate as a golf links.

After studying Merion's treachery for four days, however, one can't help but wonder if this fiendish device for playing pasture pool is as inanimate as it looks. It has a par of 70 and measures only 6694 yards, both sets of statistics being slightly on the skimpy side. Yet there is no getting around the fact that there were only 14 sub-par rounds out of the first 434 completed.

Merion can be licked, but it has the resiliency of a rubber-ball or the recuperative powers of the champion who can bounce back off the floor after being knocked down and belt the other guy's block off. Unlike an ordinary golf course, it does all of the attacking.

Cary Middlecoff, for instance, was in a fine spot just before the final round to repeat as champion. He had three rounds of 71, and, as later events were to prove, only needed an ordinary 73 to win. But he scored a 79.

It was on the 16th hole that Merion gave him a ghoulish horse-laugh—and the business. Just before the green and in a deep gully in front of it is an abandoned rock quarry, now covered with jungle growth. The second shot is across the rock quarry.

Middlecoff's second fell into the gully behind a 20-foot rock-faced cliff. He had to play safe and, as its last ironic jest, Merion forced him to chip into a sand trap, the only spot in the gully from which he could reach the green. When safety play requires a fellow to shoot into sand traps—well, that gives you an idea of what this course is like.

On such a course, or on any other for that matter, if Battling Ben had lost the play-off, no one could have blamed him. After all, he had done miraculously well in dragging his wearied legs this far. Yet this was such a gushily romantic setting, and he was such an overwhelmingly sentimental favorite, that it would have been cruel indeed for him to have wavered. So the little Texas bulldog, who had defied the doctors, took it upon himself to defy the laws of probabilities and to defy Merion's constantly outrageous challenge.

He beat Lloyd Mangrum. He beat George Fazio. And as a final flourish he also beat Merion's par. A 50-foot uphill putt of incredible accuracy on the 17th brought the birdie that did it. This was the cushion which handed him outright victory beyond question, one untainted by Mangrum's two-stroke penalty. He won by four strokes.

This is a sport success story without parallel. All hail Ben Hogan, a champion among champions!



Hogan holds the Open victory cup.



Montgomery gains for Columbia.

Mud And Guts In The Rose Bowl

By BILL CORUM

PASADENA, Cal., Jan. 1, 1934—They'll remember this one. Great football games will come and go and mighty California teams will one day lead the big parade again. But out here on the majestic Pacific Coast, vaunted home of vaunted elevens, they'll remember how a great-hearted little Columbia team from the sidewalks of old New York levelled mighty Stanford in the mud of the Rose Bowl on January 1, 1934.

Oh, yes, they'll remember this one. They'll remember how the little Lion roared through the murk and mist beneath the storm-blanketed Sierra Madres on this New Year's Day.

They'll remember how not once but three times, with its

cleats dug deep in those last white lines, a great football team that was outnumbered, outweighed and outmanned, but not outfought, rose up and threw back one desperate Stanford charge after the other while 35,000 people looked on in wonder.

They'll remember how black-haired, black-browed Al Barabas spoke once early in the second period, and on the most perfect play of the ball game, raced 17 yards to the only touchdown. (It was the KF-79 play, in which Cliff Montgomery fed the ball to Barabas, then faked to a halfback as Barabas ran around end.) They'll remember, too, how Newt Wilder place-kicked the extra point that at the finish had the Stanford side of the field rooting its heart out for a tie.

Stanford, with a team that answered the opening whistle a 4 to 1 favorite and on which its supporters had blithely given from 12 to 20 points, rooting for a tie with Columbia! Imagine that! What a shock that must have been.

Sure they'll remember. How can they forget? For before the final whistle everybody on the imposing looking and great Stanford team except Coach Thornhill had played. And Tiny must have itched to throw his 200 pounds in there against the savage charges of those mud-splattered, unbelievable kids in jerseys that were once light blue and white, who bent but never broke under trip-hammer blows of Bobby Grayson and Co.

Oh, he was all the backs you've ever seen, this Grayson was on this day. Dazzlingly fast even in the slippery going, a bullet up to and through the line, all but unstoppable. All but, but not quite. For when he finally laid it all on the line three yards from home on a flash-tingling, heart-stopping lunge, Al Ciampa, a bespectacled, studious looking, 165-pound kid, picked him up and hurled him back as if he were a babe in arms.

There was the ball game play. Let me try and set the picture for you.

It was the third period. The big scoreboard, its white letters and numerals standing out in sharp relief against the gray of the day, told an amazing story. Back of the big "S" there was a zero. On the other side was the "C" with its tantalizing 7. As one Columbia rooter had said, "The game seemed all wrong. Every time Stanford sent in a replacement, he seemed larger than the man he relieved, and every time a substitute trotted out from the Columbia bench he seemed smaller."

But here it was the third period and the clock was beginning to play a little for Columbia. It was Stanford's ball, first down, three yards from the goal line.

I suppose at that moment a betting man could have got 20-1 that the Indians would score. You could sense the feeling throughout the crowd huddled under its umbrellas and newspapers. Grayson hurled himself forward but the ball did not move an inch. They gave it to Grayson again and once more those driving, powerful legs of his threshed as he spun and charged. And once more those kids with their bellies on the ground came up with the no-gain tackle.

It was third down and they pulled a reverse, Grayson to Hamilton, and this time Mr. Hamilton went down in a smother of clawing Lions.

That was bad. But there still was plenty of time. There was one more down and Grayson wouldn't fail 'em. And he tried not to. How he tried.

He slanted off tackle like a rocket, but Ciampa also leaped with the snap of the ball. Ciampa's head bored into Grayson's chest and, wonder of wonders, it was Bobby who came up off his feet and dropped back with a sickening thud. The ball flew out of Grayson's arms and bobbed idly toward the goal line. There was a moment of agony among the small band of Columbia rooters, but Barabas recovered the ball.

Late in the third quarter, Montgomery kicked to the 45 and Grayson caught the ball, knifed through and scooted 20 yards before Montgomery, the last defender, tackled him.

Stanford surged again moving the ball to the nine-yard line. Once, twice and three times Columbia stopped 'em again and then when Stanford finally went back on an attempted pass, the passer could find no receiver and was nailed for an eight-yard loss. There the third period ended.

Grayson and Stanford tried again, they tried all through the fourth period. But they could do nothing against a team that knew no fear, because it had never heard the word.



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Lindy, 981, beats McKenley, 295.

Olympic Photo Finish

By Red Smith

HELSINKI, Finland, July 21, 1952—The world's fastest human, pro tem, a round-shouldered young man with a lantern jaw, sat rigid on the edge of a folding chair with his white-knuckled hands clenched between his knees in a torment of nervousness. Lindy Remigino, who thought so ill of himself as a foot-racer three months ago that he felt like putting his pants back on for good, never expected to win an Olympic gold medal, thought he was licked when he did win today, and still couldn't believe afterward that the 100-meter champion-ship was his.

It was, though. A quarter-hour earlier the camera's electric eye had singled him out of the welter of four sprinters clawing down the pink track in as close a finish as the Olympics

ever saw. He had ascended to the victor's pedestal, with Herb McKenley, of Jamaica, B.W.I., and McDonald Bailey, of England, one step lower at his right and left, and stood there with his swarthy face solemn and his brown eyes dazed while a band played *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Now he was paying a fearful penalty-being interviewed over the radio in every

known tongue save Esperanto. It was tougher than running the race.

"I thought Herb won," he said after the radio men quit menacing him with microphones. "I was leaning into the tape and I saw him go by and I thought he

had me. I didn't realize it was just past the finish that he caught me."

Remigino, 21, is a senior-elect in physical education at Manhattan College. Born in New York, he grew up as a schoolboy sprinter in Hartford, Connecticut, got himself engaged to a girl there, became a member of Manhattan's unbeatable relay team. He squirmed into the 15th Olympic Games by placing second in the United States tryouts, but he never won a major title at 100 yards or 100 meters before this raw and drizzly afternoon.

In fact, his lack of self-confidence—perhaps humility is the better term—drove his harried Manhattan coach, George Eastment, to the bizarre length of seeking a newspaperman's help this spring. Eastment telephoned Jesse Abramson, holder of the original copyright on track and field, and asked, "Do you think he is a good sprinter?" Mr. Abramson said yes. "Then will you write a piece saying so?" Eastment said.

"I can't make him believe it."

After that Lindy won New York's Metropolitan championship at 100 and 220 yards, knocked off the IC4-A 220, and qualified for the Olympic 100, but managed to cook his own chances in his real Olympic specialty, the 200 meters. He lay in the sun at Long Beach, California, got barbecued like an oyster, and failed to make it in the longer dash.

So now he was an Olympic champion and they had him cornered outside the

stadium dressing room. He was bewildered, self-conscious, and polite.
"How does it feel to be the fastest man in the world?" a radio man asked.

"I don't believe it," Remigino said.

After the first three finishers received their medals, they had gathered in a knot on the infield to study the camera's evidence. They had pored over the picture and walked away shaking their heads. McKenley said later that the photo looked like a dead heat to him, but Lindy said he thought it gave him "about so much." He held his palms about two inches apart. "When I congratulated Herb after the finish," he said, "some other guy came up and said 'Remigino won it,' so Herb was kind of prepared for the result; it wasn't a sudden blow."

"How does it feel to be famous?" Dean Smith, fourth in the race, asked, as flash

bulbs made the winner flinch.

"This is fame?" Lindy demanded.

"I rode in from Olympic Village with the kid yesterday before the first heat," said Pinky Sober, head of the United States track-and-field committee, joining the group. "He hadn't slept the night before, he was getting a sore throat, he was dying. It was all nervousness, of course. All I hoped was that he'd be just as sick today."

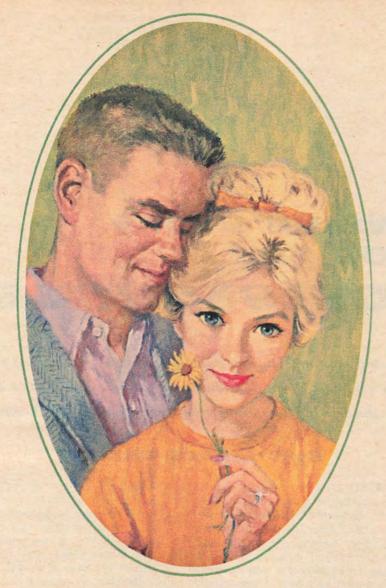
Questions kept flying in a dozen strange accents. Remigino answered in English and Italian. He was saying that Andy Stanfield and Jim Golliday, neither an Olympic 100-meter man this year, were America's best sprinters. "How about you?" somebody asked, and he snorted.

"Are you kiddin'? If those guys were in, I wouldn't be here."

They sat the kid down in front of another microphone. Faintly from inside the stadium came the strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner* signaling victory in the 400-meter hurdles.

"That's Charley Moore," Remigino said softly. It is difficult to describe exactly

how that melody sounds so far from home.



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THE INSIDE STORY OF THE ANGELS' SUCCESS

A castoff manager had few rules for his wacky bunch of rookies and fringe veterans. Yet in less than two years he led the Los Angeles club from the drawing board into American League pennant contention

By CHARLES DEXTER

HE DAYS WERE DWINDLING down to a precious few and so was the number of available Los Angeles Angels pitchers. Manager Bill Rigney, standing before his players in the Chavez Ravine clubhouse, looked like an Air Force officer informing his flight-logy pilots that the amount of required missions had just been doubled. The craggy-faced manager had reached a crisis of conscience. All season long he had demanded, and received, the last full measure of locomotion from his assortment of once-scorned pitchers. He had deployed them at the rate of more than three a game and now they were tired. Still, the day's game was only two hours away and a decision had to be made.

"Which one of you guys thinks he can go nine today?" said Rigney, a faint, quizzical smile animating the leathery lines of his sun-reddened face.

It was so quiet you could have heard a tired pitcher's arm drop.

"Okay," said Rigney. "I'll toss a ball in the air. The pitcher it falls nearest to gets the nod."

The clunk of the ball bouncing on the tiled floor echoed through the clubhouse. Like a lonely girl on Sadie Hawkins day, the ball skittered toward its chosen protector and nestled at his feet. Ryne Duren picked up the ball.

"I'll go as far as I can," said Duren, a relief pitcher who hadn't started a game in a year. "But I don't want to go too far. I want to be in shape to blow down those Yankees when they get here later on this week."

"I'll go the rest of the way," said Ted Bowsfield, who had started two days earlier.

If this were a juvenile-fiction tale, we would now see Duren and Bowsfield storm out to the field and combine forces to beat the enemy. But this was real-life major-league baseball in 1962. So Duren and Bowsfield stormed out to the field and combined forces to shut out the enemy. Which is merely one of many incidents that shows the saga of the '62 Angels was so

unbelievable that no self-respecting juvenile-fiction author would dare write it without toning it down until it seemed only *slightly* fantastic. (Of course, certain items automatically could be eliminated from the book—including the ripe language of this lovable Crasshouse Gang and the choicer, Chaucer-like nocturnal episodes of rookie pitcher Bo Belinsky.)

But the writer still would have his problems. How could he, for example, possibly convince his skeptical readers that an American League team could be assembled one year, finish eighth and then be in first place on July 4 the next season? Who would believe that this same team could challenge the Yankees for the pennant until Labor Day? Or even that it could finish third? Or that its manager, once rapped for being unable to handle his men, could be the majors' manager-of-the-year? Ridiculous. It just doesn't happen.

Yet it did.

It happened for many reasons, some of them revealed in the story of how Rigney selected his pitcher by letting the ball fall where it may. In that story you get these clues:

- 1) Rigney's unorthodox, enthusiastic and patient managing;
- The players' fearlessness of any situation or against any team, even the Yankees;
- 3) The camaraderie and desire to help out each other. Consider, first of all, Rigney's managing. Said one general manager in late August: "The Angels' pitching is good, their hitting not overpowering and their fielding sometimes pretty bad. What keeps them up? You've got to say it's Rigney. He keeps them hustling all the way."

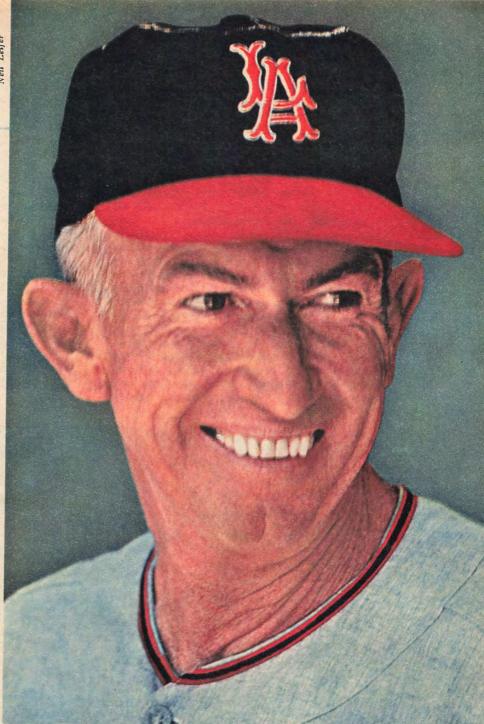
The compliment was less than a comfort to Rigney who, at about that time, was spending a weekend in a Los Angeles hospital with gastritis. It's not impossible that it may have been the lingering effect of having managed the New York-San Francisco Giants for four

Neil Leifer

Martin Blumenthal



LEE THOMAS



BILL RIGNEY



LEON WAGNER

years prior to joining the Angels. Rigney's tenure with the Giants was considered an unqualified failure: The Giants were supposed to win pennants, but the Giants didn't. Much of the blame was attributed to Rigney's inability to control the prima donna-prone veteran stars.

Not all of the onus has been removed from Rigney the past two years; he still hasn't proved he can manage a team of high-salaried players. (Except for three veterans, every Angel started at the same low salary.) But Rigney has proved that he has no equal at handling rookies, castoffs and fringe players.

Says Dan Osinski, a pitcher the Angels acquired from Kansas City in mid-season: "I spent 11 years of hell in the minors. It's heaven here. Bill Rigney sent me to the bullpen the day I reported. The other pitchers out there went to work on me. They said this was the worst team in baseball. They said Rigney was nuts and our pitching coach, Marv Grissom, was a slavedriver who ran the bullpen like a reform school for juvenile delinquents. I didn't realize then how much the guys kidded around, that this was part of my initiation. Let me tell you this—I've never had it so good. Grissom has taught me more in one month than I learned in those 11 years.

Fact is, every picther on the staff says he's improved 100 percent since he joined the Angels."

Grissom, of course, deserves tremendous credit for his teaching. Yet it was Rigney's pitching decisions (he didn't always toss a ball into the air) that kept the Angels winning games they should have lost. When the club won its 71st game, its starting pitchers had completed just 21 games. "He has an uncanny knack," says third-base coach Rocky Bridges, "of knowing when to take the pitcher out, which is probably the toughest part of being a manager. The players, and especially the pitchers, have an awful lot of respect for Bill because of this."

All season long Rigney had an uncanny knack and even he couldn't explain where his magic came from. "Look, I put Gordon Windhorn into a game in the ninth against the Yanks. Put him in for defense and we're three ahead," said Rigney. "First thing you know he steps in a hole and two runs come in. Then he makes a great catch and we win by a run.

"I stuck this kid Dean Chance into a game in New York on a hunch. He pitches one-run ball and we get only one hit for 12 innings, but it's a tie game. Can you figure it?"





Ken McBride, being congratulated by manager Bill Rigney, at left, and Dean Chance, above, won 25 games between them in '62 and became reliable nine-inning pitchers for the first time. They headed one of the best, and most fearless, pitching staffs in the majors. "We got guys who don't care who they're pitching against," said Rigney. "Maris, Mantle, they all look alike to them."



Team owner Gene Autry, wearing a ten-gallon hat, above, rented bikes and led the Angels' daily caravan to their Palm Springs camp.

Bridges could. "They finally got a chance to show they had some ability," Rocky said.

Rigney played hunches and gambled recklessly, but in one area he was strictly conservative. He rarely platooned. Not because he wouldn't but because he couldn't. When you're running an expansion ball club that's less than two years old, you have all you can do in making sure there are eight regulars available, let alone two sets of regulars. As a result of the thin bench, four Angels—Leon Wagner, Lee Thomas, Albie Pearson and Billy Moran—played 160 games. In the entire league only six other men played that many. And rookie Bob Rodgers led all catchers with 155 games. Thus when the Angels began a gradual nosedive in late September and finished third—ten games behind the Yankees, five behind Minnesota—a lot of it was due to overall fatigue.

There was one memorable instance when Rigney gave some of his regulars a rest and it proved once again that he could do no managerial wrong. The Angels were playing in Washington the day before their important Labor Day weekend series with the Yankees and Rigney wanted his key men fully rested. So he benched four regulars, including a pitcher. Eli Grba, usually a reliever, started. Infielder Leo Burke was put in right field, catcher Earl Averill in left and rightfielder George Thomas in center. Eddie Sadowski was hauled out of the bullpen to catch for the first time in twd weeks. Los Angeles won, 4-2.

True, the Angels had played only the last-place Senators but it was a safe bet that the irregulars would have been just as eager, if not more so, to take on the Yankees. Duren had said, "I want to be in shape to blow down those Yankees . . ." and there wasn't a man who didn't feel he and the rest of the team could do it.

"This is the loosest team in history," said Rigney. "They have no respect for anybody, which is why they can go into Yankee Stadium and out-Yank the Yanks. There are guys on this team getting a first chance, a second chance and a last chance—and they're making the most of it. We got guys who don't care who they're pitching against. Maris, Mantle, they all look alike. I'm terrified by them, but they don't care. They just don't care."

Jack Spring represented the guys getting a last chance. A 29-year-old relief pitcher, Spring has been in organized baseball since 1952 but had pitched only four innings for two major-league teams before the Angels picked him up in '61. "Jack Spring? He's a lefty," said Rigney late last July, "and he's been in 39 games. He comes up to me every day. I don't ask him. He asks me. 'I'm ready today,' he says. And he says it everyday. What is he, Superman?"

Rodgers, the catcher, represented the fellows getting their first chance. Drafted out of the Detroit Tiger farm system when the Angels were formed, Bob got into his first major-league game in September, 1961. Last season he was a regular from the start, hit .258 as a switch-hitter and finished second to New York's Tom Tresh for the Rookie-of-the-Year Award. Rigney says he'll soon be the league's top catcher. If the ability to stop Chicago basestealer Luis Aparicio is any criteria, Rodgers may be the best throwing catcher already. At mid-season Rodgers had thrown out Aparicio five times in five attempted steals.

First-baseman-outfielder Lee Thomas also got his first chance, and, like many of the Angels, he had to wait a long time to get it. He signed his first pro contract in 1954. For seven seasons he was a prisoner deep in the Yankee chain. In 1961 the Yankees brought him to New York, but until the Angels got him in a trade in May, Lee seemed destined to be a utility player. For the rest of the season Thomas batted .285, hit 24 home runs and had 70 RBI.

How badly did the 26-year-old Thomas want to succeed? In spring training last season Lee made reporters wince everytime he dug his right foot into the first-base bag. Thomas was playing with a fractured bone beneath his great toe.

A nervous writer suggested to Rigney that perhaps Lee should have an operation. "What do you want I should do, send him to a rest home?" growled the manager. "The kid says he wants to play no matter what the X-rays say. The doctor says that he should play."

The doctor was Dr. Robert Kerlan, who owns thoroughbred horses as a hobby. Dr. Kerlan stuck by his decision that Thomas (——) TO PAGE 88)



SPORT'S HALL OF FAME

As a girl she learned about poverty and privations
in Harlem. As a woman she learned about prejudice, pressure
and pride in athletics. She had to endure in tennis
what Jackie Robinson had earlier endured in baseball, and she
ended up as an unparalleled world champion

Althea Gibson, Tennis Pioneer

By Ed Fitzgerald

LTHEA GIBSON used to live in a rundown tenement on Harlem's West 143rd Street, a block that made the one in West Side Story look lush. Now she lives in a handsome apartment on Manhattan's Central Park West, and you have to give the doorman your name to get in.

Althea used to think she was eating well when she could afford a 25-cent hamburger to go with her 15-cent plate of collard greens and rice. Now

she eats filet mignon with sauce bearnaise.

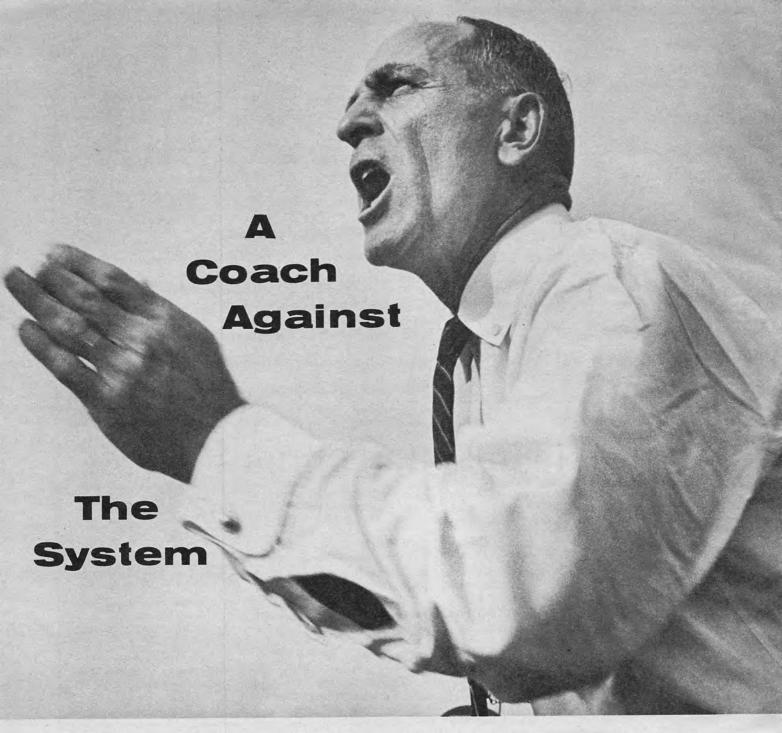
There was a time when Althea fixed her own hair with a pressing iron and a jar of Dixie Peach Pomade hair grease. Now she patronizes an expensive West Side hairdresser.

As a youngster Althea got her exercise playing paddle tennis in the middle of her Harlem block. Now she plays golf as a member of the

predominantly white Englewood Golf Club in New Jersey.

To go, as Althea Gibson has, from the world of poverty to the world of comfort, this rangy, brooding daughter of a Negro sharecropper had to do in tennis what Jackie Robinson did in baseball. She had to be not merely good but sensational simply to get a chance. She had to endure the humiliations Jackie did—more subtle, perhaps, less profane, because tennis prides itself on being a sport of ladies and gentlemen. But the demeanings were just as scarring to this proud girl's sensitive spirit. She had to win the important matches carrying a double load of tension—the kind that grips every athlete competing for a grand prize and the more crushing kind that grips only pioneers. Althea wasn't playing for herself alone, but for all the brown- and black-skinned boys and girls who would follow her through the door—if she could shove it open so firmly that nobody could close it behind her.

Amateur sport, in the hectic years since World War II, has known no more dramatic story than Althea's. Twice Wimbledon champion and twice United States champion, she dominated women's tennis as no one since "Little Mo" Connolly. With her killing serve—delivered with the sweep and power of a man—her slashing net game and her rugged physique, Althea was spectacular to watch. Her role as a pioneer (——) TO PAGE 91)



Handicapped in the SEC by policies on which he and his school agreed, Vanderbilt football coach, Art Guepe, lost a lot of games and his job. "Guepe was asked to do something that was next to impossible," said Vanderbilt's vice-chancellor

By Furman Bisher

AST SEASON, the only casualty among Southeastern Conference head football coaches was Arthur Guepe Sr. of Vanderbilt University. He had served Vanderbilt ten years, brought the school into its first and only bowl game, and finished four times in the upper half of the conference. But four for ten, a heroic average for a baseball batter, rarely keeps a football coach in his job, not even at Vanderbilt, a school dedicated to academic rather than athletic excellence.

In taking his leave of Vanderbilt, Guepe pronounced his own most fitting benediction. "It has been most challenging," he said wryly, "trying to be Yale and Harvard five days a week, and Alabama and Ole Miss on Saturday."

With this verbal cleaver, Guepe sliced the Vanderbilt quandary right down the middle: How to maintain football standards necessary to survive in the carnivorous Southeastern Conference and yet observe the lofty academic doctrines established by the administration and faculty in keeping with the university's prestige and tradition?

Since Dan McGugin was retired in 1934 after a Hall-



Art had some happy moments, above, and some important victories at Vanderbilt, but he was unable to keep pace the past few years with such SEC coaches as big Bear Bryant, towering over him, at right.



of-Fame coaching career, Vanderbilt has used up four coaches in search of the great happiness, not counting two who served during World War II years. Ray Morrison came first and stayed three years. Henry (Red) Sanders came next, coached six seasons before and after a tour of Navy duty, and is said to have beaten his would-be executioners to the door by locating a new frontier at UCLA. Big Bill Edwards followed Sanders and lasted three seasons leading up to the tenure of Guepe.

Art Guepe was chosen to coach football at Vanderbilt in 1953, coming to the campus from the University of Virginia, where premium education and football had been most compatible without a compromise by either. In his seven seasons there, Virginia had won 47 games and lost 17, and was beaten only once by another team in the state, and so Guepe had proved himself capable of operating a successful football program in a heavily academic atmosphere.

As a student Guepe had played halfback on one of Marquette University's greatest football teams, and also had managed to graduate cum laude. This also influenced Vanderbilt's decision.

Guepe's first two seasons at Vanderbilt were losers. Then came a winner, followed by an invitation to the Gator Bowl and a victory there over Auburn, 25-13. Prosperity of a kind continued through the season of 1959, which was concluded with Vanderbilt's first victory over the University of Tennessee in Knoxville in 22 years.

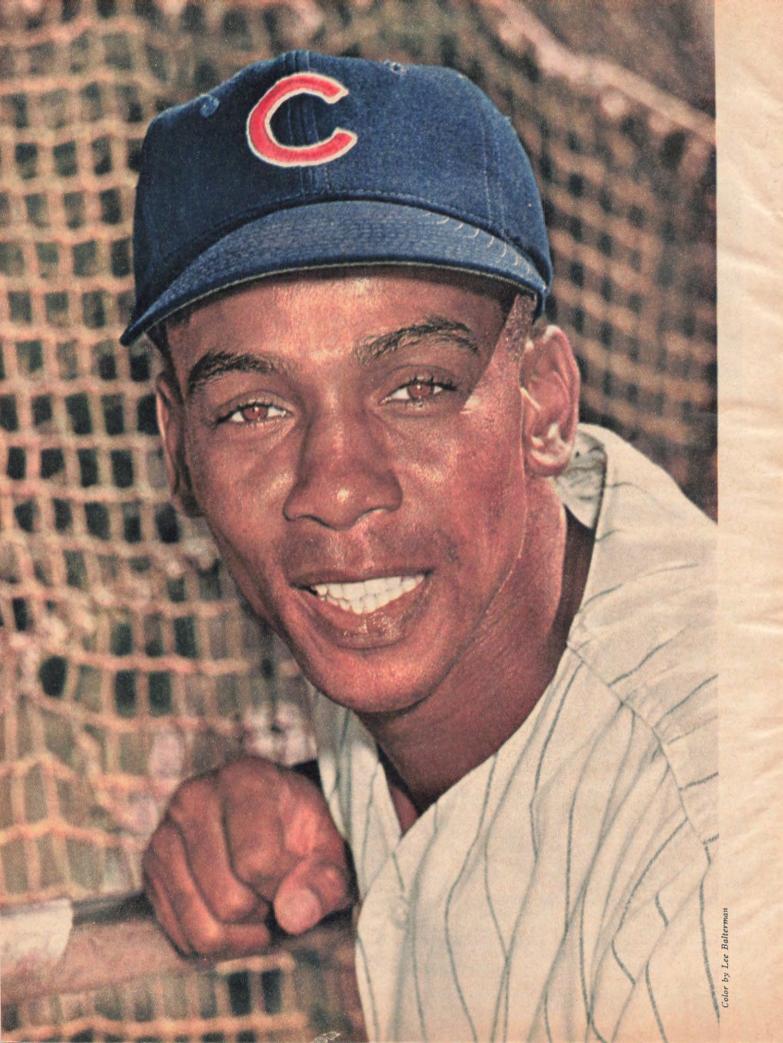
Thereafter, every step for Guepe was downhill, first a gradual descent, then a tumble. During this time it turned out that as idealistic as Vanderbilt is on the academic level, a portion of its people likes to win football games, and this portion carries considerable weight.

Guepe began the 1962 season on the last year of a three-year contract. He knew he had to win some games. He also knew that when he lost, he had to look good losing. The blow that rendered him fired was delivered by The Citadel, a military college in South Carolina, a football dwarf by SEC measure. Scheduled as a "breather," The Citadel came to Vanderbilt's home field in Nashville, Tennessee, and beat Guepe's team.

One week and a half later, on October 23, after 13 consecutive defeats over two seasons, Guepe walked into the office of Vice-Chancellor John H. Stambaugh and resigned as head football coach and athletic director, effective January 1, 1963. His resignation was the act of a beaten man who knew he didn't have a chance, and under the conditions that prevailed, hadn't had much of a chance in a conference of such rugged playmates as Alabama, Mississippi, LSU and Georgia Tech from the time five years earlier that the administration had begun tightening the academic noose around his leathery neck.

"I think that Coach Guepe was asked to do something that was next to impossible," Vice-Chancellor Stambaugh said. "Vanderbilt must change its ways, or somebody is going to have to change the ways of the Southeastern Conference if we are to continue to play in the conference."

It has been accepted for years that Vanderbilt, being one of two privately endowed (---- TO PAGE 72)



ERNIE **BANKS**' LIFE WITH LOSER

The Cubs' star has set records, helped revise the baseball slugging style, and achieved a personal excellence for ten years. But he has had his heroics marred

By BILL FURLONG

The headline held pathos as well as a plea:

"Mr. Wrigley: Why Not Free Ernie Banks?" The moment seemed

frozen in time. Ernie Banks had been with the Chicago Cubs for nine years. When he joined them they were a seventh-place ball club about to finish 40 games out of first place. Now they were a ninthplace ball club, about to finish 421/2 games out of first place.

On the bench at Wrigley Field a few days later, Ernie Banks dipped and sipped at the subject of the headline, then passed it along as if it were a bowl of salad dressing. "I don't know. What do you think of it?" he said. This is the way he handles most tough questions. He is a diplomat. Loyalty to the Cubs' organization is his credo. In a sense, he is the Organization. "Without him," Jimmie Dykes once said, "the Cubs would finish in Albuquerque." He generally shows the world the mask of a stoic, often adheres to Shakespeare's words: "Give thy thoughts no tongue." When he visited a friend in a white neighborhood in strifetorn Chicago a few years ago, he emerged from the house to find the air let out of the tires on his car. He didn't say a word—except to ask where the nearest service station

Behind the mask Banks keeps deep thoughts, sound thoughts. Slowly, he has been leaking them, slowly, people are beginning to realize the many parts of this man. He is a man who commands respect. In 1960 he was picked as one of Chicago's top ten young men. (One of the other choices: Newton Minow, now chairman of the Federal Communications Commission.) Last winter he was picked as a Republican candidate for alderman in his home ward in Chicago.

Around the ball park, though, Banks will still turn from people in a vaguely practiced way. He leaves them with the uneasy feeling that he is kidding, that he must be kidding. To punctuate his loyalty to the Cubs, he flaunts false hopes and faint ones. In mid-September, with the Cubs 35 games out of first place, he is likely to insist doggedly that they'll win the pennant. And then, with a smile: "If not this year, next vear."

Banks uses humor as a joust and a foil to keep men off balance. It leaves them cut but not bleeding. After hearing one man brag about how well he hit in a certain ball park, Banks waited until the next road trip, then drew out the man again-"Tell us about the time you hit all those homers here"-knowing everybody on the team would remember his earlier remarks but the man himself. When somebody asked Ernie how his brother was doing in the Cub farm system, Banks looked dead-pan at his questioner.

"My brother left baseball," he said. "to go to work in a casket factory. When big-nosed Hank Sauer kidded Banks back in 1955 for having been hit on the nose by a pitched ball, Ernie turned his large expressionless eyes upon him. "If it had hit you in the nose," he said, "it would have gone for a single."

Banks has his ways of expressing himself. In 1961, in one of the bizarre periods of indecision which have made the Cubs what they are—total failures-Banks was being shuffled around the club from shortstop to left field to first base. He quietly left the club and it was reported that he has having trouble with his eyes. When a reporter located him at home and asked what he'd play when he rejoined the team, he said, "I'll play ss (sic)." Almost immediately the Cubs annnounced that Banks was being returned to short-

In 1958, en route to the best season of his big-league career (47 home runs, 129 runs-batted-in, a .313 batting average), Banks was struck by pitched balls in four consecutive games. All four timeseither on the next pitch or the next time at bat-he hit a home run.

Home runs are Ernie Banks' hallmark. He has revolutionized slugging, turning it from a free-swinging feast for big men into an art that can be—and is—now practiced by men of slight build. Physically he is not an imposing man, at least in the classic tradition of baseball sluggers. He stands 6-1 and weighs approximately 180 pounds. His baseball uniform fits as elegantly as a sack, and his face-with small, boyish features—looks almost drowned in the overturned bowl that is his batting helmet. ("The only time I ever saw him get peeved," says one acquaintance, "was a couple of years ago in Philadelphia when a writer described him as having 'pencil-thin' shoulders.")

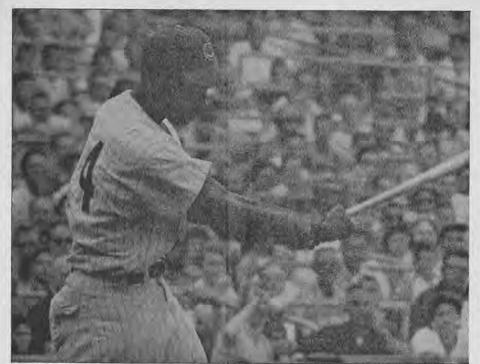
Still, Ernie Banks has hit 335 home runs in ten major-league seasons. He has been the only player ever selected as the National League's Most Valuable Player two years in a row. And it has been his fate, despite these magnificent achievements, to be linked with defeat in

the minds of most people.

The defeats have been those of his team. During Banks' tenure with them, the Chicago Cubs have lost more games than any other majorleague club. They have become the first team in National League history to finish in the second division for 16 consecutive years. They do not play baseball so much as offer a platform for some of Phil Wrigley's more exotic notions—such as the belief that a team is guided better by 13 coaches and an IBM machine than by a manager. They are less a team than a public joke. "The only thing they can lead the league in," says one critic, "is coaches."

Ernie Banks, their single superstar, endures unique pressures. It is





Lee Balterman

as if he can be expected to alone lift the Cubs out of their dungeon. He is the raison d'etre of Cub fans—the reason for their being in the ball park.

He endures disappointment, too. He is doomed to perform in the dim shadows of defeat, to know (though never to admit) his career will never be enlightened by a World Series performance as long as he remains with the Cubs, to feel that his own skills can not change that. "Yet here," said Bobby Thomson a while ago, recalling his own days with the Cubs, "is a man who never complains."

Here is a man who has battled against odds almost all his life. He grew up in Texas during the Depression and the only enduring help he knew was from the WPA. "I didn't look forward to too much," he says. "Even now I haven't geared myself to extreme heights because of the way I was brought up. I was taught that whatever I had, to be happy with it—even if it was a small thing. To appreciate it and put a high value

on it."

He puts a high value on an incident that occurred during batting practice late in the 1954 season. Before taking his practice swings, Ernie picked up a bat belonging to Monte Irvin of the New York Giants. It weighed only 31 ounces. To Banks, whose 35-ounce bat was beginning to "feel like a telephone pole," Irvin's buggy-whip bat felt as light as an ash. "Man I could really swish that little stick," says Ernie in happy reminiscence.

Until then the Cubs' slender shortstop had never hit a grand-slam home run. The next season, using the 31-ounce bat, he hit five of them—breaking a record shared by such as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Hank Greenberg, and Ralph Kiner. He also boomed up among the leaders in home runs, hitting 40 or more in five of his next six seasons. (In that span, from 1955-60, he hit more home runs than Mickey Mantle did.) The savants of big-league baseball began comparing him with Honus Wagner and one club offered \$300,-000 cash for him.

The significance of his feat was in changing the entire style of slugging. Until then sluggers generally used bats weighing up to 48 to 54 ounces and shaped somewhat like wagon tongues. Moreover, the old-time bat was only 33 or so inches long—shorter than the modern bat—and had a very large barrel that appered to a handle that, by today's standards, would also be considered large. It took a big man and a strong one to lift the bats of the past.

But as soon as other fellows saw the success Banks—and Hank Aaron—were having with the buggy-whip bat, they began switching to lighter bats. Hank Sauer cut his bat-weight from 42 ounces to 36. Ted Kluszew-ski cut from 38 ounces to 35 ounces. Joe Adcock began using a 32-ounce bat. So did Stan Musial. "Our normal assortment of a dozen bats used to range from 36 to 42 ounces," says a representative of Hillerich and Bradsby, makers of baseball bats. "The lots we pack today run from 32 to 36 ounces. We can't even give away the big bats any more."

The reason for the switch was a subtle one: in the old days, it was thought that sheer weight drove the ball into the stands; today it is known that the momentum given the ball at impact is a product of the weight of the bat and the speed at which it is traveling. With lighter bats, a non-muscle man could get much greater speed to his swing. Lew Fonseca, the one-time bigleague player and manager who now

Much of the power that enabled Ernie to become a leading slugger can be traced to his very strong wrists and forearms.

runs the major-league film bureau, studied films of Banks' swing frame by frame before and after Ernie switched bats. "Banks probably added 25-miles-per-hour to his swing by switching to a lighter bat," says Fonseca.

At the same time, the New-Style slugger could wait an instant longer before starting his swing. That gave him a chance to see if the pitch was breaking—a curve or a slider before he started swinging. It also imposed a tougher discipline on him -for if he did not hit the ball solidly, he was not likely to hit it at all. In the old days, a slugger who didn't meet the ball squarely-and didn't hit a homer-could still get enough wood on the ball to nick it for a double or a long single. In those days, the area where you could get a hit on a bat was, say, as large as a half-dollar. But today, on the buggy-whip bat, that area has shrunk to a dime.

It took, in short, an unusual man to use the lighter bats effectively. As it happens, Banks was that unusual a man-and everybody tried to follow Banks. For one thing, he has exceptionally strong wrists and forearms. "You grab hold of him," says Bob Scheffing, once a Cub manager, "and it's like grabbing hold of steel." His whole build is deceptive. "He may look thin up there," said Robin Roberts when he was with Philadelphia, "but from the elbows down he's got the muscles of a 230-pounder." The strength of his wrists is what gives him his power. For he does not swing at a ball; he lashes it. The bat flicks out at the last moment—"he literally hits the ball right out of your glove," said one Cub catcher. His reflexes, quick as a blink and just as easy, give him unusual control at the plate. Clyde McCullough, once a teammate of Banks', has said of Ernie's swing: "He swings a bat like Joe Louis used to throw a punch-short and sweet."

Another reason for Banks' success was an unusual physical gift: astonishingly good eyesight. In his early years with the Cubs, he was one of 215 professional ballplayers whose eyesight was tested by the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company. They found his visual acuity was 20/13—which means he could see something at 20 feet that a person with normal eyesight could see only at 13 feet.

The significance of this—off the field as well as on it—was reflected in an incident related recently by H. M. Peterson, Ernie's business manager and one of his closest

friends.
"One winter, Banks, his wife, and I were invited to spend a weekend at Grossinger's in New York's Catskill Mountains," said Peterson. "The Grossingers sent a chauffeured lim-

ousine to drive us to and from the resort. We were returning to our hotel on a beautiful, bright afternoon. Banks and his wife were chatting in the back seat and I sat with the chauffeur up front.

"After about a half hour of driving, Ernie calmly informed us that a car behind us could be in for trouble. He'd spotted the car and the trouble through the rear-view mir-

ror up front.

"'See that red Chevy behind us?' he asked us. 'The one with the three people in the front seat?' It was several hundred feet behind us. 'Well, their right front door isn't locked—it's open on the catch. If that car swerves quickly, the lady sitting next to the door might get thrown onto the pavement.'"

Peterson and the rest of the party in Banks' car looked but could see nothing amiss. "The driver looked at me sidewise, as if to say, 'Is he kidding?'" Peterson said. Peterson suggested that the driver slow down and let the red car catch up. As it passed, Peterson saw that "sure enough, the right front door was open on the catch." The Banks party warned the passengers in the other car—"but it's the fact Ernie could see it a half-a-block, maybe even a block back—through the rearview mirror," said Peterson.

When his eyes falter, therefore, Banks falters at the plate. Twice he's dipped into prolonged homerhitting slumps—once in 1957 and again in 1961. On both occasions, he hit only 16 to 18 home runs in the first half of the season. On both occasions, the Cubs were making efforts to move him away from shortstop and it was widely assumed that his troubles at the plate were a psychological flash-back—perhaps some subtle form of resistance—at his troubles in the field. But on both occasions, it appears the basic trou-

ble was with his eyes.

In July, 1961, an eye specialist in Chicago, Dr. Richard Perritt, revealed that he'd found two defects in Banks' eyes. One was a "spasm of the muscles which control the inner rotation of each eye"-something like a charley horse or cramps which sometimes strike at leg muscles. "The result," said Mr. Perritt, "was a lack of coordination in each eye"-a moment of spasm in which the eyes were pulled toward each other. The other defect was "a small, fleeting, periodic blind spot in the left eye." It was not a grievous blindness-"we had to do a lot of research to uncover it." But it could have caused Ernie trouble with his depth perception. The cause of the eye difficulties, said Dr. Perritt, was "probably overfatigue" brought on by the constancy of his playing-"a product of the fact that he played almost 700 consecutive games and

that Ernie Banks is a very conscientious individual."

At the time the eye trouble was discovered in 1961—after roughly similar trouble had been uncovered in 1957—Banks was batting .286 and had only 13 home runs. He took a rest and underwent daily eyestrengthening exercises under the supervision of Dr. Perritt. (At the same time, he was trying to recover from an injured knee.) He also started taking vitamins and minerals to "stimulate his energy-producing power." By season's end he'd hit 29 homers.

But eyes and reflexes, quick wrists and strong forearms are not the whole secret of batting skill. The matter of judgment enters, whether the batter will wait to get the pitch he wants to hit—and whether the pitcher will give it to him. And this is where being the best man on a perennially poor team penalizes the great batter. For pitchers work on him; they have nobody else to worry about. It is not as if Banks were aided as a Mays aids a Cepeda (and vice versa).

The sheer, unremitting ineptitude of the Cubs meant-to opposing clubs-that getting Banks out meant beating the Cubs. So opposing pitchers would especially work hard on him. In the early innings Banks could wait for the best pitch. But in the late innings-if the Cubs were still in the game-Banks could not wait so long. If a runner or, by some historic achievement, runners were on base, pitchers would never give Banks anything good to swing at. It was wiser to walk him than to let him get the long hit or homer. At the same time, Banks knew that a walk wouldn't help the Cubs, that he had to get the long hit to help them. So he'd have to swing at bad balls, hoping to get the blast that would keep the Cubs in the game.

In recent years when Billy Williams and George Altman began

(hitting well for the Cubs, Banks' average, curiously, slipped a little. One rival pitcher says, "Ernie is 32 now and knows the Cubs are going nowhere. Maybe his sense of self-discipline at the plate—so obvious in his younger years—has slipped." The pitchers point out that when Ernie was young, he was frequently being "drawn out" to hit a low outside curve ball. He learned to live with it—"nobody hits the pitch well, but most of the good ones learn to handle it. Ernie isn't handling it any more."

The hitting may be a reflection of his morale—that subtle factor that appears so constant on the surface and is bared by small happenings. And his morale has been under massive assault for quite a while, as a result of attacks on his fielding.

In Banks' youth, it was fashion-able for the Cubs to insist he ranked only among the best in the celestial order of shortstops. Bobby Bragan once called him "the best shortstop I ever saw—and that includes Pee Wee Reese." At one point, he set a record for fewest errors by a shortstop. But in the front office of the Cubs, a muttering arose in 1957 that the Cubs couldn't go anywhere with Banks playing short. They needed his bat but not his glove. But nobody-in the atmosphere of fear and timidity which marks Cub frontoffice operations—knew how to solve the problem. And so they bungled it, making themselves-and Ernielook ridiculous.

The elements of the problem were these: as a youngster, Ernie was the best athlete in his school. As an end in high-school football, he scored 22 touchdowns. In basketball he earned a tryout with the Harlem Globetrotters. In track he high-jumped five feet, 11 inches when he was only 16 years old and then ran a quartermile in 51 seconds. The best athlete on a boys' baseball team generally goes to shortstop—particularly when





Ernie lives year-round in a fashionable Chicago home with his wife and his twin sons, Jerry and Joey, with him at right.

Banks always did possess great hands-hands that could absorb the ball, hands that were as sure as Brinks, as safe as a Savings Bond. He had, without a doubt, the best hands among all the major-league shortstops. But he had a comparatively weak throwing arm. In his boyhood in Texas and later in the Negro league, his throwing was not a serious problem; he played a shallow shortstop and could handle everything that was likely to be hit his way. But in the major leagues, it became a more serious problem. In fact, one team turned him down -after scouting him in the Negro league-because it thought his arm was too weak.

In his first few years with the Cubs, the weakness was not apparent-except to certain baseball men. That was when the Cubs were touting Ernie as slightly better than Honus Wagner. But in 1956 he suffered a sore right arm-and didn't tell anybody about it. Bit by bit he began edging close to the infield grass, to shorten the throw over to first. Then on balls hit to his right -a difficult play for him to make under the best of conditions-he found he couldn't grab the ball, pivot, and throw to first. So more and more he eased up on throwing; he'd hold the ball after grabbing it. "He was afraid he couldn't throw as far as first base," recalls a teammate of those days, "and he wouldn't tell anybody he had a sore arm." So the pitchers became irritated and the Cub front-office became depressed.

When John Holland moved in as front-office boss (along with Bob Scheffing as field manager) in 1957, the decision was made to shift Banks to third base. The experiment lasted 54 games. Banks moved back to shortstop and his fielding improved a bit, but not notably until 1959. That season his sore arm had recovered and he made a mental analysis that led him to a major-league record for shortstops. Since his arm was no longer sore, he could move back a few steps in the infield—as many as five steps-and know he could get the ball over to first base. At the same time, he discerned a change, during spring training, in the skills of the Cub pitchers. "More balls were hit through the middle against our staff than in the previous year, when the batters were pulling a little more," says Banks. The reason was subtle: in 1958, the Cubs' fastball pitchers were young and wild. They'd get behind on the count and then have to ease back on the fastball to make sure they didn't throw ball four. The batter would simply wait out the count, look for the eased-up fastball and-if they were righthanded batters-pull it sharply to left field. As a result, Banks had to shade more and more toward third base in order to get the balls being pulled toward left.

But early in 1959, it became apparent that the Cub pitchers had a little more control. That meant they weren't getting behind on the hitters and that the hitters weren't getting the "soft" fastball to swing at—and to pull. The result: they were hitting better fastballs-up the middle. So Ernie began moving away from third base and back toward second. His confidence was high and so was his skill. Bit by bit he'd moved a total of five steps toward second base. As the season went on, it became apparent he was on his way to a record. He committed only 12 errors and he set a new major-league fielding record for shortstops-.985. Moreover, he did it in 154 games and he did it by acceptin more chances than anybody else in the league that year. "Of course," says one baseball man slyly, "the reason he had more chances is not because he had greater range than anybody else. It is because the Cub pitchers were so poor that the other teams were up at bat more than anybody elseand simply hit the ball toward Banks more often than they did against other shortstops on other teams."

The Cub front office was still clearly not satisfied with Banks at short-and it still didn't know how to get him away from the position. It was a curious situation. The Cub fielding as a whole was awful. Banks, for all his record-setting, still wasn't an exceptional shortstop, but he was hardly responsible for the total chaos that caused the Cubs to lose games in the field. The difficulty with being the most prominent man on the club-an Ernie Banks-was that everybody gave him the burden

of stopping it.

Finally in 1961, the Cubs took action-clumsy, inept action. In spring training, they thought of moving Banks temporarily to first base to "protect his injured knee"-and then leaving him there. They even went so far as to explore a trade they thought would force them to move Banks. But they decided against it. Banks opened the season at shortstop and played 33 games. Then the Cubs called a press bizarre affair in conference—a which Banks, not the head coach, announced that he'd chosen to move to left field. (Behind him were ranged as many Cub coaches as could be summoned for a quorum, each of them looking as happy as heart victims.) The decision was made not by the Cub coaching staff; it was made in a conference among Banks, Wrigley, and John Hollandthus is the stature of Banks within the Cubs.

Banks played 22 games in left field. He made only one error "and you have to say one thing for him he was terrible," says one of his more generous critics. Obviously, left field was not the position for a man with a weak throwing arm. So the Cubs abruptly shifted him to

first base. He played seven games there. Then he retired to the bench and came off it to play shortstop.

Last season the Cubs tried again. They announced that Banks wanted to try first base again. The general feeling was that Banks wanted to move like he wanted brain surgery. But he loyally backed up the announcement and made a vigorous effort to learn to play first base. The remarkable thing is that he turned out to be a pretty good first-baseman.

Amid all the maneuvering, Banks' salary rose. It has been estimated as high as \$65,000-though it is likely to be much lower than that. It is administered by Price Waterhouse, an accounting firm, that guides Ernie in saving it and invest-

ing it.

He has, obviously, climbed high up the financial ladder since the days of his Depression boyhood. He was born on January 31, 1931, the second of an eventual 12 children born to Eddie and Essie Banks of Dallas, Texas. "We weren't a rich family but were a close one and we appreciated a lot of things other people might miss," says Ernie. He lived in a frame house on Fairmont Street and in the summers, Ernie and his brother Ben would be batboys for the Dallas Green Monarchs. His father had been a semi-pro catcher and loved baseball. Ernie himself was not enchanted with baseball; he wanted to go to college, and football, basketball and track are the sports that win a boy a college athletic scholarship. To interest him in baseball, his father spent \$2.98 on a glove—an enormous amount for the family in the Depression-and "then he'd give me nickels and dimes to play catch."

At first Ernie was a softball player-and a good one. His skill at softball earned him a chance to play baseball with a Negro semi-pro team. "Five, ten, maybe fifteen thousand miles a year and our biggest night was at Hastings, Nebraska," Ernie has recalled. "We got \$15 apiece." After graduating from high school (class of 1950) he had a chance to play for the Kansas City Monarchs of the Negro American League and go on a barnstorming tour with the Jackie Robinson All-Stars before entering the Army in March, 1951. After two years in the Army, including duty in Germany-"I went in a private, I came out a private,"—he rejoined the Monarchs. It was 1953 and by season's end Banks was playing in the

major leagues.

At the time he did not know it. but there was considerable bigleague jockeying for the opportunity of getting him. Among other clubs, the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Browns were scouting him. The Browns-and their owner, Bill Veeck—were most enthusiastic.

"I knew Tom Baird, the Monarchs" owner, fairly well, and I asked him what he wanted for Banks," recalls Broadening his ambitions, Banks went into politics in '63. He ran for alderman and was involved in a heetic campaign.

Veeck. "'Thirty-Five,' he said." (This was at a time when Veeck was going broke, trying to keep the Browns.)

"I said, 'Gee, I don't have \$35,000. I'll give you 3500 down and the

31,500 when you catch me.'

"He began to laugh. 'That's the way I'm doing business myself, Bill,' he said. 'I have to get \$35,000 for Banks to pay off my own debts.'

"'Listen,' I said, 'just please don't sell him in our league. Bill Norman (one of Veeck's scouts) tells me he's tremendous.'

"'All right,' Baird said, 'where do

you want him?'

"I phoned Jim Gallagher at Chicago and told him to grab Banks

quick . . .'

In Chicago, as time passed, the Cub story changed a bit. Wid Matthews was Cub front-office boss then and the way he told it, the discovery of Banks was a product of his own genius. He'd been tipped off to Banks, yet couldn't find a trace of him in the scouting file every club keeps on prospects. (The reason is that Banks had been in the Army for two seasons.) So he sent out four different scouts to watch Banks, he says, and each one came back with glowing reports. He took a look at Banks himself, he says, and decided the shortstop was worth the gamble, then asked Baird what he wanted for Banks and a pitcher named Bill Dickey.

"Twenty thousand," is what Mat-

thews says Baird replied.

"So," Matthews has said time and again, "I gave him \$20,000. We figured \$15,000 for Ernie and \$5000 for

Dickey."

The way Banks heard it, he received a phone call one night while the Monarchs were playing in Chicago. "Do you want to play in the major leagues?" said his manager. Banks could hardly talk, "Well, meet me in front of the hotel about seven o'clock in the morning." Banks agreed, then phoned his fatherwho broke into tears at the news. The next morning, Banks roared off on an auto ride that finally found him lodged in Wrigley Field, signing a Cub contract. He was to report to the club-not to any of its minor-league affiliates-when the Monarchs finished their season in Pittsburgh. What did he get out of it? "Ten dollars and a one-way ticket from Pittsburgh to Chicago, he says.

When he reported to the Cubs in mid-September, 1953, he didn't have a glove. Eddie Miksis, a Cub infielder loaned him one. Coach Ray Blades was even more helpful. He gave him a book called *How To Play Baseball*.

Says Ernie: "Sacrifices, drag bunts, hit and run—I didn't know anything about that stuff. In the Negro leagues, you got up there and swung.



It was all power baseball."

Banks became Chicago's shortstop and played in 424 consecutive games. (It was broken by 18 games when he suffered an injury in 1956, then was resumed and ran to a total of 714 out of 732 games.) In his first full season, 1954, Banks hit 19 home runs. Then he switched to a lighter bat and in 1955 hit 44 home runs—more than any other shortstop in history. His reputation was growing so swiftly that Marty Marion, the White Sox manager, jokingly made a bid for him to Stan Hack, the Cub manager.

"What'll you give for him?" asked

Hack.

"Oh . . . five or ten players and

the ball park."

Hack looked around at the dank, double-decked crater of Comiskey Park—with its 46,550 seats. He shook his head. "No," he said, "the ball park isn't big enough."

In 1955 the five grand-slam home runs hit by Banks taught him an important lesson. He had four grand-slammers in August and was pressing for the fifth. Four times the Cubs gave him opportunities. He missed on them all because he was trying too hard. On the fifth try, "all I wanted to do was hit the ball," he says. The ball went into the stands—and Banks had his record. "Plus the knowledge that you get home runs when you're not really trying for them," he says. "It's the type of thing that should surprise you."

Beginning with 1955 Banks' achievements carried him above the level of his club. In 1958, when he won both the home run (47) and runs-batted-in (129) titles, he was elected the National League's Most Valuable Player—winning by 98 points over Willie Mays. Few players from teams so poor had ever won the award. (The Cubs finished fifth

with a record of 72-82.) The next year he won the MVP Award again and the RBI title (143), but surrendered the home run title to Eddie Mathews of the Milwaukee Braves (who got his 46th homer—beating Banks by one—in a playoff for the pennant).

In 1960 Banks hit 41 home runs and drove in 117 runs and the Cubs finished seventh. In 1961 he hit 29 homers and had 80 RBI. The Cubs finished seventh. In 1962 he hit 37 home runs and drove in 104 runs.

Chicago finished ninth.

With Banks, as with Phil Wrigley, there is always hope for a first-division finish, a pennant. But time runs short on the acme of his base-ball career and he seems destined to live out his career with a large measure of frustration.

The salvation could be a trade, sending him away from the Cubs. "It would be a break for Banks to be sent to a team that can get in the World Series," said the columnist who asked Wrigley to "free Ernie Banks" in 1962. "And it might be a break for the Cubs."

The theory is that Banks cannot set the Cubs afire. But even Nero couldn't set the Cubs afire. And the Cubs—says the advocates of trading him—might get three good players

in return for Ernie.

The final argument is for Ernie himself. He deserves something better than the Cubs. "I think, Mr. Wrigley," wrote a deeply-wrought columnist, "the fans would now accept a trade, because of their liking for Ernie and the hope that he

play with a championship team before he gets too old . . ." Ernie Banks. A

Ernie Banks. A man who has learned to live with greatness marred by disappointment.



(Continued from page 49) lost only eight, and won the earned-run-average title with the best aver-

age in the American League since Hal Newhouser's 1.81 in 1945.
Aguirre finished with a 2.21 ERA.

He beat the Yankees two more times. "I want to be like Frank Lary," he'd said, and it was because of Frank Lary (out with a sore arm) that Hank got a chance to start. His pitching was almost too good to be true. He worked 216 innings (twice as many as in any previous season) and struck out 156 batters while walking only 53.

But to fully understand Aguirre's immense success, it is necessary to understand Aguirre, the man; for he had to conquer himself before he could conquer others. Actually, there are two Hank Aguirres.

THERE is the Hank Aguirre who is known to all his faithful: a big, gawky, awkward, utterly futile batsman who may be the worst hittersurely, the worst looking—in the history of baseball. This is the warm, friendly, cheery, bigger-than-life Hank Aguirre who laughs at himself so much that others can't help laughing with him. This is the guy who makes such priceless prose for the newspapermen, the guy who throws the fans into convulsions with his artless antics at the plate. A ham. There is no other way to describe this Hank Aguirre. Unless it is a lovable

Aguirre went to bat 75 times last season. His batting average was a re-

markable .027. He got two hits. His first hit nearly caused a riot in Tiger Stadium. It came on the night of June 22. His victims were, naturally, the Yankees. Batting lefthanded for the first time in his life, he hit a single into short right field.

The response of the 43,723 fans was amazing. They rose and gave Aguirre an ovation for a full five minutes. Not Al Kaline, not Rocky Colavito, not Norm Cash had ever been given this

kind of treatment.

"I wanted to wave my hat to them," Aguirre said later, "but I didn't have

the guts."

Aguirre had been "oh-for-two years," to borrow his own phrase, before the gods smiled on him. After the game, he wore a grin that was almost as long as his hit. "I'd never seen anything like it in my life," he said. "Imagine that—all those people standing up to applaud me. Maybe I ought to re-negotiate my contract."

Bunning, sitting nearby, couldn't help smiling, too. "Get a load of the Mex," he said. "Happiest guy in the league . . . ask him about the atom bomb . . . ask him about Laos. He's got opinions on everything."

Then there is the other Hank

Aguirre.

He sits in front of his locker, this Hank Aguirre, his throat dry, his palms moist, absently rubbing up a new ball. This is the Hank Aguirre on a day that he is pitching. He is a great competitor. Watch him on the mound. He fights the batters, the umpires— even himself—in his fierce desire to win. Nobody has more determination than this Hank Aguirre.

But he still isn't sure of himself. He has had so many disappointments in life, so many heartaches, that he won-ders if all of this can be true. When will it all disappear like a hung curve sailing over a fence? This is the Hank Aguirre so few people know.

Aguirre was never more doubtful of his future than on an April Sunday in 1961. That was the day he thought

he would die

It began like any other Sunday in the Aguirre home—up early, cereal for the kids, get them dressed, hustle off to church. Hank and his attractive wife, Barbara, have three children and church for them is St. Dunstan's in Dearborn Township, a Detroit suburb. It was in church that this Sunday changed for Hank Aguirre, changed suddenly and violently.

Aguirre, holding young Pamela Ann on his lap, felt a knife-like pain shoot through the left side of his chest. His legs weakened. He began sweating. He felt faint. "Honey," he said to Bar-bara, "I feel awful. We'd better leave." Aguirre's breath came in short gasps as two words-heart attack-flashed

across his mind.

His wife drove him home and he lay down on the living room sofa, his clothes soaked with perspiration. Two of his teammates, Paul Foytack and Phil Regan, came by to pick him up. After a long discussion, it was decided the best thing would be for them to take Hank to the ball park.

WHEN Hank reached the clubhouse, Millard Kelly of the Detroit Lions, who was filling in for Tiger trainer Jack Homel, took one look Aguirre's ashen-face and ordered him to the hospital. As the doctors at Detroit Osteopathic Hospital were examining him, another thought went racing through Aguirre's mind, "I kept wondering how much insurance I had," he said. "I kept trying to add up the figures but they became blurred."

The doctors took an electro-cardiogram. They found nothing wrong with Aguirre's heart. The chest pains, they told him, were the result of stomach gas. But Aguirre's chest still burned and he doubted the doctors' analysis.

Although he got back into uniform two days later, he still worried. The pain was gone, but the memory was still sharp in his mind. He feared it would return. He worried constantly.

And he became sluggish. He wanted to sleep all the time. His weight fell

from 209 to 195, then to 187. "It was scary," Homel said. "I'd tell him there was nothing wrong with him, but Hank is a worrier and he'd just sit in front of his locker and stare into space."

It was months before Aguirre be-came convinced there was nothing wrong with his heart. He began gaining weight, but by then the season was almost over. He was of little help to the Tigers. He worked only 55 innings, won four games and lost four games with a respectable 3.29 ERA. It was unfortunate for the Tigers since they had a chance to win the pennant. They chased the Yankees into September before folding.

"If Hank had pitched for us in 1961 the way he did in 1962, we would have won the pennant," Scheffing

says.

Aguirre's history of self-doubtfounded on the very day he signed with the Cleveland Indians—has followed him all through his career. He was a promising minor-league pitcher for the Indians but when it came time to move up to the majors, he faced an almost impossible task. He had to break into a Cleveland pitching staff consisting of Early Wynn, Herb Score, Bob Lemon, Mike Garcia, Bob Feller, Sal Maglie, Art Houtte-man, Cal McLish, Bud Daley, Don Mossi and Ray Narleski.

"It made you sick just looking over the names," Aguirre said.

So for three years, it was up and down, up and down, up and down—a brief trial with the Indians, then back to the minors. In 1957 alone the Indians sent him to San Diego three times, "I flew over the Rockies so much I got to know every peak," Aguirre said.

Obviously, this didn't do much for Aguirre's confidence. Instead of improving in '57, he had his worst sea-son. He was 6-13 with San Diego.

Then, on February 18, 1958, as he was packing his suitcase for what appeared to be another hopeless trip to the Indians' training camp in Tucson, Aguirre got the biggest news of his life. Or so he thought. Frank Lane, then Indian general manager, called to tell him he'd been traded to the Tigers along with catcher Jim Hegan. Detroit gave up catcher J.W. Porter and pitcher Hal Woodeshick.

The Detroit press hailed the acqui-sition of Hegan. The Tigers were desperately in need of an experienced catcher and it was believed Hegan would solve the problem. Aguirre's name hardly was mentioned in the stories, but it didn't matter to him. He couldn't have been happier. He had known almost nothing but frustra-tion with the Indians and welcomed a chance to pitch elsewhere, "I figured things couldn't get any worse for me," he said.

He figured incorrectly.

He wasn't very spectacular in 1958, posting a 3-4 record. Still, he appeared in more games-44-than anyone else on the staff, and that made him an established major-leaguer. Which was something he had waited for. With this full season of experience behind him, Aguirre was gushing with enthusiasm when he went to spring training in 1959. His confidence had never been higher, he had never been more certain of himself. But manager Bill Norman barely used Aquirre during the exhibition season. When the season opened, Aguirre was not in condition to pitch. He got into only two games in the first month, worked 21/3 innings.

THE Tigers got off to an atrocious start. They lost 15 of their first 17 games and Norman was fired on May Jimmie Dykes replaced him, but this didn't mean anything to Aguirre, who was so mixed up by then he couldn't have done himself or his team any good.

So it was back to the minors. Aguirre pitched the balance of the season for Charleston in the American Association. It took him nearly two months to strengthen his arm and only a five-game winning streak near the end helped him finish with an 8-7

record.

His morale was at the breaking point. He had bought a new home in Detroit on the theory that he was set for a few years anyway. But he had spent another season in the minors and felt sure he would be drafted by another club or traded before the 1960 season. He thought about quitting.

The Tigers, though, were still short of relief pitching and Aguirre was

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Perfect Way to Put Quality in an Eight-Car Garage



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FORD . MERCURY . THUNDERBIRD . LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

(Continued from page 70) given another chance in 1960. Under the superb handling of Dykes, an old charmer who made the sensitive pitcher feel important again, Aguirre became the Tigers' most effective re-liever. He worked 37 games, won five, lost three and sayed a dozen others with his fastball. His earned-run aver-

age was 2.84.

But the insecurity returned with the following year's heart scare. He was ineffective most of the '61 season and Scheffing began doubting the big lefthander's skill and potential. Just as Scheffing was ready to give up on him last spring, though, there was a noticeable change in Aguirre's personality. Once again he became the funnyman of the Tigers.

"I am a cinch to win the M.H.H. Award this year," Aguirre said one day while standing outside the spring-

training clubhouse.

"The M.H.H. Award?" a writer said.
"Sure," Aguirre said, "—the Most
Horrible Hitter Award."

Another day Aguirre boasted of the time he hit a home run in an exhibi-

tion game.
"The big day took place in 1955 when I was with Indianapolis," he said with an impish grin, as a small crowd gathered around for these words of wonder. "We were playing Omaha in a game at Deland, Florida. They were knocking me around and I was getting pretty mad-so I went up to the plate and decided to give them some of their own medicine. I took a 'blind' swing at the ball and it took off like a rocket. It sailed over took off like a rocket. It sailed over the wall in left-center field, about 400 feet from the plate. Yes, sir, it was a home run for Hank Aguirre." A reporter interrupted him. "I'd like to write this," he said. "What was the pitcher's name?"

"I never found out," Aguirre said.
"They released him the next day." To most of the observers, this was only a small vignette in another long season in the South; but to the Tigers, it was an important indication

that Aguirre was happy.

Aguirre felt good. He was strong again. He was eating three full meals a day and his weight was back to normal. Nothing seemed to worry him. As his strength returned, so did his confidence. He felt sure of himself once the season opened, sure that he had the stuff for a winning seasonbut not sure enough to ask Scheffing

for a starting assignment.

Aguirre did what he thought was the next best thing. He talked it over with Tiger coach Phil Cavarretta, one of Scheffing's closest friends. "What would Bob think if I asked him for a chance to start?" Aguirre asked. "I think he'd love you for it," said

Cavarretta.

Thus assured, Aguirre went into Scheffing's office and asked him for the chance to start a game. Scheffing promised him he'd give it to him at the first opportunity. As it developed, with Frank Lary and Don Mossi ailing, the opportunity came in Yankee Stadium, and Aguirre made the most of it. He convinced Scheffing-and more important, he convinced himself that he could win big in the big

Aguirre became a completely different kind of pitcher as a starter.
As a reliever, he threw one fastball after the other. If he was fast enough, fine. He got them out. If he wasn't he got out. Yet, with a chance to pitch nine innings instead of two or three, Hank could afford to mix up his de-

livery.
"I'd always had a good changeup,"
he said. "But let's face it: You're not going to throw it with two out and the bases loaded in the ninth inning."

Aguirre began baffling the batters with pitches they didn't know he possessed-the changeup that acted like a screwball, a slider that looked like a sinker, a so-so curve and the same fastball that was now extra effective

because of the other pitches he threw. And how Aguirre loved the limelight. He saved the day for many a word-weary reporter, such as the time he pitched a masterful three-hitter to beat Baltimore, 1-0, on June

30. The post-game interview went like

"How come you became a starter?"
"Easy," Aguirre said, "We just ran
out of pitchers and they got down to

"Did you know that your 11 strikeouts were only four short of Paul Foytack's club record?"
"Paul can go to sleep when I pitch. His record is safe."
"What about your hitting?"

"It's progressing . . . It's getting progressively worse."

Probably the best illustration of Aguirre's success was the way his mail increased. It doubled, then tripled, and he'd carry it home in boxes, whereas previously he could slip the few stray envelopes into his

suit pocket.
"Look at this mail," Aguirre remarked in the Detroit clubhouse near season's end. "Here's one with a lip print on the envelope. I get letters from girls who send their measure-ments. Here's one from a lady who always closes with 'God Bless You.' Here's another from a man who is bringing his son to the game the next time we're home. I used to get a letter every two weeks from some guy and he wondered why I was in baseball."

Aguirre's success has been a happy experience, especially since it has been such a long time in coming. But now that he has achieved it, it has

reated a new problem for him.
"Whatever I did last season was like a bonus," he said. "Nobody expected it—not me, not the team, not the fans. Now I've got to prove that it wasn't a fluke, that I can do it receir."

A COACH AGAINST THE SYSTEM

(Continued from page 63) university members of the Southeastern Conference-Tulane is the otherbristles with academic firepower, an institution that takes considerably more pride in its educational stand-ards than its football standing. A story has been circulated, for instance, concerning the season of Vanderbilt's only bowl experience. When it was established that the Gator Bowl wanted the Commodores-Vanderbilt teams are named for Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose million-dollar gift in 1873 constituted the down payment on the school—in 1955, the squad was called together for a the squad was called together for a vote. Coming before the players first, however, was Chancellor Harvie Branscomb, who in a mild way attempted to talk down bowl participation as unfitting for an institution of Vanderbilt's high principles.

Finally, a lineman, Larry Hayes, who now plays for the Los Angeles Rams, stood up and said, "Sir, you can talk all you want to, but we still want

to go to a bowl game."

Through 73 years of football, Vanderbilt ranks 14th among major colleges in number of games won, ac-cording to the National Football Foundation, This record is due chiefly to the velvet years of McGugin,

though until latter-day seasons, Vanderbilt had managed to conduct business on the field on an equal level with Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana State, Florida and Tulane, to name a few of the brethren. From 1954 to 1960, Vanderbilt never lost to Alabama. During his three seasons as head coach, Bill Edwards beat Mississippi twice and played one tie. During the Fifties, Vanderbilt beat Louisiana State twice in three games, winning 7-0 in 1957, a year before LSU became the national champion.

"But while they've gotten tougher in football, we've gotten tougher in academics," Art Guepe says.

There was no official declaration made by the faculty. No one emerged from the faculty chambers, sounded a trumpet and proclaimed for all the kingdom to hear: "We are getting tougher!"

It was a gradual process that began with the international outbreak of space, nuclear and electronic est. Vanderbilt's toughening-up can be measured by the progression of college entrance examination scores required to gain admission to its two schools for male students, the College of Engineering or the College of Arts and Sciences.

"I'll give you an individual example," Guepe said recently. "One of the outstanding players on our team last season scored 750 on the entrance examination five years ago. The Committee on Admissions would laugh at a 750 applicant now. In fact, one of our freshman applicants with a score

of 950 was turned down last year.
"I began to feel the pressure, as applied to football, in 1958. From that time on, it has been increasingly difficult to get good football players into school unless they were exceptional students, and there just isn't an

abundance of that type.
"The result is that we've wound up with two types of boys on our football squad: one, the player who gets wrapped up in academics by his junior year and has lost that youthful dedi-cation to football, and the other, the player who is a borderline student and must study so hard to keep his scholarship that he gets behind and gets discouraged and football becomes secondary with him.

"I'm not going to blast the administration and the faculty. It's their prerogative. But the attitude is unrealistic for a school attempting to play football in the Southeastern Confer-

The average entrance examination score of the freshman football player last year was 1050, and 1146 overall for the incoming male class, as against

an 800 minimum recommended by the College Entrance Examination Board

for "good college students."

"The students have done their own toughening-up themselves," says Dr. Emmett B. Fields, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. "Their high schools require more of them, and as a result, they've shown more ability than the student a few years ago. As their board scores go up, so do the entrance requirements go up."
Says John Stambaugh: "Let me

suggest that the faculty shall always be the boss at Vanderbilt. The idea of making any special concessions to football, such as a special football players' dormitory, is abhorrent to the school. However, let me emphasize the fact that the faculty has the bit in its teeth. Its members have gotten excited about the rise in academics nationally, and it has had its effect. It simply has to have its effect."

STAMBAUGH also says that of all the schools trying to participate in the "major leagues" of academics and football Vanderbilt is one of the very

few without a school of education.
What does this mean?
"It means," Art Guepe says, "that we discourage any athlete that might come to Vanderbilt with teaching and coaching in mind, a profession that would appeal to a number of football players. This reduces the number of our players who might be thinking football. This also means that we have no army of coaches out in the high schools channeling athletes back to Vanderbilt.
"A school of education might save

football at Vanderbilt; otherwise, I see nothing but a succession of ups and downs, as in the past, with the periods of downs increasing in length."

The day of Guepe's resignation was an average day in his autumn schedule, marked by no catalytic event. He had faced the season with optimism ("If you don't have hope," he said in September, "you have nothing."), but he now admits that a great amount of his optimism had been based on economic necessity. "We had to have money to operate on and we couldn't expect to sell season tickets by knocking the product before we put it on the market," he says. "We can't say that our football players are substandard and expect them to be other-

Guepe had been so daring as to say, "I look forward to playing Alabama, the No. 1 team in the nation in 1961. Vanderbilt did play Alabama well for three quarters, but was finally hammered down by a vastly superior opponent. The team paid dearly for this supreme effort, for in a state of personnel depletion and wilted pride, the Commodores lost to The Citadel the next week and then to Florida, and the coach realized he was no longer welcome at Vanderbilt.

What he did was the gracious thing, befitting the Vanderbilt personality. After 17 seasons of football coaching, most of them successful, he declared himself a failure by submitting his resignation, foreclosing on campus hangmen who might have been preparing their effigies, and on dyspeptic alumni who might have been composing their cruel denunciations, sav-ing his family personal grief and

Vanderbilt University loss of dignity.
But why surrender? Why not fight
it out to the end? Why not force the
proponents of the double standard, those alumni who hide behind the

mask of academic ideals and yet bludgeon a coach for his defeats, to

expose themselves?
"I had given it a great deal of thought," Guepe said. "That morning, I made my decision. I didn't even tell

my wife until lunch.
"The university had been fair with me, as fair as its academic conscience would allow. I could expect nothing from the administration. I had to face

it. Who wanted a loser?

"I felt I owed it to my family, to spare them grief; to my assistants, to allow them to look elsewhere for jobs; and to Vanderbilt, to spare the school

a fight.
"Somebody asked me why I didn't cheat. I said, 'I've never cheated be-

This is exemplary of Guepe: honest, straightforward, sometimes too straightforward for his own good. He wasted no time on sticky alumni, unless sincerity moved him. He was no social flyer, nor did he put in time at the country club playing gin rummy or golf with the boys, building up patronage or mending fences. He was sometimes stubborn to a fault.

"There were a lot of people he could have called on, and would have been proud to help," a Nashville alumnus said, "but I really think he thought he could whip it alone. He should have known better."

Alumni and students considered him a cold man, though they never brought up this point until chronic defeat set in. "None of the students really got to know him," a student columnist complained, "except on Saturday at the game. He was sort of a mystery man who seemed to prefer it that way. The students cared so little that they didn't even hang him in effigy."

A graduating member of the 1962 team said he thought Guepe hamstrung himself by his loyalty to his assistants: "There were a couple of weak links in his staff."

There was another cry, chiefly a sniper's weapon, that Guepe gathered too many Guepes around him. Art's twin brother, Al, was his backfield coach. Art's son, Arthur Jr., was one of his halfbacks. One could not say, however, that young Arthur did not contribute his scholarship's worth, for he was the team's leading ball-carrier and one of its leading pass receivers last season.

THESE are samples of some of the complaints brought against the condemned. It must be assumed that he made some contributions to his own demise, and that there is truth in some. Boiled down to the final nub of fat, however, it appears that, in addition to the rigid demands of the educational side, Guepe's next most damning problem was financial, and that in this respect, he was his own worst enemy.

Southeastern Conference rules allow 120 football scholarships. Last season Vanderbilt carried only 99 players on the athletic house, an economically

forced cutback.

Some college administrations give the athletic department a cut-rate tuition. At Duke, for instance, the first 100. At Duke, for instance, the first 100 football scholarships go tuition free, adding up to a gift of at least \$100,000. The cost per scholarshipped player at Vanderbilt comes to a total of approximately \$2500 yearly, met in full by the athletic department.

When Guepe came to Vanderbilt, the athletic offices were maintained in

a dingy old residence unfit even for haunting. He brought about the con-struction of a neat headquarters building at a cost of \$90,000 to the athletic department. He spent \$200,000 adding 6000 seats to Dudley Field, the ancient stadium, increasing the ca-

ancient stadium, increasing the capacity to 34,000.

"It took money out of our recruiting budget, and we had to stay pretty close to home," Guepe said, "but we had to do it, if we were going to be able to make playing in Nashville attractive to other teams."

Vanderbilt is unique in the SEC

Vanderbilt is unique in the SEC in that its alumni are not organized in booster or fund-raising clubs on which to rely for scholarship money. The athletic department must pay for its own scholarships out of its gate receipts. Recently, Vanderbilt raised \$30,000,000 among alumni, friends and corporations, but none of it went to the athletic department. Alumni contributions earmarked specifically for the athletic department must through administrative offices, but may never reach their intended goal,

THEREFORE, Guepe felt it was necessary to enlarge the stadium in the hope of increasing athletic department income.

It was a bad gamble. Timing was poor, for one thing. Halfback Tom Moore, now of the Green Bay Packers, was graduated the year before the stadium addition opened in 1960, and with him went Vanderbilt's last win-

ning team.

For several years, Vanderbilt teams had survived on the supreme efforts of one master performer, such as Bill Wade, now the quarterback of the Chicago Bears; Charlie Horton, a great running back; Phil King, now a half-back for the New York Giants, and Moore. All but Horton were discovered within the state of Tennessee. When Guepe poured \$200,000 into the stadium, cutting down his recruiting range, he felt it possible for Vander-bilt to supply its demands for football material within its own area. It was a calculated risk on which he lost, for how was he to know that Tennessee was running out of Moores and Kings and Wades?

Last season Vanderbilt spent only \$15,000 chasing prospects. Bob Cummings, a member of Guepe's staff who foresaw the disaster and quit to go into business, had previously coached at Kentucky. "I hadn't been at Ken-tucky a year when I left," Cummings said, "and they had already spent \$31,000 recruiting, and Kentucky is one of the more conservative ones in the SEC."

Vanderbilt's total football budget averages \$400,000 per year. Georgia Tech's, by comparison, is more than double. Some members of the SEC spend as much as \$100,000 in the re-cruitment of players, including the salaries of recruiting specialists, which

Guepe never had.
"I never had any illusions about such an operation here, or of being in a bowl game year after year when I came here," Guepe said. "I knew Vanderbilt to be a fine academic school and wanted to fit into the atmosphere, and felt that the administration and I were similar in our thinking.

This was four days before Guepe was to give up his office and authority. Down the hall a few doors the man who would succeed him patiently waited for him to clear out and make his quarters available. He was Jack Green, 38, captain of the team at West

Point in 1945, All-America guard and honor student, and until recently, head defensive coach at the University

of Florida.

Asked what Jack Green could possibly see in Vanderbilt that Art Guepe did not see, John Stambaugh said, "Whatever he sees, he sees with the vigor and spirit of youth. All football coaches are egotists. They have to be to survive in their treacherous field. Coach Green feels that he can save the ship, and the Vanderbilt people, seeing in him a new face and a youthful spirit, will rally to help him save the ship. This is the effect that comes with changing coaches.

'Art Guepe is one of the finest men I have ever worked with, but he knew that his period of effectiveness had run out."

Jack Green was asked the same

question.

"I have no illusions about any aca-demic softening," he said. "I expect the school to maintain its high standards.
"I expect to abide by those standards

by recruiting more extensively-nationally, if necessary-and my more active alumni participation to the point that we'll have some money to work with. But in the long run, the main difference will be working my butt off."

Shortly afterward, it was announced that Vanderbilt would increase its recruiting budget to \$40,000, that the Nashville Quarterback Club had been asked to raise \$25,000 to be applied to the new football crusade, and that Green would be allowed a full quota

of 120 scholarships.

"Wouldn't the same measures have saved your hide?" Guepe was asked.

"Probably so," he said, "but let's say

I leave with a philosophical view. I remember our plane ride back from Knoxville after we had beaten Tennessee in 1959, one of our most glori-ous victories. Our players were jubilant, and one of them, a tackle named Joe Wildman, a big jokester, got on the stewardess intercom system and introduced himself as the new stewardess, Miss Josephina Wildman, He

kept everybody laughing until the plane captain broke in. "We were approaching Nashville, he said, but we were in trouble. 'We can't get the nose wheel down and we may have to make a belly landing,' he said. "We circled the field for 45 minutes.

A deathly silence fell over the plane. Everybody broke out in a sweat. Suddenly our greatest moment had become a terrible moment. We could see the fire trucks and ambulances gathering on the field below, and the runway being covered with a layer of foam. Then the captain came through again and said he had worked the wheel down manually and would attempt to make a landing.

"It was as smooth as glass and we all breathed easy again. Just then Joe Wildman came through on the intercom again, but the jokes were over. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this just goes to show you that there are some things more important than football.'

"I think of Joe Wildman's story now and I agree."

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PITY THE POOR UMPIRE

(Continued from page 44) the ball stuck in my sleeve. The Cub catcher and pitcher screamed for it and Alvin Dark came tearing in from third. He was yelling for the ball, too. Well, the ballboy tossed a new one to Dark. Meanwhile, I came to, took the original ball out of my sleeve, and gave it to Taylor, who fired to second to head off Musial but threw into center. But Dark nailed Stan by firing his ball to Banks. You could say it was pretty confusing for a while."

Did Warren Giles give Delmore the Purple Heart for living through these plays that belonged in a circus? No, he fired him. Perhaps he wanted to make Delmore popular, for Giles later said, "The only time the fans love an umpire is when he gets fired."
So the ouster was really a thoughtful way to boost Delmore's reputation.

And how did Delmore react? Just as Bob Ortiz would have expected him to: he remained loyal to his calling, a calling in which he was per-manently called out after twice having his brains scrambled by the national pastime. "I love umpiring so much," said this poor man, "that in much," said this poor man, "that in spite of what happened I'd be an umpire all over again if I were just starting out."

Every time an umpire works a game, he lays his life on the line merely by exposing himself to the fans. In fact, in the first game that Red Jones ever worked, the fans welcomed him with the kind of bottle party at which there's no cover or minimum. A sliding runner had kicked the ball out of the third-baseman's glove; and so Cal Hubbard, the umpire at third, changed his call of out to safe. Since the fans didn't see that the ball had been dropped, they registered their displeasure with flying glass. When a coach wryly suggested to Red that he throw the bottles back into the stands, Red said, "The hell with that. Let them come

down here and get 'em."
This was Red Jones' welcome to the Great American Game, a happy little pastime in which his comrades-in-blue have been hit by everything from flying bottles to flying fans. The

American League's Bill Summers was twice hit by bottles thrown by fans who thought he was the man to whom they should return the empties; and the National League's big George Magerkurth was once fallen upon by a fan who jumped from the stands in Brooklyn, a fan who'd probably lost his Ballantine fastball.

In the past few years, all major-league ball parks have disarmed. They've kept the weapons from hostile fans by serving drinks in paper cups instead of cans and bottles. (Only an ump-pelter with real control can aim a soggy paper cup.) But if a fan is a dedicated umpire-hater, he'll find a way to smuggle in his own am-munition. When the Chicago White Sox played host to a group of golf caddies in 1961, the umpires were hit with 500 golf balls. The Sox have no plans to entertain any archers. Naturally, not all umpires have

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS AND INVEST IN YOUR FUTURE

been hit by bottles and cans: some are dented by far more interesting missiles. A lady once threw a shoe at Ed Runge, who previously had been showered by what he calls "the standard stuff: bottles, garbage, cush-ions, and programs." No fan ever fell on Runge; but two years ago, he was almost hit by what must be considered the most effective object ever thrown, an object that would have made him the first umpire in history to legitimately deserve the Purple Heart. During a game at Yankee Sta-dium, Runge heard something land just behind him. He turned around to see a four-inch bomb. No man was ever so happy to return to garbage.

But the physical danger to an umpire goes far beyond the threat of sudden death from the stands. In addition to being a target for the

guided missiles of the fans, the umpire is also a target for the misguided missiles of the players, for balls that are hit and thrown with gay abandon. In 1960 at Baltimore, plate umpire Larry Napp was struck by three successive pitches-one on the mask and two in the groin-and had to be carthe field. The National ried from League's Bill Jackowski has twice been hit in the throat by fouls. But the hospital record for working the plate is held by the National League's colorful Jocko Conlan, who got part of that color from two broken collarbones and two broken elbows.

Life can be almost as perilous at the opposite corner of the infield. "I keep my umpires back of second base, not on the infield as in the National League," says American League president Joe Cronin. "Do you recall Uncle Charlie Moran of the National in a World Series? He invaded the dia-mond and promptly caught a throw in his mouth" his mouth.

But no matter how many balls they catch with their mouths, the umpires to coin a phrase-keep hanging in there. Working the third-base foul line in a game last year, Forman tried to get out of the way of a wicked line drive; but the ball kept curving toward him until it ricocheted off his knee, which soon blew up grapefruit size. A few weeks later, with one knee still bigger than the other, he was working the plate at Philadelphia, the place where the beer cans had rained on Dascoli. Without his realizing the chin pad of Forman's mask slid up on his face. Then a foul tip drove the mask into his jaw. After the foul, Forman took a new ball from his pocket and gave it to catcher Clay Dalrymple, who was about to throw it to the pitcher when he noticed a big red spot on it.
"Hey," said Dalrymple, "there's

blood on this ball!"
"Don't be silly," said Forman; "it's probably only ketchup." It was interesting that he felt this conclusion

wasn't silly.

"No," said Dalrymple, "I'm tellin' ya, it's blood."

Forman then realized it wasn't sauce that was pouring from a big gash in his jaw. Nevertheless, he wanted to stay in the game. "Just give me a bandage and let's play ball,"

Forman told the head umpire as he bloodied some new balls. There were bandages around, but a doctor felt that four stitches were even better.

Forman left the game.

No matter how much danger an umpire faces from screaming fans and screaming balls, his basic enemy, his most cunning and relentless foe, is the ballplayer. Though a ballplayer never actually hits an umpire, he attacks him in subtler and much more effective ways: by a merciless assault on sensitivities. It becomes a grim battle of nerves.

Naturally, not every umpire can top every player in a clash of language. Many an umpire, for example, has lost to Leo "The Lip" Durocher. One day in Brooklyn, Durocher, who was then manager of the Dodgers was engaged in game-long verbal warfare with umpire Beans Reardon. After one angry debate on the field, Leo started storming toward his dugout. Since Reardon wanted to miss none of Leo's picturesque speech, he followed. Not wanting to disappoint his pursuer, Leo kept turning to let him have a blasphemous word or two. But Reardon didn't catch them all. "What was that last remark?" he

cried to Leo. "Why don't you guess?" said Leo. "That's what you've been doing all

afternoon."

Mr. Giles tells his umpires to be imperturbable, but steady heckling can get to them. Whenever you see an umpire start to clear the bench, you know the enemy has gotten to him.

The major-league bench-clearing record was set by Red Jones one Sunday in Boston when the Red Sox were entertaining the White Sox be-fore a capacity crowd. After White Sox pitcher Joe Haynes had twice thrown close to Ted Williams' head, Jones went out to the mound and said, "All right, Joe, don't let anything like that happen again."

"I ain't throwing at him," said

Haynes.

'I didn't say you were," said Jones. "But if you do it again, you know the penalty."

Haynes was more careful with his next pitch, so careful that Williams hit for a home run. While a reliever began warming up, White Sox man-ager Ted Lyons marched to the mound. He was furious at Jones. Walking to the mound, Jones asked, "Ted, are you changing nitchers?"

itchers?"

"Yeah," he snapped, "but it's all your fault."

'How's that?"

"You disconcerted my pitcher," said Lyons, "when you accused him of throwing a beanball."

"Then he disconcerts mighty easily,"

said Jones.

When the reliever replaced Haynes, the White Sox dugout chorus began serenading Red. Their remarks began with "meathead" and deteriorated fast. Jones stood them for a few pitches and then called Lyons out of the dugout. "I want that obscene language to cease," he told him. "If it doesn't, I'll be the only one left here." "Go to hell," said Lyons. "You started it; you stop it." "Okay," said Jones, "we'll start with you. Get out: you're through."

"we'll start with you. Get out; you're through."

Red thought the expulsion of the

manager would silence the chorus, but it didn't. So he suspended play and threw out the three White Sox at the end of the bench. But after play resumed, the chorus still sang, so Red knocked off three more. By now, Bill Summers had moved near the White Sox bench. When the remaining voices "Which three do you want now, Red?"

"Give me those three in the mid-dle," he said.

This elimination continued until the White Sox bench held only wood.

After the bench had been cleared, Red heard one lone tenor voice that still insisted he was a meathead. He went to the dugout and saw a big windbreaker hanging in the corner. Protruding from it were two feet with spiked shoes. He grabbed the windbreaker from the nail, uncovering found Mule Haas, a White Sox

"If you'd gotten Haas first, it would've been all over," Summers told Red after the game.

"Well, why didn't you tell me?"
"I was enjoying it too much my-self," said Summers.

lf," said Summers. Red had vanquished the White Sox that day, but on another day he became the first umpire to ever concede defeat on the field. He'd always had trouble with two Buddys—Rosar of the Philadelphia Athletics and Metheny of the Yankees. Since Rosar worked too close to the bat, Metheny's swing often hit his glove. Red was never sure who had interfered with whom; so he played it safe and kept ruling both ways.

One day when the Athletics were playing the Yankees, there was a man on first, one out, and a three-and-two count on Metheny. On the next pitch, Red cried "Ball!" and Metheny started toward first while Rosar started to-ward Red. But then Red must have remembered that it was Rosar's turn to get a decision because he suddenly cried "Strike!" Now, Metheny joined Rosar, who continued his charge just in case the decision was about to go against him again. Being chased simultaneously by players from opposite teams was a serious blow to Red's composure.

When the following day's game began, this composure was shaken again by a violent argument about Red's call on the very first play, a play that he'd tried his best to stay out of. On the second play, no argument was necessary: Red simply blew it. He didn't see a falling Philadelphia out-fielder drop a low line drive after holding it for a second, so he signaled out; but both Charlie Berry and Cal Hubbard signaled safe. Red didn't see them either. Since Red was the closest umpire to the play, the Yankees had been watching him. When he signaled out, half their club ran out for a seminar. (Players were now chasing Red about as often as they were chasing balls.) Looking through the charging Yankees, Red saw the batter arrive at first and suddenly realized that he'd filed a dissenting opinion.

"What the hell is that man doing on first after I called him out?" Red asked himself. And then he answered, "Well, I guess they've finally stopped paying attention to me. Okay, fellas, just keep going on your own; forget about old Jones. I'll just call 'em to myself out here."

Here is perhaps the best picture of the baseball umpire: standing in miserable loneliness, mumbling to himself, while the fans and players alternately curse, laugh, and charge at him. He's a man who just can't win, a man who never pleases anyone for more than a moment, sometimes not even gamblers. Summers was once threatened by them after making a decision that went against the St. Louis Browns. For a week, he had to be escorted to and from Sportsman's Park. But even a police escort can't really protect an umpire, for cops are fans, too.

After being abused so long in so many ways, the umpire may soon have a merciful release: he soon may die, but it won't be the death that the fans so often wish him on his birthday. He may simply be replaced by electronics. A Long Island engineer has invented an automatic umpire that consists of three closed circuit television cameras. Two are placed so they focus waist-high on home plate, one for lefthanded hitters and one for righties. The third camera is overhead. The strike zone appears on a monitor as a clearly defined luminous block. If a pitch is a strike, the path of the ball cuts through this block like the mark of a pencil. But block like the mark of a pencil. But a ball makes no mark.

So some day, only an electrician will be able to kill the umpire. But let's hope this day isn't soon; for when it comes, something precious will be missing from baseball. Who could ever get his kicks by throwing beer cans at a television set?



(Continued from page 35) "I think maybe people should stop blaming Frank," Johnny said angrily. "I blame myself. What I wanted, I wanted, What I wanted, I got, man. From the beginning. Right from the beginning."

Where was the beginning? Where is the beginning for a child who is turned adrift; the hurt, is that the real beginning? Johnny Saxton is 32. He knows that he was born on the Fourth of July, 1930. He knows something of his parents, that he was passed around and at eight found himself in the Riverdale Orphanage in the Bronx.

"WHAT happened to your parents?" I asked. Johnny rolled with the punch. He mumbled and said confusing things and changed the subject, flicker of an undying pain across his clear dark eyes. Quick had been touched. There is that raw spot forever in a kid who couldn't spout off

"My ma this, and my dad that."
"I was in this place, the kids were pretty tough, you looked at me cross-eyed I would throw a punch. Phil Lee, he was a young serious fellow in charge of the physical activities, baseball, boxing, he had eight or nine of us that he trained for the P.A.L. Boxing I loved right away, you hit, you burned it off, you felt better. Once Joe Louis came around, he re-fereed the kids in P.A.L. bouts. I looked up at the champ, big as a mountain and I knew in a flash I wanted to be like him. A great professional fighter. Funny, just a kid deciding that for myself . . ."
But Phil Lee recognized something

besides ambition in Johnny. Saxton had guts and a developing physique of unusual power; he could punch. After handling him through numerous P.A.L. matches, spawning ground of Sandy Sadler and Ray Robinson, Lee showed him to veteran manager and trainer Bill "Pop" Miller who'd had a part in the careers of many good boxers and one really great one, Sugar Ray himself.

Miller looked Saxton over as he sparred. The well-muscled 16-yearold was lithe and fast, "Just call me

" Miller told him later.

"For a year Pop held me back,"
Saxton told me. "He was the best
friend I ever had, y'understand.
Wouldn't let me fight. Bag work, road work. Maybe sparring. Learn leverage, balance, more speed. I trained in the Uptown Gym, in Harlem, and I was out of the orphanage, in a foster home. Mrs. Hortense Pearson over in Brooklyn. She was wonderful, fed me the right foods. Around 1948 Pop put me in the Mets, you know, the Golden Gloves. I won the light-weight title, that was sub-novice class. Next year I won the welter-weight title for the city, I had gotton so much. I won 18 straight fights in the Golden Gloves. Around the neighborhood where I lived in Brooklyn, my girl would tell me some cat said was a Golden Gloves pushover, what could I do with bare fists. I would hunt him down, man, bam, bam, I would show them. I never got beat up, unless they ganged on me, like four or five."

In 1948 Pop Miller put Johnny in the AAU eliminations, carefully developing him profitlessly as an amateur. "He told me he felt about me as

a father did," Johnny recalls, "Johnny Gonsalves stopped me in the finals. I entered the Olympic tryouts but Chuck Davey beat me. Pop said to wait, things would change. I worked yery hard. I got faster and stronger. One day I am introduced to this fellow, Frank Palermo. Frank became my manager, he was an old hand in the business, he knew everybody. He told me I had a great future as a pro and he would back me all the way on a gamble. He told me Pop would stick with us in the contract

Saxton had his first pro fight and won it. He fought a few more pre-lims before Pop Miller and Blinkie Palermo developed a disagreement. The payoff was \$10,000, a little more or less than Miller's training expenses and other costs in handling an

amateur.

"There was nothing I could do," Saxton said, "except see that he got taken care of. I kept seeing him around the gym and his attitude towards me never changed and he came to see every fight I had, until his health got too bad. Pop died two years

ago, while I was away.

With Saxton all to himself, Blinkie Palermo aimed right for the top. Good natured and confident, with a genuine affection for Saxton, Palermo cried for blood in the spring of 1950. "He can lick any welter in the country except Sugar Ray," he bragged on the eve Sugar Ray," he bragged on the eve of a match with burly Bert Linam. "I know I have a champion in this boy, but I don't want to rush him. Only 20. Five knockouts in 11 pro bouts, won them all. We'd like to fight Kid Gavilan. That match we'd take right now."

LINAM moved in eagerly on Saxton in St. Nick's in New York. At 24 the Texan was more experienced, with 29 wins in 37 fights. For 31 seconds they exchanged punches. Somewhere in the 32nd second, Saxton fastened a ramrod onto Linam's jaw. As re-frigerated doors slammed angrily across the nation, the roar of the crowd told beer-thirsty dalliers they

"He really came to me," Saxton re-calls. "When they come to you, you could really blast. After that they were all hollering for a show with Kid Gavilan. They called me the Fighting Orphan. Frank thought of that. They expected great things of me and I always did my best. They said my style was like Robinson's and that made me proud. Frank said I needed a few more tuneup fights and he arranged for my first in the Gar-den, against Tony Pellone. I was three to one. Pellone was older, around 25, he had 64 fights. I had only 16, but I won 'em all. He had 43 wins, 16 losses, five draws, funny, I remember all that. I was very confident, even when I went into the dressing room. This was what I thought about since was a kid. Where I went to see the big fights, Sugar Ray, now it was me. Frank was in there talking it up, relaxing me, I felt fine. Warmed up, shadow boxing, he bandaged my hands, talked to me right. Then they have formalities to do, so they left me alone. Far off I could hear the crowd but it was as quiet as a tomb in there. I was alone, I was the Fighting Orphan, it is a terrible feeling when you are alone in there and you know you are next, you.'

The scoring was 6-3-1; 6-3-1; 5-4-1, Saxton. Blinkie grasped his muscular tiger around the middle and heaved him into the air. Sportswriters beamed approval, and the New York World-Telegram-Sun announced: "Fresh talent like Saxton's is manna

"I felt real happy," Johnny remembers. "We all walk out together down through the crowd, not a big crowd but a Garden crowd, y'understand, me and Frank and my cut man and my water man and my trainer, tryin' to look important for the ringsiders. to look important for the ringsiders. I look to see Sugar Ray out there; I didn't see him but I think he was there. Then when I'm in the dressing room Frank gave me the bad news. I was in the National Guard, y'understand, an' the Korean War was going on. 'Look, Johnny,' Frank tells me, 'I had to save this until after the fight. Your unit was just reactivated.' Me I took what was coming. My unit went into training, and just before we went overseas I fell off a truck. Hurt my back. Got my discharge, honorable. I'll show it to you, got it right here." Me. I took what was coming. My unit

"I'll take your word," I said.
"No, here, look," He rummaged in a drawer, unfolded a paper. It was as he said it was. He looked at me with a pleasant, reassured expression. for he seemed eager that I should not fall among the ranks of those who

had doubted him.

In January, 1952, Saxton returned to the Garden to face Livio Minelli of Italy, whose brother Aldo he had beaten in 1950. After six dull, waltzing rounds, referee Ruby Goldstein called it no contest and handed the decision to Saxton. Two months later Johnny signed to meet ex-champion Johnny Bratton in the Garden. At the last minute, Bratton phoned to complain of an injured hand, and Lester Felton, a fighter of little stature, was

sent in as a substitute.

Saxton looks back without remorse. Bratton always had trouble with his hands. Was that my fault? We got nands. Was that my fault? We got the best fight we could, and Felton was scared. You blame him? That was stopped and no contest. The fans were very mad. The sportswriters didn't like me. I always had a very cautious style. That was my style. Minelli had the same style. You notice when the referee talks to you had rice, when the referee talks to you, he says 'come out fighting.' Also he says, 'protect yourself at all times.' So I protected myself. After that I decisioned Joe Miceli and Tiger Jones and Virgil Akins. He handed me my and Virgil Akins. He handed me my first knockdown in 32 fights. But I beat him easy. After that I beat Bud Smith."

IN June of 1953, Saxton lost a split de-cision to Gil Turner in Philadelphia, but fans and fight writers favored Johnny, who had put up Sun-tance. When Saxton beat Joey Giartance. When Saxton beat Joey Giar-dello two fights later, Palermo de-cided his man was ready for Gavilan, who had taken over the world welterweight title.

We'd gone down out of Johnny's tiny room, into a street filled with icy February wind and were headed to-ward a lunchroom. "I always eat there," Johnny said. "They know me." He walked on dancy steps, hopping slightly on his toes, like a man in the pitch of training. I asked if he kept in shape. "I go to that school over there," he said eagerly. "At night I go, work out with the kids, I love kids. Just lift a few weights, shoot some

Saxton won that fight on a decision, but 20 writers said Gavilan had really won. Only two writers agreed with the decision. I knew Saxton knew this, and there was no point pushing. The fight had been a dull waltzing contest that was remarkably even, in

which case a reigning champion is usually allowed to keep his title.

"That was my first big purse," Johnny said while we ate. "I was living it up, I was pretty cocky. I bought a Cadillac. I bought my wife a Cadillac. We bought a new house, and I invested in an apartment house, but I didn't pay my taxes on the money. You asked me about that money. You asked me about that thing in the papers around that time with Vivian my wife. I never hit her. I would never do that. We wanted children badly. She lost one and she couldn't have anymore. I spent though the couldn't have anymore it to find out. sands on a gynecologist to find out what was wrong.'

Saxton talked on with detailed concern, reliving the period, turning the talk away from the subject of his wife's charge that he had hit her with a clothes hanger and threatened her with a gun. When she called police, according to newspaper reports, Saxton produced a harmless blank pistol. When Vivian said that wasn't the gun, police searched and found a .38 revolver carefully wrapped in a cloth inside a riding boot. Johnny said he never saw it before.

Vivian Saxton refused to press charges. She claimed he'd threatened to blow his brains out if she didn't stop talking about him to a girl friend on the phone, and that she had been doing nothing of the kind. The quarrel was patched. But even Beleves had was patched. But even Palermo had noticed that Johnny was becoming suspicious, tender and hard to handle, refusing to follow advice even when it was just good routine common

"So you were champion of the world," I said, sipping my coffee.
"Yeah. Then I fought Tony De-Marco up in Boston, around '54, '55. He stopped me." Saxton shrugged. "Carmen beat DeMarco. I was signed for a title match. New York lifted Frank's license to manage, they said Frank's license to manage, they said he had some underworld connections or something. So I fought him in

Chicago."

Chicago."

In the second round, Basilio hit Saxton solidly. "My knees went rubbery. I guess I was in trouble, but he got too eager and I could tie him up and he lost me." In the third round, Saxton split a glove, causing a 30-second delay. Saxton fought evasively for five rounds, and flared into action in the 12th and 13th to make the fight even on some cards. But Basilio bulled even on some cards. But Basilio bulled him all over the ring in the last two

The judges and referee voted for Saxton 10-4-1; 7-5-3; 10-3-2!

The working press voted the other way—19 for Basilio, seven for Saxton.

"Fight writers," Saxton told me, "what do they know? I won it. Basilio had a bad night. They didn't like Frank, they wanted to hurt him."

Later that year Basilio TKO'd Johnny in nine rounds and in 1957 beat him again. "I was training but it wasn't taking," Saxton said. "Things were troubling me. Basilio beat me twice. Joe Miceli beat me in four. I had already beat him! I retired, I



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wasn't even 26, baby, I was in bad shape."

The malicious symptoms of his illness had already formed a pattern. First the gun in the boot. Then an attack on two men whose car was merely blocking his street near his house, an attack with a wrench and booking on felonious assault charges that were later dropped.

A week after Saxton's retirement he

drove to Philadelphia to talk over things with Palermo. Heading home, he made an illegal stop near Newark Airport and a state trooper pulled

over.
"He was arguing with Mrs. Saxton,"
Johnny said later. "I said I was the

driver. I stepped out. I guess I gestured. That's when he hit me—with a sucker right. I never saw it."

The officer in question said Saxton came out swinging. Eventually the whole thing was glossed over, blamed bett towners, and besides, the on hot tempers, and, besides, the trooper had come off unhurt. The newspapers had a big laugh over the whole thing. "Cop KO's Ex-Champ." Colorful, feisty fighter. Good copy. But the crack in the mind of Johnny Saxton was widening. Saxton was widening.

"I used to take these long walks. Vivian told me to go get some help, to do something. I didn't know what to do. I had lost my title. I couldn't fight. I was troubled."

The tax men had taken Saxton's rainy-day apartment house investment. Then they took his house in lieu. He had no cash left. His walks became longer, and when he returned home it was to a furnished room where four walls greeted him because rising friction had put his wife on the road to Atlantic City.

"I wanted a comeback. Frank put me against Willie Greene, up in Provi-dence. That fight meant a lot to me, y'understand."

Willie Greene took it in three.

The tax men notified him he still owed \$16,000. Attempts at reconciliation with Vivian had failed. Boxing investigations had placed Frank Palermo in jeopardy, limiting his ability to consider and assist as he often as to console and assist, as he often actually had.

March 5, 1959. A Queens apartmenthouse resident glancing out a window observed a shadowy form on an ad-joining fire escape and called police. A patrolman who presently arrived flushed a man from a second-story hall window. The man leaped into the alley, the cop after him. They thrashed wildly on the ground until two more policemen arrived, and the three of them barely managed to sub-

due their victim, Johnny Saxton.

They hauled Saxton down to jail for identification. He told them he didn't know who he was or where he was from, but they "made" him from ID in his possession. The story broke big in the sport pages and on some front pages. Vivian came up. "There was no reason for him to have done this," she said.

this," she said.
"I'm terribly ashamed," Saxton said. "It was hustle and bustle ever since I quit fighting."

Saxton was booked, made bail and went back to his room. Vivian went back to Atlantic City, Detectives told the press that Saxton had admitted two other burglaries, that he located empty apartments by ringing doorempty apartments by ringing door-bells, and entered via the fire escape. We had finished eating. We were

about to leave the restaurant. I said,

"You needed the money that bad?" "I don't remember how I got in that apartment, I don't remember how I got in jail. You have the mind thing, man, you do things, they can't blame you. The next day I went down to Atlantic City to see my wife, I don't remember what happened either. They tell me things, I don't remem-ber. Then I was in jail. I tried to kill myself. I know I was miserable, I was insane. They gave me a shot in the butt, bam, I was out for two days. When I come to I was in isolation, strapped up. That's what they do in New Jersey. They don't use straight include.

According to police, someone had noticed a light inside a five-and-dime store late at night. The police surrounded the place and called for surrounder but the man inside Saxton render, but the man inside, Saxton, smashed through the light sheet-metal roof of the low building, jumped to the ground and was subdued after a terrific fight. When Saxton became incoherent in jail after trying to hang himself with a noose made of socks, he was examined and committed to a state hospital for mental patients

jackets.'

"I jumped off the roof and there were cops all around and I ran and I yelled for them to shoot me but they didn't," Saxton said, looking at me passively. "I wanted to die. I had nothing left and I couldn't face reality. You know a millionaire, take him, he goes broke on the stock market and he jumps out a window or he tries to. Same thing. We had them in there, in Ancora, millionaires, geniuses, anybody, big and little. They lost something. thing and couldn't face reality. Bam. That's it, baby.'

A champion of the world had hit rock bottom. He could regain his will to win, or he could stay there. Science probed the innards of Johnny Saxton's mind to determine whether irreversible brain damage due to boxing pun-

ishment might end the matter.
"They had this machine to test brain waves, you know, with wires they attach to your head and a pen that writes a record on a piece of paper that turns. That tells the story. They didn't find anything, but it could be there, you couldn't be sure, if it was hidden. They talked to me about how I felt. Man, I felt sick. I was out of isolation, I was on Thorazine for awhile, they took me before a review board, 12 doctors looking at me. It wasn't hot but I was sweating as if I was in a furnace. Nerves. A nurse kept handing me a towel.

"They told the papers it was de-mentia praecox, a loss of interest in people and things. Incoherence of thought and action."

Now that we were talking about Ancora, back in Johnny's room, his personality changed. He became authoritative, talked more grammatically, with the air of a man with a

medical education!

"They were wonderful to me, the director Dr. Brunt, and Dr. Weisaki, but the best was Dr. Lou Brown. He's in private practice now. There were 3000 patients in Ancora, but he stopped to see me every morning. He took a special interest. He loved athletes, and he was a big powerful man himself. He would Indian wrestle me every day, and sometimes he put me down. He'd say, 'Johnny, you're as healthy as a young kid, nothing wrong with you, except you got a defeatist attitude toward life. What happened to you was too much to get used to all at once.' We talked and talked. He liked me. I would go up to his house, he had weights in the backyard, and we would do some exercises. He got me into the gym after a long time. They had a speed bag. I never expected I would punch the bag again. When he got finished with me I punched it so much, I don't know how many times I broke it.
"Some time later I helped with the

athletic program. I would have a whole gang of mentally ill people trying to play some game. You know what they are, sick, they don't care, but I would have them playing, loving me. Nobody else could do that, not

the attendants.

"I would even watch the TV fights with Dr. Brown. I was making real progress to get rid of my defeatist attitude. Of course, many times I became depressed. I thought about Vivian and wanting to have children and all the money I'd won and everything like that. Lou could talk me out of that, anything."

Gradually, Brown and other psychi-atrists drew Saxton out of his shell and set him face to face with his problems, one by one, until he could look at each of them squarely. Gradually they diminished his diet of tranquilizers until he took none at all. They put him on a routine of work, in the storeroom, in the gym,

Johnny dug in anywhere he could.
"I was coming back. I was very glad. Only it hit me again, when I got out, I mean I had to keep calm and not get excited. You have to do

that, face reality. I will do anything. I worked in a night club, it was all right, I was like a floor manager while they needed me. I did some labor. I had a radio interview, on tape, they paid me pretty good. I don't know, I'd like to work with kids. I love kids. Kids love me. You can't beat 'em, they have spirit. You can't beat that, can you?"

"No, you can't," I said, remembering the photograph of the Police Athletic League youngster with the pillow gloves shoved out cockily in front of his little head. And I had a fleeting image of the bullnecked man attempting to hang himself in a Jersey jail

with a noose of socks.

"Would you advise a kid today, a kid with ability, to go into boxing?"

I asked. 'Sure, pal, sure," he said steadily. "What's he got if he doesn't? He's Joe Green if he doesn't. There's a million Joe Greens. Who ever heard of them? But people heard of me. At least I have that. I'm not sorry. Look, pal. you're a writer, you buy a pencil, you got an eraser on the other end. You wouldn't buy one without an eraser. That's me, pal. I made my mistakes and I correct 'em. I'll do something with kids. I trained a boy for Golden Gloves for a while but he started smoking and drinking so I dropped him. I want to take a job on a ship, athletic director, got to get merchant marine papers, don't know if it will come through. Miller High Life uses athletes to represent them, you go around to taverns and talk about problems, I got to get my lawyer to write a letter. He's the best friend I ever had. Bill Aronstein. He gives me good advice."

We had gone down to the subway. We shook hands. He turned to go, then stopped. "Say," he said casually, his mouth tightening slightly, pal, look, tell me something, tell me the truth. How am I making out? How am I doing?"

Do you wonder what he meant? When a man who has been in an asylum asks you that, it means that deep in his heart he wants to know if you think he is still nuts. To ask that question is a distinct sign of great courage and newfound self-pos-

"I think you are doing fine," I said honestly, "I think you are going to be okay."

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much." - -

THE UNDERDOG

(Continued from page 24) fight is slated for only eight rounds. "Makes no difference to me," Zivic tells the newspapermen. "We're only going two anyway

"Who's going the two?" pipes a skeptic. But a few newspaper guys get down on Zivic with their bookies. And Zivic bets a few more dollars on

The day of the fight Zivic goes to Toots Shor's for a steak, "What do you think you'll do in the fight tonight?" says Toots.

"Oh, I can lick this kid easy."

"You kidding?"

"No goon."

"No, easy."

Toots looks Zivic hard in the eye, studying him, then walks away.

To make a long story short, Zivic

gives the 4-to-1 favorite a beating and wins an easy decision. "After the fight," Zivic recalled later, "we go back to the hotel-the whole groupall my friends who had got together and had me bet on me for them. We put all the money together, all the put all the money together, money we'd won, and we had \$26,000. I had a long list of names and I was calling out names—'Mike Jones! Jim Sullivan! Joe Jockstrap!—and every-body is happy. I win \$4400 myself, all told. I say, 'Let's all go over to Shor's and have a party.'

"By the time we get there, there must be 25, 30 people, but I'm feeling good so I say to the head waiter, 'When this thing is over don't give nobody the tab, give it to me.' Well, the thing is over and the bill's gotta

be maybe \$300, but the waiter says to me, 'The check's taken care of. The boss took it.' I go over to Toots and say, 'Toots, you shouldn't have done that. I win \$4400 on the fight.' He says, 'Forget' it, burn.' I couldn't understand it."

Some months later, Zivic was told that Toots, having studied the confident look in Fritzie's pre-fight eye,

had bet on him and won \$35,000.

The underdog who bets on himself is, to be sure, the greatest of all underdogs, and the history of sport no doubt owes many of its most glorious upsets to the fact that chancy underdog was spurred on by such added in-centive. Yet today, commissioners of football, baseball, and basketball leagues send out teams of investigators when a rumor is heard that a player has wagered on his own team. The wager is proof of association with gamblers and therefore to be frowned upon; but more important, it cannot be tolerated because the system of bookmaking is the point spread. Thus a quarterback who has a three-point lead with one minute remaining may be tempted to throw a reckless pass, because he has bet on himself and

spotted six points.

It is therefore necessary that we deprive football and basketball playdeprive football and basketball players of the right to bet on themselves, but it is a little sad that underdogs must be included. It is rather like sapping away their spirit of free enterprise. Meanwhile, we inexcusably lavish attention on a game such as golf, in which playoff rounds are preceded by huddles in which the contestants agree communistically to testants agree communistically to divvy up the prize money. No wonder few hungry underdogs arise to beat Palmer.

The lukewarm spirit of a challenger who settles with Palmer at the first tee is as distasteful as the sight of, say, Max Baer sitting in his dressing room before his fight with Joe Louis. There is Baer, a magnificent hulk with a still-murderous right hand. Louis can be floored by it but the odds are ten to one in Louis' favor, and so Baer literally trembles.
"I can't go on," he mumbles to Jack

Dempsey, one of his handlers. "I can't breathe."

Dempsey coaxes him into the ring, but in the first round Louis gives Baer a shellacking. Back in his corner, Baer repeats that he cannot breathe. Dempsey, loathing him for his fear, snarls, "I'll kill you with this water bottle if you don't go back there and get knocked out."

get knocked out."

Spurred by the belief that Dempsey can do more damage with a water bottle than Louis can with a left hand, Baer goes out and in the fourth round gets himself knocked out, taking the count on one knee. Better Dempsey should have hit him with the bottle, and better somebody should hit those and better somebody should hit those conceding golfers with a bottle, for in effect they are telling American

"Be smart. If the odds list you an underdog you're probably not up to the other guy, so face it and take what you can get."

Fortunately, the underdog spirit still flourishes abundantly today and still flourishes abundantly today and still flourishes also as it is found.

is found nowhere else as it is found in college sports, where upsets carried out by emotion-charged young men are commonplace. I have had a few writerly college and the state of the common of the common of the common of the college and the college of the colleg few cynical college coaches tell me that today's collegians are matter-offact men of the world who do not respond to pep talks delivered in the Rockne style. Nonsense. Coaches who accept that premise are probably bum orators. Actually, Knute Rockne could have jumped to the same conclusion had he wished, for during one dressing-room speech he thundered at All-America halfback George Gipp, who seemed indifferent to his pep talk:
"I don't suppose you have the



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slightest interest in this game."
"You're wrong there," replied the Gipper. "I've got five hundred set on this game, Rock, and I don't intend to blow it." Nor did he. Nor did Rockne give up pep talks.

My own theory, when I go to a college basketball game, is that all things being equal—or even close—bet on the coach who has the pink face. He probably got that way from years of haranguing his players to rise above their abilities. Al Severance, a pink-faced specimen who put in 25 years of successful coaching at Villanova, once put it to me this way:

Villanova, once put it to me this way: "Can you take the human beings apart and find the touchstones of their emotions? This, my dear fellow, is coaching."

A less eloquent but equally vocifer-A less eloquent but equally vociferous and equally pink-faced coach was Chick Davies, a pudgy little man who coached the famous 1940 Iron Dukes of Duquesne University, a school administered by the Catholic Church. Davies would go to any lengths to imbue his teams with the underdog spirit—to convince them they were spirit—to convince them they were battling the world. One night, as his team was about to take the floor, he

bellowed at the players:
"Those people out there hate you!

"Those people out there hate you! And do you know why they hate you? I'll tell you why. Because they hate Catholics! Now I ask you, what are you going to do about it?"

Davies received no blood-curdling replies. As it happened, his first team consisted of three good Jewish boys, one Protestant, and one Catholic. Davies himself was a Protestant.

He also was an outstandingly suc-

He also was an outstandingly successful coach because he knew how to work up his players (along less theo-

logical lines than those above) when the odds were against them. college coaches prefer the odds to be against them for two reasons: The first is a selfish reason—if the team scores an upset the coach looks like a genius.

Secondly, an underdog team is not a complacent team, and with this fact a complacent team, and with this fact in mind coaches will go to any extreme to convince the bookies and gamblers that they belong on the short end. Early in the 1953-54 basketball season, Kenny Loeffler, then basketball coach at LaSalle College, attempted to reduce to utter nonsense the notion that just because he had Tom Gola he had a powerful team. "All I have," Loeffler barked at the press, "is Gola and garbage." As offensive as it may have been to the fensive as it may have been to the basketball public's olfactories, Loeffler's team nevertheless played out its schedule—and won the NCAA championship.

Of course the supreme pleasure, that of seeing an out-and-out underdog outscrap an established winner, does not derive merely from the outcome of the battle but perhaps more so from looking back on the multitude of outlandish factors that transform the underded into a furier transform the underded into a furier section. form the underdog into a furious com-petitor. Pittsburgh, my hometown, went berserk throughout the summer of 1960 when the Pirates, a club that had not won a pennant in 33 years, took command of the National League and then won the World Series with a fantastic rally in the seventh game.

Yet it was not until months later that I learned of the most vivid moment

of the drama.

I was having a drink in a saloon with a friend of third-baseman Don

Hoak. "You know what I heard?"

said the man.
"I heard that when the Yankees were whipping the Pirates in the seventh game, Don walked the length of the dugout and kicked everybody in the shins.

Well, that was one way to arouse an underdog, but in the same ball-park, Forbes Field, I saw the job done in another way that produced a result more fantastic than Bill Mazeroski's memorable home run.

The New York Giants—the football Giants, that is—visited Forbes Field on November 30, 1952, tied with Cleveland for first place. The Steelers, a mediocre team, seemed to present no problem to them. The Giants won the toss of the coin and Steve Owen, the Giant coach, elected to kick off.

Owen later was to insist that he had made the correct choice, pointing out that the Giants had a formidable defense that could be expected to hold the Steelers and force them to punt from deep in their own territory. He cited past performance charts which showed the tactic to have been successful in previous games. The Steelers, however, had the best kick-off return man in the league, Lynn Chandnois, and as it happened, chandnois, and as nois returned the opening kickoff 91 yards for a touchdown. His runback touched off a spark that transformed the Steelers into Frankenstein monsters; they humiliated the mighty Giants, 63-7. Even worse for Owen, a sequel to the upset lay ahead.

Owen, having failed to win the title by the margin of that single dewas confronted at the winter draft meetings by a Pittsburgh sports-writer, Jack Sell, who said, "Okay, Steve, if you say it was so smart to kick off, tell me one thing-tell me why you didn't elect to kick off again after Chandnois scored that touch-

down."
"Listen, Sell," snorted Owen, "all I'm telling you is we did the right thing, and if we win the toss next season we'll kick off against the Steelers again.

Apparently Owen had a change of heart, however, for he chose to re-ceive when next the Giants met the Steelers, and his Giants promptly drove for a touchdown. Only then did the Giants kick off. At which point Chandnois caught the kick and ran 93 yards for a touchdown. Shucks, said the Steelers to themselves, this is last year's game all over again. And they proceeded to beat the Giants again.

No, it is not the blow that brings the victory that intrigues the lover of underdogs but, rather, the circumstance that leads to the victorious blow. Bobby Thomson's home run—the un-forgettable ninth-innning smash that gave the New York Giants victory over the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1951 playoff-would not have come about, Leo Durocher believes, had it not been for loud voices overhead through paper-thin clubhouse wall. The Giants were a beaten team when the Dodgers whipped them for the 12th time in 15 games on the night of August 9. For the Dodgers' sake, the wall separating the two clubhouses at Ebbets Field should have been

"You could hear that goddam Dressen," said Durocher later. "You could hear him yell, plain as day, 'Hey, Pee Wee, have a beer. When we win, Dressen buys the beer. Then a couple of them got together just like a bunch of kids and yelled, 'Eat your heart out, Leo. So that's your kind of team.

"Then them s.o.b.'s started to sing that goddam Roll Out the Barrel song. They sang it, 'We got the Giants on the run.' They were lousy singers but we got the idea."

And, of course, so well did the Giants get the idea that, although 13 games behind the Dodgers, they pro-ceeded to win 16 straight and give Bobby Thomson a chance to hit his home run.

Of all the popular sports, baseball obviously is the one in which the underdog has the least chance to win the championship. A 162-game sched-ule flattens out the upstarts and brings the team with superior manpower to the fore. The word underdog itself derives from the term "under dog" (used to describe the animal at a disadvantage in a dog fight), and the term dog fight, as we have come to know it, best describes a close sixmonth pennant race. Yet so infrequently does a far-down underdog rise to defeat the pack that when one shows signs of doing so, there develops a national groundswell of excitement that no other sport inspires. I was born long after Boston's Miracle Braves of 1914 made their incredible run for the pennant, yet anyone who reads the accounts of that season must choose those Braves as the most wonderful package of underdogs in all

of baseball history.

"We were not only in last place the Fourth of July," second-baseman Johnny Evers recalled, "but just after the holiday we lost an exhibition game to a soap-company team. That's how bad we were." Indeed the Braves did not leave the cellar until July 19 did not leave the cellar until July 19.

But what manner of preposterous underdogs were these? For one thing, they were roughnecks almost to a man. (I say almost because one of them, George Davis, who pitched a late-season no-hitter, was a Harvard law student.) They were managed by a wild man named George Stallings, who, during half a season of atrociously bad luck, continued to rage at his players, fining them astronomical sums, none of which he collected. Nevertheless, the players responded to Stallings. In a bases-loaded situation he instructed Rabbit Maranville, who was due to bat against fastballer Babe

Adams, to get hit by a pitch.

Adams fired two strikes down the middle. Now Maranville was despermiddle. Now Maranville was desperate. The third pitch, too, blazed down the middle, but Maranville illegally put himself in front of it—to be more exact, he put his head in front of it.

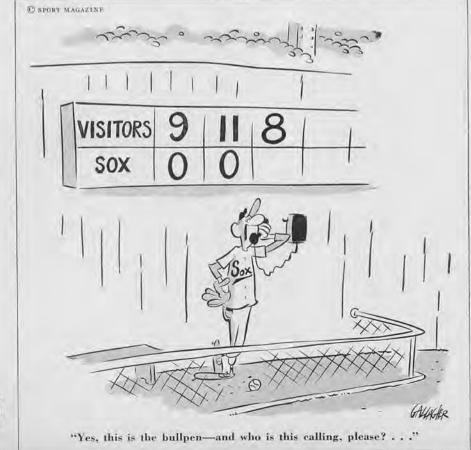
"If you can walk to first base," said Umpire Charlie Moran, "Til let you get away with it."

Maranville staggered to first base.

Maranville staggered to first base. He then had to be taken to the clubhouse, but the game-winning run had

been forced in.

Just as the Giants of '51 had that fortuitous paper-thin wall, the Braves of '14 had a source of inspiration upon which all their energies were focused. In spring training Stallings had regarded his town of a source of the stallings and regarded his town of the source of the stallings and regarded his town of the stallings had regarded his team as a contender and had told his players they need worry about only one team, John McGraw's Giants, who had won three straight pennants. In the months that ensued, even when the Braves were at their lowest form, they clung to the notion that they were in a two-team race between themselves and the Giants. There was none of today's any-teamin-this-league-can-win-it baloney to be heard from Stallings or his players. They had a target, the Giants, and it



was almost as if the other teams did not exist

And when the Braves began, at last, to creep up on the Giants, Boston became the scene of a holy war. When centerfielder Fred Snodgrass of the Giants thumbed his nose at a Boston player, Mayor James M. Curley raced onto the field to insist that umpires put Snodgrass out of the game for inciting to riot. The Giants were badly shaken by these ridiculous Boston madmen and their maniacal supporters, and they fell apart. The nation went wild over the Braves and pulled hard for them as they beat Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics in four World Series games. In Dallas of World Series games. In Dallas, a young reporter named Al Laney, who later was to become a first-rate New York sportswriter, was fired because, as Harold Kaese tells us in his titillating book The Boston Braves, "he was watching an electric scoreboard portray the game, while somewhat nearer at hand a train wreck required his undivided attention."

As one ponders the American love affair with the popular underdogs of yesterday and today, there emerge little ironies that are more amusing than disturbing. Down through the years, fair-minded people decried the the fact that George Preston Marshall did not sign a Negro for the Washington Redskins. Reluctantly, Marshall finally bowed to pressure last year. Bobby Mitchell, his first Negro, immediately transformed the Red-As one ponders the American love immediately transformed the Red-skins into a contender. The public packed the stadium to see those darling underdog Redskins, and Marshall sat back and picked up the money. The fans did not care.

George Weiss more or less stepped across the street from the office of the hated Yankees, where his image was that of a dispassionate money manager, and organized a pathetic club called the Mets, whom New York promptly took to its bosom. Who cared if George Weiss was behind the

scenes?

And New York itself, that cold, concrete metropolis where newspaper peddlers snap at tourists and lonely girls from Elkhart and Chattanooga lie sobbing in their furnished rooms, is the champion lover of the underdog. Time and again, Madison Square Garden crowds have gotten behind an out-of-town basketball darkhorse and rooted it to the championship of the National Invitation Tournament. An Ohio school that is called Xavier sent its basketball team to the NIT in 1958, almost with ill wishes. Xavier students had hanged the coach in effigy and pelted the players with snowballs one day as they were leaving on a road trip. Nor was the campus much won over to the team when it was selected as the 12th and last team for

the NIT field.

In New York the Xavier players were startled to hear people cheering them. Uplifted, they beat Niagara, Bradley, St. Bonaventure, and Dayton, and won the tournament. But if you ask a newspaper peddler for directons to the subway, you'll still get a dirty

Perhaps the greatest irony of all is that an underdog, once he has done his work and done it well, is apt to fall from public favor. In two short years the Pirates, badgered by their public, have had to trade three-quarters of their '60 infield. ElRoy Face, the gallant, little guy, who moved down gallant little guy who mowed down enemy oxen night after night, was



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still a brilliant, hard-working reliever last year but was booed as if he had put wet paint on everybody's seat. A. J. Liebling, writing of the prize

rings, says:
"The names of the conquerors of Hannibal and Terry McGovern are seldom spoken. The cult of Napoleon envelops the globe, but only Tory biographers have a kind word for Wellington. One thing all of these victors have in common is that they went into the ring as long shots; the man who demolishes a concept is never

popular."
That may be putting it a little strongly, but it is true that even the artistic James J. Corbett was a long time in winning public acceptance after he had demolished the idol John L. Sullivan. ("Corbett?" John L. had said before the fight. "Bah! All I need to lick him is a haircut and a shaye.") to lick him is a haircut and a shave. I suspect Tom Gibbons, one of the most popular underdogs of all time, was better off in the long run for hav-ing failed to defeat Jack Dempsey in the infamous match that came to be known as The Sack of Shelby. Probably no fighter ever faced a more hostile crowd than did Dempsey, when he defended his title against Gibbons

in Shelby, Montana, on July 4, 1923. The reasons were clearly apparent:
For one thing, Dempsey was despised as a World War I slacker (though he had been formally acquitted of the charge). Secondly, Gibbons hailed from St. Paul and was therefore native to the Northwest. Third, he was a proper underdog, being 14 pounds lighter than Dempsey and six years older. Fourth, Dempsey's manager, Doc Kearns, had more or less committed economic rape on the town of Shelby, which, in its civic anxiety to promote a title fight that would attract national attention, had agreed to terms that were so beyond its means that Kearns later was able to point out with managerial pride that the fight had led to the closing of four banks.

All told, the circumstances under which the fight took place were such that Kearns deemed it judicious to import an artillery company of Chi-cago tough guys to protect his fighter

and self.

Had Gibbons upset Dempsey he would have been carried off on the crowd's shoulders and toasted from coast to coast. But having triumphed, he would have destroyed a concept. And just as only Tory biographers have a kind work for Wellington, does it not follow that only the biographers it not follow that only the biographers of the Northwest would, in the years following, have a kind word for Tom Gibbons? As it happened, Dempsey whipped him soundly, but in defeat the popular underdog fashioned a perfect formula for popularity. He went 15 rounds—the first man to stay the distance with Dempsey. His moral victory may well have been more profitable in the long run than a fistic victory. He subsequently entered politics and remained a popular politipolitics and remained a popular political figure until his death.

In the last analysis, Americans love the underdog but are fickle in their love. Yet if they discard him quickly, that is reasonable. There is nothing he can do for an encore after having scored a great upset. The great upset is the supreme moment in sports, even if Arnold Palmer fans sometimes act

as though they don't know it.

"NO ONE ROOTS FOR GOLIATH"

(Continued from page 28) or Heinsohn or Cousy. They forget that. The other guys are doing their jobs but it's always Russell who beats us. They can't say that every time Russell holds me under my average that Boston wins. If they could say that then we would be two key factors. But I've scored 63 and 65 points in Boston and we've lost. This is a fact.

Holtzman:

Last time you were here you said Russell was "half of a player." You said this because he concentrates primarily on defense.

Chamberlain:

Well, I shouldn't say that; shouldn't be so strong about it. But he gets paid for playing defense and rebound-ing. That's his job and he does the best job I've ever seen done. I shouldn't call him "half of a player."
It's like the man who gets paid for hitting home runs. He hits one out every
four times but that doesn't make him half of a hitter because he doesn't hit the short ball. This is what he's getting paid to do. A pitcher gets paid for pitching and not hitting. He might get just one hit a year but pitch 20 no-hitters. He may be the greatest pitcher but that doesn't make him the greatest player. He's just doing his job.

Holtzman:

I've checked some statistics and have come up with what may be some surprising figures. Last year you and Russell played head-to-head ten times. You outscored him, 397 points to 185, He never outscored you and three times you held him to 11 points. Also in these ten games you out-rebounded him seven times. He outrebounded you only three times. Twice he had one more, 31-30 and 29-28, and the other time he led 28-21.

I've always out-rebounded him consistently, but no one talks about that. I hold all the rebounding records, but everyone is always saying Russell is the better rebounder. Do you know I set the single-game record for re-bounds? I had 55 rebounds in one game and it was against Russell. Look it up. But they knock me. You figure it out. It's pretty hard to blow your own horn.

Holtzman:

You have said you doubted if Russell could ever score as many as 50 points in a game.

Chamberlain:

That's only part of what I said. What I meant is that suppose he had to score 50 points a game and get all those rebounds and block all those shots. I said I didn't think he could.

Holtzman:

Prior to this season his high game was

Chamberlain:

What I mean about him is that he would find it a lot harder scoring 50 points than mastering defense. He's been playing defense; that's all he's ever played. Some people have been shooting all their lives but this doesn't

make them good shooters. Some are better than others. Russell deserves all the credit he gets. But he does have certain things that make him great on defense. He has quick reflexes and quick recovery and this makes him a great blocker of shots. These are great attributes but wouldn't help him much in scoring. But you take a great touch, which he doesn't have, and he would become a big scorer—if he worked just on scoring. How great a scorer I don't know. He might average 25, 28 points a game.

Holtzman:

A 25-point average is half of yours.

I'm a better shooter. Russell has never been a good shooter. Everyone knows that. I don't say this to be critical because he doesn't have to shoot to help his team. That's my point. He's great on defense but I've seen him walk back on offense because he's not worried. He does his main job on defense. Sure he can help on offense and he does. But he worried to be a put he worried. fense and he does. But how many shots does he have to take? With me it's different. Bring the ball down to me and I score.

Holtzman:

Then you obviously regard yourself as the more complete player?

Chamberlain:

Of course. It makes my job harder to know that I must do more. Maybe I could cut down my scoring from 50 to 30 points and this definitely would give me more opportunity to play better defense and get two or three more rebounds. But with my team it's different. Russell fits his team, Put him on a team where they den't have the outside shears. don't have the outside shooters and where he's got to take more shots and see how many championships they win. That's why he's good for Boston. They don't need him to score.

Holtzman:

This past week Alex Hannum, the Syracuse coach, told me: "The reason so many pros have a greater admiration for Russell is because he does what Chamberlain doesn't do. He plays defense and he rebounds and he excels in the two most important but least publicized areas of the game. That's where games are won and lost on the boards and on defense."

Chamberlain:

Actually he says defense and the boards are defense. That's what tees me off. Russell excels on defense. But I'm the better rebounder. I think it was last season there was a big story about Russell leading in rebounds. He was averaging 24.8 and I was averaging 24.7. They ought to check the figures at the end of the season. The figures are honest. They don't lie.

Hannum's comments seem to be typical. Why do so many pros seem to prefer Russell? There are always arguments about who is the better player, Russell or Chamberlain, and often Russell is chosen first.

Chamberlain:

I read an article in a California paper about that-and I think it hit upon

the reason. The article said the players like him (Russell) because if their man goes by them and drives in, then Russell picks the man up. But if Russell wasn't there they would get the blame for allowing their man to score. This makes a lot of sense and also everyone seems to like a person a little better who is doing a job that he gets less credit for than the man next to him. Even on a football team. You might not find Paul Hornung loved most. It may be one of the tackles who the players really like because that tackle isn't getting all the credit he deserves. He's out there blocking, blocking, blocking. I don't say this is true. But I have known it say this is true. But I have known it to be true in some cases. Everyone liked Maurice Stokes because he played the same kind of game as Russell. Defense—and he hit those boards hard. Give me the ball and I shoot. That's why these guys would like to have Russell on their team. That's a helluva way to put it but I believe that's the reason. If they get believe that's the reason. If they get me they're going to shoot less.

Do you feel you could play with a team such as the Celtics even though you'd be passing more and shooting

Chamberlain: Russell and I are two different types. How I would adjust to Boston and how he would adjust to playing for the Warriors, this I don't know. No one knows. I'm doing my job as best as I can. This is what's important to me.

Holtzman:

Have you ever tried playing strictly defense? I know last year the first time you played against Bellamy you blocked his first nine shots. He didn't get a shot off until the last minute of the first quarter and then he had to go deep into the right corner. After his first few meetings with Russell, Bellamy did exceptionally well against him—out-rebounding and outdid exceptionally well scoring Bill most of the time. But he's never had much success playing against you.

Chamberlain:

Bellamy is tough. He goes to the outside and I can get into trouble when I follow him. If he passes off I can be squeezed in; I can't get back under the basket in time. But you ask about defense. I've tried playing strictly de-fense. I did it in the playoffs against Syracuse last year. In the first game it worked, but in the second game our shooters weren't hitting from the outside and I was passing up easy shots that would have helped us. When the series was tied 2-2 I went back to my regular game. I started shooting again and we won the fifth game. I won't say we won because I was shooting but my percentage is the highest in the league and if you have a higher percentage, by rights you should be taking the most shots. That's the way the coaches feel. I've never had a coach say, "Look, I want you to play defense, pass and don't score." I would do that. But no coach I've ever had has wanted me to do that.

Holtzman:

Just to correct the record, you didn't have the highest shooting percentage in the league last season. Bellamy shot 51 percent.

Chamberlain:

That's right. I shot 50. But I shoot a lot more than he does.

Holtzman:

Getting back to Russell. I have one more question. Last year I saw a column by Milton Gross of the New York Post in which you said there wasn't any doubt in your mind that you were superior to Russell in all-around ability. You said "if Russell played me one-on-one I'd beat him easilu.

Chamberlain:

I didn't mean just Russell. I meant any man. I don't think any one man could guard me in the over-all picture. I'd come out points and rebounds ahead. Those are the two major factors-scoring and rebounds. No one man can play me even for a whole game. Even Russell has help, which is part of the game. Basketball is not one-on-one; that's what teammates are for, to help you out. And if two men are guarding me, then that means one of my men should be free. I help my team in that way,

Holtzman:

What player would give you the stiffest test if you were to play halfcourt, one-on-one?

Chamberlain:
Well, I don't know. It's pretty hard
to say. I imagine (Oscar) Robertson
or (Elgin) Baylor. It would be a game scoring and rebounds. Oscar wouldn't have anyone to pass to except the basket. It would be almost impossible for Oscar or Baylor to guard me. I imagine a bigger man such as Russell would have a better time but Oscar would have a better chance of scoring because he can move and hit from out.

Robertson was recently described as the perfect pro. Do you agree with this?

Chamberlain:

He's probably the closest because he has the most natural attributes—superb shot, superb passer, good re-bounder and good floor general. But when I say perfect pro I mean perfect in his position. Oscar wouldn't be a perfect center. But Oscar is closer to being a perfect guard than Baylor is to a perfect forward. These things are relative.

Holtzman:

How about Bob Cousy? Wouldn't you have liked to play with him? He can shoot from outside and draw out the defense, and also pass to you from virtually any angle.

Chamberlain:

Well, I think Guy Rodgers is adequate enough. Guy does the job of passing more than Cousy. I'd rather play with someone like Robertson who can not only pass but shoot. But even so I'd just as soon have a fellow like Sam Jones or Willie Naulls (who had joined the Warriors earlier in the week, coming in a deal from the Knicks). They take the pressure off the inside man. We've never had a Costello, who's a good outside shooting guard, or a Dick Barnett. This is the type of player who could help me to full advantage.



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Holtzman:

Apparently you don't think too highly of Cousy.

Chamberlain:

He's a great player but sometimes he says things he shouldn't be saying. Like last season when I scored 100 points. Cousy said there was nothing at stake, that it was a late-season game and that the Knicks probably weren't trying. Very ridiculous statement, him being in the same profession. He should know they're going to be trying their damndest. Very distasteful. Why knock me? He's in the same living I am. I just didn't think it was kosher. I wouldn't knock him if he had 30 or 35 assists.

Holtzman:

When you scored 100 points I had the feeling that many people who don't like basketball regarded it as a noth-ing achievement. This just proved to them what they've been contending -that there's no defense.

Chamberlain: You're right. I've met people like that. The game has changed since the days of Mikan. The 24-second rule has been a change but the biggest change is that the shooters are better. Check Mikan's percentage. He shot 37, 38 percent and in those days 40 percent probably would have won the whole thing. We're becoming more profound at our art—and the art of the game is putting the ball in the basket. Of course people can say I should defend the high scoring because I'm a major contributor. But it isn't just that. Cincinnati, as a team, is now shooting 47 percent. My first year in the league I won with 46 percent. Dischinger (Terry Dischinger, a rookie corner-man with the Chicago Zephyrs) just got here and he's hitting 54 percent. The defense is as good—I think it's better. Now teams are beginning to keep a big man deep so you can't drive all the way in. It's the performers. They are becoming more and more accurate. The centers are a lot more agile, move a lot faster and score more points. Everyone is bigger and stronger and shoots better. I'm not a rarity. Now as I walk around I see so many fellows 6-9 or 6-11. Right here today, at the airport, I walked right by a seven-footer. He plays at Kansas State. But this applies to everyone. People are bigger. We are in an accelerated age in more ways than one.

Holtzman:

What about your free-throw shooting? You missed 13 straight in one game this season and your over-all percentage is 57 percent. This is poor even at the high-school level. Bunny Levitt (a champion free-throw shooter who has occasionally tutored players in the NBA) recently said he gave up on you because you wouldn't practice.

Chamberlain:

I'm not formulating any excuses. I should do better. But to me foul shooting is a matter of concentration and relaxation. It's hard for a fellow who is rebounding and running hard to relax in three, four seconds. Sharman's the perfect example. All he ever did was shoot. The same muscles were working. Fellows like myself and Russell when we come to the line our

shooting muscles aren't relaxed and we're going to get little jerks and spasms and tightening. I can't relax and so I don't make as many.

Holtzman:

This is your fourth season in the NBA and already you've scored more than 10,000 points. It took Mikan nine years to score 11,000 and Schayes 14 years to get 18,000. Do you think you can continue at this pace?

Chamberlain:

No reason for me to slack off, but as time goes on I probably will get less points because we're getting better shooters and this will cause me to shoot less.

Holtzman:

You hold just about every record in the book.

Chamberlain:

I can't think of any I don't hold. No, I don't hold the assist record. I suppose Cousy has that.

Holtzman:

What record means the most?

Chamberlain:

The one I'm proudest of? Well, that's my 50.4 average (in 1961-62) over 80 games. That was something because it wasn't one game but a full season. Greatness is marked by consistency, not by a flash in the pan. I'd rather be a consistent .320 hitter than have a ten-game hitting streak and then not get a hit for a week. When you're consistent you're dependable. I wanted Mantle to get 61 homers the year before last because I felt he deserved it more than Maris. Mantle has been the consistent hitter, not Maris. This is just a personal feeling.

Holtzman:

One fact that I think is quite important is that you almost always play the full 48 minutes. Could you do better if you had more rest?

Chamberlain:

No, if I sat for two minutes and then got back in it would take me too long to generate, so it wouldn't be any help. In most cases, even with me tired, I'm still a help. I don't think I'm shortening my toll. I had a streak of 60 or 70 complete games that was broken last season. There was seven minutes left against Los Angeles and I was thrown out because of a second technical. It was an automatic ejection. There was a hassle involving one of the Warrior players and I stepped in and protested too strenuously. I was fined.

Holtzman:

Isn't it rather incredible that you've never fouled out of an NBA game? For example, the night you scored 100 points there were only two fouls called against you. Many coaches think you get the best of the offici-

Chamberlain:

It is surprising that I don't foul out but it's one of my attributes. Some people say, "See, he isn't playing de-fense." But you can get six offensive fouls as quickly as six defensive fouls. By shooting so much I'm taking just as many chances to foul. But this is how people think. They try to find something to knock.

This should please you. Abe Saper-stein, the owner-coach of the Harlem Globetrotters, recently picked his two all-time teams. He picked one all-Trotter team and one all-pro team. You were the only player chosen on the first team of both of these clubs.

Chamberlain:

I'm very impressed. I think they (the Trotters) helped me a great deal. was a smart move on my part. (This was in reference to Chamberlain's one season with the Trotters in 1958-59, the season before he entered the NBA.) They play for show but they also play fundamental basketball. Wonderful passing and wonderful ball-handling. It helped my running and passing game. With the Trotters the clown (Meadowlark Lemon) takes the center spot. I could have taken a corner but I took a guard because they do most of the running. wanted to learn how to handle the ball better and get a different perspective of the game.

Holtzman:

After your rookie season in the NBA you said you were going to quit. You said it wasn't worth the physical beating. Are you sorry you didn't quit then?

Chamberlain:

I never said it just that way. Anyway, that's a dead issue. I'd rather keep that dead. I am happy I changed my mind when I did.

Holtzman:

Are you looking forward to retiring?

Chamberlain:

I take one year at a time and so I can't say I'm looking forward to it. I think we can win the championship this year. That's what I want to do, I can't understand how we've lost ten in a row.

Holtzman:

One more question: Johnny Kerr of Syracuse recently said, "Leave Chamberlain alone. Don't wake him up. Let him sleep.

Chamberlain (Smiling):

I don't know whether I catch the true quote. Possibly what he means is that I'm not playing to my full ability. A lot of people think that. Just what they think my full potential is I don't know. I think as far as the situation presents—as far as the team I am playing with—that I'm doing what's necessary to do.

The San Francisco Warriors lost their 11th successive game that night, to the Chicago Zephyrs. Chamberlain played the full 48 minutes, had 21 rebounds and 29 points, 22 below his average and had one 14-minute stretch in the first half when Bellamy held him scoreless from the field. Bellamy played 41 minutes, also had 21 rebounds and, despite taking 13 fewer shots from the floor, finished with 28 points. It was one of the few times Bellamy had clearly outplayed Chamberlain. Booed earlier by Chicago fans, Bellamy (a younger Goliath) was given a standing ovation when he fouled out. Chamberlain and the Warriors departed in silence for the flight back to San Francisco.

STAN MUSIAL'S FIGHT TO KEEP PLAYING

(Continued from page 31) Anything they want to do is okay. Now we'll see what happens. I'll be back in the lineup soon." But after the Pirate deal failed, Stan began talking privately of quitting at the All-Star Games' interlude. Still, he continued to drive himself in practice.

Why?
"Because of something I learned last year from George Crowe," Stan said, referring to the Cardinals' pinchhitter. "I watched George punish himself in practice and asked him about it. 'The more time you spend the bench, the harder you've got on the bench, the harder you've got to work to be ready when you're called,' he said."

Well before the All-Star Games, Musial was called. In late June, with Nieman injured, Hemus put Musial in left field. Stan made 20 hits in his first 41 at-bats, raising his average from .238 to .300. Instead of quitting at the All-Star interlude, Stan played in both All-Star Games. In the first, he pinch hit and singled. In the sec-

ond, again pinch-hitting, he homered. Overall, Stan batted 275 in 1960. He was at his best against Pittsburgh as he led the Cardinals from the second division into pennant contention. Three times in August, when the race narrowed, Musial beat the Pirates with home runs. In St. Louis he hit a two-run homer late in one game to beat Bob Friend, 3-1. The next night he hit one in the ninth to beat Roy Face, 5-4. And a few days later, at Pittsburgh, Stan beat Friend again with a 12th-inning, two-run homer. "By then," Musial said, grinning,

"when I'd go home to Donora to visit my mother, even friends and neighbors were giving me a hard look. They were happy I was hitting, but not when I beat their Bucs."

Understandably, the Cardinals were pleased when Stan announced he'd play again in 1961. In '61 he boosted his average to .288, but didn't prepare even his most ardent admirers for the

heroics that came in 1962.

At 42 Musial played in 135 games and came to bat enough times to qualify for the 1962 batting title. And, incredibly, for a time it seemed he might win it. Ultimately he finished third in National League batting to Davis and Frank Robinson. In bidding for his eighth batting championship, he hit 330, with 18 doubles, one triple, 19 home runs, three stolen bases and 82 RBI. What happened?

"I worked even harder last winter than I had the previous two when I'd put in plenty of time at the gym," Musial explained. "And I cut my weight. As a rookie more than 20 years ago, I'd played at 175, then had gone up gradually to 187, but last year was down to 180, and I could tell the

difference. "Where? In a quicker swing—less weight at the waist, you know—but mostly in my legs. The last couple of years, because of getting older, I

guess, I really jarred my body, shook myself up, when I had to slide hard. But, lighter, hitting the dirt didn't seem to bother me. Shows what a few pounds mean to an athlete."

One other factor apparently con-tributed to Musial's amazing season. He reveled in the confidence Cardinal manager Johnny Keane had in him.

Keane, who replaced Hemus in midseason, 1961, talked to Musial—and about him—the day the '61 season

ended.

"As much as Stan did for us, I'm convinced he can do more," Keane said. "The guy has an astonishing body and wasn't really tired when the season was over. I plan to use him more in 1962, not less, because we need

him in there.

From opening day when he de-livered "3 for 3" in a victory over the New York Mets, Musial made 1962 one to be remembered whenever an older athlete needs a shining example by way of incentive. The Man broke more records than a disc jockey with a hangover-and he broke them dra-

On April 13 he broke the National League career record for runs scored as the Cardinals beat the Cubs in 15 innings. On May 6, against Cincinnati, he broke the league record for most games played and capped it by hitting

game-winning three-run homer. The biggest record came later. early May, Musial made his 3429th hit, one shy of the National League record for hits, held for more than 40 years by Honus Wagner. Suddenly he With photographers and slumped. television cameramen waiting record the historic hit, he went hitless three straight games in St. Louis.

At San Francisco, on May 16, a week after No. 3429, Stan got his 3430th hit. The record-breaking hit came three nights later at Los

Angeles.

Afterward, while Musial was eating in the Dodgers' stadium club, Jack Buck, St. Louis' announcer, mentioned almost casually that Jack Hogan, Associated Press photographer in St. Louis, had died unexpectedly of a heart attack.

Musial put down his fork and, in tears, excused himself. When he returned, composed, he explained that he had felt the loss not only because Hogan had taken many pictures of him over a period of several years, but also because the AP man had sweated out the big hit that hadn't come, night after night, during the previous home

stand.
"I just couldn't believe he was gone," said the star who usually masks gone," said the star who usually masks his feelings behind Slavic stoicism.

Hit No. 3431 had another postscript. Musial's wife, Lil, was trying to stay awake to listen to the game, played after midnight because of a two-hour time difference. She fell asleep on a divan and did not hear the recordbreaking hit.
"I guess I'm just old for this game,

said Lil with a good-natured sigh.
"It's for young guys like Stan."
Lil was at the ball park, though, in

July when Stan became the all-time major-league leader in total bases and she was in the Polo Grounds stands in New York, with 12-year-old daughter Janet, when Stan became the oldest player ever to hit three homers in one Afterward as Lil beamed, daughter Janet smiled shyly. She'd been surprised, she said. Surprised? "Yes," said the deflating teenager, "I thought daddy would strike out."



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Later that month, at the All-Star Game in Washington, Stan shook hands with President John F. Kennedy, for whom he had campaigned. When Stan came up to pinch-hit during the game the President said to Commissioner Ford Frick:

"I hope the old man gets a hit." Musial lined a single to right field. The next day, he, Lil and Janet were taken on a trip through the White

House by the man who lives there.

Musial's family figured happily in three other episodes last season. the first time in his career, Stan didn't show up for a game at his request. He took off to watch his oldest daughter, Geraldine, graduate from high school and his son, Dick, graduate from Notre Dame University. En route to rejoining the Cardinals, The Man was given an honorary degree by Mon-mouth College as a doctor of humanities

Dr. Musial's entire family, includ-ing three-year-old daughter Jeannie, were with him at New York in July when the city gave Stan a "night" at the Polo Grounds. A while later, on July 25, Stan broke another record, the National League RBI record.

Down the stretch, when he passed Tris Speaker and gained second place behind Ty Cobb in total major-league hits, Stan was particularly troublesome against the pennant-contending Dodgers and Giants. The night before the last Cardinal-Giant game, Stan was the dinner guest of Giant owner Horace Stoneham.

"Take it easy on us tomorrow," Stoneham said.

"Now, now, Horace," Musial said, grinning, "the last time you asked me to do that was at my restaurant the

night before I hit the five home runs against you.'

The next day Musial collected five

hits in five at-bats.
At Los Angeles, in the Cardinals' season-ending series, Musial delivered a key tenth-inning hit that set up the winning run in a 3-2 St. Louis victory. The Cardinals won three straight, bringing about the National League repnant playeff pennant playoff.

All in all, 1962 was quite a season for Stan. Fighting hard, he beat back old age. So it was shocking to learn that, even for the moment, Branch Rickey considered asking Musial to retire. The Cardinals' club president, Gussie Busch, reacted to Rickey's statement with well-chosen, hoarse-

voiced bluntness.
"Since when," said Busch, "do you ask a .330 hitter to retire until you've

got his equal to replace him?
"I told Frank Lane five years ago that Musial wouldn't be traded and I'm repeating now that Stan will finish his playing career in the Cardinals' uniform and that no one will wear his

No. 6 again.
"We need Stan's bat. He'll let us know when he's ready to quit. Hell, you don't just cast aside someone who figures as a vice-president in your future plans."

Musial, despite his fondness of Busch, his respect for Bing Devine and appreciation of Johnny Keane, was hurt and stunned before the big boss spoke and before Rickey recanted. (Mr. Rickey said it was all a misunderstanding, that he thought Stan had intended to quit after the 1962

Musial found it hard to believe he wouldn't be wanted because he already had spoken with Devine and Keane, who had said they were counting on him. "I won't retire," he said flatly. "Not in the good shape I'm in and the way I hit the ball. If the Cardinals don't want me, I know some other clubs that do."

Later, when it was pointed out he would be on the spot this season, an underdog to Father Time and Branch Rickey, Musial chuckled. "I've been on the spot ever since I

decided to gamble against a college education in favor of a \$65-a-month professional baseball career 25 years ago," he said.

Seriously viewing 1963, Stan (The Amazing Man) Musial said, "I've had challenge to meet ever since I learned the hard way, four years ago, that I couldn't just play myself into shape. I've worked even harder this with my own exercising winter. equipment at home to supplement my

workouts at St. Louis University, because, though I feel fine, I am a year

older.
"With the deals Devine made for George Altman and Dick Groat, we've got a chance-an outside chance-and there's one thing I'd like better than one more good year. That would be to go out on a winner. I've got to quit some time."

Regrettably.

- -

HOCKEY HOTHEAD

(Continued from page 47) happen to anybody who sees a pal in trouble. But the brawl in the hockey rink at Kitchener, Ontario, last May, that one could have happened only to

Howie Young.

Some background is necessary. When the Red Wings farmed out Young last winter they sent him as far as they could: to their Western Hockey League team in Edmonton, Alberta, on the rim of the Canadian Rockies. This Young is Canada's cowboy country. bought himself a pair of black boots and black ten-gallon hat and blue levis. He palled around with a rodeo clown who owned a pet buffalo. He adopted Edmonton and Edmonton adopted him. After helping the team win the WHL playoffs he returned to his Hamilton, Ontario, home and a few days later he put on his cowboy later and house to provide Kitch clothing and drove to nearby Kitch-ener. The Edmonton Oil King Juniors, an affiliate of the WHL team, were playing the Hamilton Red Wings there in the Memorial Cup playoffs for Can-ada's coast-to-coast Junior hockey title.

Young was rooting for Edmonton. So much so that during the time-outs he would climb onto the sideboards and act as a cheerleader. This infuriated Eddie Bush, the Hamilton coach. When Young strolled by the Hamilton

bench they both began swinging.
Out of the crowd came a plain-Out of the crowd came a plain-clothes detective to break up the fight and escort Young out of the arena. Young began swinging again. The next day he was up on a charge of assault causing bodily harm. The detective had a black eye and facial cuts, an ailing back and a bruised elbow. "All ailing back and a bruised elbow. "All I knew," Howie says, "is that he was coming at me. I didn't know he was a cop." He was fined \$100 in lieu of a ten-day jail sentence, Sid Abel, who had witnessed the battle while scouting his farmhands, shook his head and just about gave up on reforming his bellicose badman.

"It was embarrassing," Abel said, "seeing one of our players acting like that. But I knew I had to give Howie another chance. He has too much natural ability. And he really nails a guy. You need somebody like that on a

hockey team.'

During the summer it had become Sid Abel's team. The Red Wings last season floundered in fifth place and missed the Stanley Cup playoffs. Owner Bruce Norris shook up the front office. He retired Jack Adams, the general manager, and put Abel in charge. Abel also stayed on as coach. As general manager, however, it was up to Abel to sign the players.

Young says he was delighted with Abel's appointment. "I never could talk to Adams," Young says. "I'd walk into his office like a little school-kid going in to see the principal. He tried all kinds of therapy with me-all but the one that would work: talking to me. He never talked to me. He told me. But with Sid it was different. From some of the stories about me, you might not think I'm shy. But I am. I never asked for any money before this season. I always took what they gave me. Playing hockey is all I ever wanted to do and I was happy to do it. But with Sid I got up my courage and told him what I thought I was worth. I didn't get all of it but I got most of it. And Sid talked to me. It wasn't like that with Adams. Sid told me, 'Forget everything and let's go to work. You can really help this club,' That's what I wanted to hear.

Young responded by starting the season playing the best hockey of his tempestuous career. His teammates

responded by praising him publicly.
"We need Howie," Gordie Howe
said. "Toronto won the Stanley Cup last year with a hard-hitting defense

and now we've got one, too."

"He needs a little polish," said Bill Gadsby, Young's partner on defense, "but he's got the ability to become a terrific player."

"He has been terrific this season," Abel said, "and I expect him to hold up. I don't think anything will spoil it."

Abel had his fingers crossed, of course, because the Red Wings had been fooled by Young in the past. They thought he was going to stay with the team permanently, for instance, after the 1961 Stanley Cup playoffs. They had called him up in January, 1961, from Hershey of the American Hockey League. They knew he was a hot potato—160 penalty-minutes in only 33 games—but they thought they could control him. "He's a rough kid," Jack Adams said at the time. "His big prob-lem is that if someone lets him have it, he won't forget about it. He's always going back for the guy. He's got to realize there'll be other games."

In his second NHL game, Young lowered his left shoulder and sent Ralph Backstrom, a Montreal center, sprawling to the ice. Backstrom was knocked unconscious but, in the con-fusion, Young wasn't penalized. Toe fusion, Young wasn't penalized. Toe Blake, the Montreal coach, complained bitterly after the game but Young shrugged off the accusations that he was a headhunter. "I didn't think I hit Backstrom that hard," Howie said. "I could've hit him a lot harder than that."

The word began to spread: Keep an eye on Howie Young. And the penalties began to add up-too quickly to

suit Adams.
"Young is a marked man," Adams griped. "He has a reputation as a rough player so the referees watch him for things they would miss in another player."

Adams was hoping to put the pres-

sure on the referees instead of Young. But, looking back, Howie thinks Adams made it even worse.

"Maybe Adams was trying to help me," he says now, "but he hurt me. He put me in the limelight. The refs didn't

let up on me."
Howie Young didn't exactly let up, either, especially on Toronto goal-tenders. Soon after Adams complained that "referees watch him for things they would miss in another player, he did something that no referee could miss. Johnny Bower, the Maple Leaf goalie, skated 20 feet out from his net to clear a loose puck. Young skated into him.

"I didn't see Young coming," Bower said a few minutes later in the first-aid room at the Olympia, "I've had aid room at the Olympia. "I've had worse things happen but," he added in his gentle manner, "I don't think a fellow should put his stick in your face

like that."

There was blood on Bower's mouth where Young's stick had nicked it. More important, the collision resulted in strained knee muscles for Bower and he had to be hospitalized. Frank Udvari, the referee, called a charging penalty on Young and, since he had drawn blood, it was an automatic five minutes. "Hell," Young said that night, "I was going for the puck, too." The incident prompted one NHL coach -not Punch Imlach of Toronto-to comment, "I hate to see Bower hurt by a man who's lucky to be in the NHL."

Adams was angered by the remark. 'Lucky to be what?" he said. "Young has fine potential. Rookie defensemen often are untamed. Look at Carl Brewer (of Toronto) and Fontinato. But they settled down and became good players. They got their chance. That's all I want for Young."

Two weeks later Young got a

chance; a chance to run down another Toronto goalie. Cesare Maniago was subbing for Bower. He skated behind the net to clear the puck and Young shoved him. By now the word was out among the NHL players. "If I had known it was Young," Maniago snarled after the game, "I would've snarled after the game, "I would've given him the stick. I was told that if he came at me again to jam the stick in his face."

Adams continued to defend Young. "He's a great holler guy on the bench as well as being aggressive on the ice," he said. "Sometimes a guy like that will put new life in a team that's running hot and cold. That's what he's

done for us.

The Red Wings finished fourth that season but Young's new life—despite 108 penalty-minutes in 29 gamessparked them into the Stanley Cup final. They upset Toronto in the semi-final but lost to Chicago in a six-game final. "I feel I belong here," Young said during the playoffs. "It feels great to know that when I come off the ice the other guys think I've helped out. They slap me on the back and say,

'Nice job' and I know they mean it. Other times when I came back to the bench I knew that they were thinking. 'Nice job-you really fouled things But now I realize what it's worth to the other guys for me to stay on the ice. And what it's worth to me."
When Young reported to training

camp the following September he expected to be worth a raise in salary

"I never got a chance to ask for it,"
Howie says. "Adams offered me less
money than the season before. Imagine that. He had some bonus clauses in there-if I behaved myself, if I didn't get too many cheap penalties—but that wasn't the point. The base salary was lower. It hurt my pride. So I started holding everything in and taking it out on the ice. That's when the trouble

During the Red Wing pre-season exhibition tour Adams began to be disenchanted with Young. One night somewhere between the midnight curfew and dawn—Adams was curfew awakened by the pounding of Young's fists on his hotel-room door. "He had been out and blown all his meal money," says a member of the Red Wing organization, "and he wanted

more. Fat chance he had.'

The Red Wings stumbled at the start of the season and Young stumbled with them. The two-minute penalties were bad enough, the ten-minute misconducts were worse. In Montreal one night Abel sent him to the dressing room after a penalty—a rare form of discipline. Another time he was sent off for two minutes. When he returned to the ice from the penalty box he was sent off again. When he said sarcastically to referee Dalt MacArthur: "suppose this is for my own good," MacArthur gave him a ten-minute misconduct penalty. "The previous season," Young explains now, "the referees kept telling me the penalties were for my own good."

Abel became angry at Young. So did Adams. The Red Wings, hoping to jolt Howie, asked waivers. But he wasn't worth \$20,000 to any of the other NHL.

teams.

"We're through with him," Adams said. "It's not fair to the other players. This is the only game where you have to play shorthanded. In football if you get a penalty you still use 11 men." Abel agreed. "When we're under pressure," Sid said, "Young is the one who loses control. The crowd starts roaring and he starts running this way and that. Maybe he thinks he's a big shot or something but he'll do something foolish and off he'll go. He doesn't seem to think about the rest of the guys. They have to kill the penalty, not him. Some of the players were getting mad at me, too, for putting him on the ice. We couldn't afford to play with a man short and that's what he was doing to us.

The next week the Red Wings gave him another chance but he only played occasionally and in mid-January, 1962, the Red Wings suspended him. The club issued this statement: "We have gone as far as we can with Howie Young and he has not lived up to his promises. It is not his conduct on the ice but his off-ice behavior that has caused us to take this action.

Following a payday Young had disappeared and missed two practices. The next week he was enroute to Edmonton. "I guess it was the booze," he told a reporter after the suspension. "I fell off the wagon. Things weren't going too good and I got mixed up.

Mixed up is the story of Howie

Young's life. He was born on August 2, 1937, in Toronto and his parents were divorced when he was a baby. "I see my father once in a while," he says, "but the last I heard of my mother she was in Paris." In past years he would use his broken home as an excuse for his misbehavior, but Budd Lynch, the Detroit sportscaster, once told him: "There are a lot of guys who came out of the same situation, and they don't use it as a crutch everytime they do something wrong. The sooner you stop using it, the better off you'll be.

Young grew up in Scarborough, out-"Young grew up in Scarborough, outside Toronto, with his grandparents.
"My grandmother," Howie recalls,
"was actually my stepgrandmother—
my grandfather's second wife—and
she never had any children. So she
treated me like I was her own." But what he remembers best is their home. "My grandfather had 90 acres in this valley-not too far from Lake Ontario —and I had it all to myself. My pals and I would go see a Tarzan movie and we'd half-kill ourselves when we got back to the valley. We had a regular vineland there. And a pond for

swimming."
Nearby there were retired racehorses stabled at the farm of one of
his boyhood friends. "One day," Young
says, "I got on one of the horses—
bareback—and I guess he hadn't had anybody on him for a while because he took off at a gallop. I hung on for awhile but then I fell off. I chipped my collar bone. Lucky I wasn't killed. And dogs, I always had a couple of dogs with me, German schnauzers. I'd go hunting with them for raccoons with a .22. In the summer I never wore

In the winter, of course, Howie wore shoes—and skates. "All I ever wanted to be was a hockey player." he says, "but when I was little I wasn't like I am now. I didn't get many penalties. Then when I was 16 I moved from Jurious A healest into Lunior. A healest venile hockey into Junior A hockey. That's a big jump-most kids go to Junior B before Junior A-and it was too big a jump for me. I figured I didn't have enough ability so I started hitting guys to make up for it."

shoes. Barefoot all the time.

Young kept hitting guys when he turned pro with the Toronto organization in 1958 and continued hitting them when he was shifted to the Montreal farm system. Wherever he played the penalties piled up. "I promised him \$10 for every game he didn't get a foolish penalty," says Rochester gen-eral manager Jack Riley, "and he only collected \$80."

Rochester sold him to Hershey but, during the half-season before the Red Wings brought him up, Young was involved in one of the most memorable melees in AHL history, "I corked (Ed) Panagabko—he was with Providence —a couple times," Howie says, "and he got mad and speared me in the back of the neck. I swung back with my stick and we had a dandy. You should've seen the welt on my neck from his spear. It looked like I'd been hanged and the rope had been cut. I got suspended four games for that one."

Suspensions-from incidents both on and off the ice-have haunted Howie Young.

"I know I've got to watch myself," a says, "because if I do something it'll be a bigger thing because I've got a bad reputation.'

Only Howie Young can change that reputation and his career hinges on that change.



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(Continued from page 59) would probably be better off if the broken bone healed naturally. And, the doctor added, if Lee did well in 1962 he would name a horse Big Toe in his honor. By season's end, Thomas had done exceptionally well and had improved on all his 1961 figures. He led the team with a .290 average, hit 26 home runs and batted in 104 runs. He is now the only Angel who can go out to Santa Anita racetrack and bet on his namesake.

And so these Angels played without fear—of opponents, of injury, of failure, of anything. They were like kamikaze pilots in their daring, headfirst swoops upon the enemy. Yet they were unlike kamikazes, too, because they had every intention of surviving their missions and enjoying the damage they had wrought. In a late inning of a game against the Yankees, 40-year-old relief pitcher Art Fowler, a last-chance guy, picked up a bat and dashed to the plate. The Angels had two men in scoring position and Rigney had intended to pinch-hit for Fowler. But Fowler ignored the manager's plea to come back to the dugout. The pitcher singled cleanly, drove in both runners and clinched the victory. Fowler returned to the dugout, looked at Rigney and grinned. "Did you want me, Bill?" he said.

Rigney said his players had no research for mythody.

spect for anybody, but it wasn't quite rue. They had enormous respect for themselves. "The guys were practically the same mentally from start till finish," said Bridges. "We thought we could finish in the first division from the beginning and then when the season kept going and kept going, we all thought we could win the doggoned pennant, man. If Ken McBride had stayed healthy we would have given the Yankees even a better run. But when you lose a guy who's won ten straight games (McBride broke a rib in July) that kinda kicks you in the ol' fanny. Even then, though, the guys thought they could win. A lot of our games were last-minute wins and that kind of thing is contagious. They get to looking forward to winning sometime during the game only they're not sure what inning."

A lot of things were contagious on the Los Angeles club, including unselfishness and the desire to help out each other. "They root for each other like a college team. Nobody ducks, everybody soldiers—it's all for one and one for all," said Alexander Dumas Rigney.

And said Bridges: "I told a fellow one time that it's an easy team to be a coach on because you don't have to get on the players. When a guy is going bad it seems like the other guys, instead of feeling sorry for him, will tell him how lousy he is. Coming from a player, sometimes it has a little more comph to it than coming from a coach or manager."

Second-baseman Billy Moran knows what Bridges means. Moran popped up in a game and came back to the dugout mumbling to himself, "I guess I'll always be a .220 hitter, that's all," said Billy.

Eli Grba glowered at Moran. "Billy, you want to be a .220 hitter, keep thinking like one," said Grba.

A joit of electric current couldn't have been more stinging. Moran braced himself and walked away.

Billy stopped thinking—and hitting—like a .220 hitter and he finished the season at .282. He was the American League's All-Star second-baseman.

"We got some kind of harmony on this club," says Wagner, the Angels' only American Negro and the team's top slugger last season with 37 home runs and 107 RBI. "We're always yellin'—the coach—the bullpen—everything. These guys are unconscious, boy; unmerciful, you know? What brings us together like, man, is we blast each other's nationality. Sure, I get kidded. And I kid 'em back. I kid the Puerto Ricans, the Irish and what I call the Polish underground—Belinsky, Osinski and Sadowski. I kid the Southern fellows and they kid me. We have a regular United Nations in baseball and don't you worry about it—there ain't going to be no world war."

If the globe were populated with people like Wagner and Moran, there would not only be no war but no southern-states violence. Both of them once went for a fly ball. They collided and Moran knocked Wagner down. Startled, Leon looked up at the second-baseman, "Don't monkey with us fellows from Georgia," drawled Billy. Wagner couldn't stop laughing.

This ability to laugh at themselves was one of the Angels' biggest assets. They named the back of the team bus "the outhouse" and reserved it for those who had had a particularly bad game. Even Rigney wasn't immune from sitting there if he had made a mistake. "Sometimes," said Grba, "we got nobody in the front of the bus and everybody in the back of it."

The sportswriters who traveled with the team also became an integral part of the organizational mayhem. The players would yell in unison "the hell with the sportswriters," which was received with a somewhat feebler "the hell with the Angels" from the writers. Columnist Bud Furillo, who spent much of the season as Belinsky's guardian and business advisor, was one of the players' favorites and got special treatment. They once hanged him in effigy in the clubhouse broom closet.

Sometimes the Angels were calculatingly gruff in their camaraderie; sometimes they were touchingly compassionate. Third-baseman Felix Tor-res joined the Angels at the start of the '62 season as a 30-year-old rookie. Though he is, as Bridges says, "not the Charlie Paddock type in the field," Felix has good power and most likely would have made the majors sooner had it not been for an incident in Savannah, Georgia, in 1956. One day the fans there chased a Negro player off the field. Felix, a Puerto Rican Negro, figured they'd be after him next-if not then, then some other time. So he returned to peaceful Playa del Cortida and for the next 31/2 seasons played Puerto Rican ball. In 1960 he played with Havana and Jersey City in the International League and the next year was with Buffalo.

General manager Fred Haney bought him after the 1961 season and Felix reported to Los Angeles with only two words in his English vocabulary —money and hello. Leon Wagner, who had played winter ball in Mexico and knew a little Spanish, became his interpreter and buddy. Unable to bargain for an apartment because of his limited English, Felix was afraid he and his wife would end up sleeping in Los Angeles' Pershing Park. Wagner rented an apartment for them.

Felix may have had his problems communicating with others, but he should only know how nervewracking the language barrier was for Bridges. "The players got a big charge out of me going up to Felix," said Rocky. "'Cause they knew and everybody on the other team knew and the people in the stands knew that I couldn't speak Spanish. When I went up to him I knew I might as well be going up in a satellite at night."

"Did you have many mutua words?" a writer asked.

"Not many. I could say hello to him pretty good," said Rocky. "And what would he say?"

"I'd say hello and he'd say hello back. A couple of times when we wanted him to bunt or something, instead of confusing him by giving him the sign, I'd go up and say 'you bunt,' kinda Indian style."

"Did it work?"

"Not really. Sometimes he'd walk back and still wonder if he was gonna bunt. But at least we didn't have to worry about clubhouse meetings," said Bridges.

Clubhouse meetings. Rocky was kidding, of course. The Angels, like everyone else, had them. Only they didn't have them like everyone else. Sometimes all the players were present—and sometimes they weren't. At a meeting before the first game of the Labor Day weekend series with the Yankees, Wagner and Belinsky were absent.

Wagner arrived just as the meeting was breaking up. "All right," yelled Rigney. "We're all right now." This lightly sarcastic needling was Rigney's only reference to Wagner's tardiness. It was all he had to say

diness. It was all he had to say.

"I don't intend to be late," Wagner said later. "And Rigney knows when I get here I'm here 100 percent. The only time he got mad was once when I missed batting practice, so he talked to me about it. I don't miss it no

Eventually, Belinsky showed up, too, and he was breathless with a tale about a Countess De Voe who had met him at the airport the night before. "She's a Hungarian countess," said Bo. "She drove up to the airport in this big Caddy with the chauffeur and picked up me and Dean Chance. She had these two Chinese dogs. I don't know what the hell they're called, but they're rare damned dogs. I put in a call for photographers to meet us but they didn't show. Too bad. It woulda made a good caption. What the hell, Countesses just don't meet ballplayers anymore."

As it turned out, a countess didn't meet Belinsky either. Bo had hired the beautiful but untitled woman, the chauffeur and the Cadillac. But in one respect Belinsky's ill-fated hoax was a good sign. It showed he was keeping loose even in the face of the crucial Yankee series and he was keeping his

playmates loose too.
"I've never seen them so flakey," said Rigney in Washington the day before the club was to arrive in New York. "I imagine it's because they've been tight for a week anticipating this series. Now it's here, so they're loose."

On the bus to D.C. Stadium, Belinsky calmly took out a match, struck it and lit the centerfold of a news-

paper being read by a man from a Los Angeles radio station. Belinsky grinned devilishly. "We got to shake this gang up."

The lunacy continued in the club-house and it was like having on two TV comedy shows at the same time, one with video, the other with audio. Bowsfield got dressed by putting gloves on his feet, shoes and stockings on his hands and wearing BVDs for a cap. And Bridges read aloud a letter from his wife; "Why is it that you put more on the envelope than the stationery inside? Clever things like my name and address and air mail special delivery.

This was the game in which Rigney matched his players' wildness by put-ting together the most unlikely lineup of the year. Immediately after the victory the Angels departed for New York in the \$3 million Electra jet they rented from the Dodgers. This travel arrangement saved the American League club approximately 40 per-cent over the season. About the only drawback of the flights was the homely stewardesses—coaches Del Rice and Bridges and pitcher Tom Morgan.

"And we broke in Sadowski during the season," said Bridges. "Two of us handed out the plates and two fellows worked in the kitchen. We had only one strict rule—I had to warn the players about pinching my fanny. After what's been in the papers lately (alluding to the stewardess and pilot scandals) this might have been

frowned on."

The next day the Angels arrived at Yankee Stadium for their Labor Day doubleheader. They were 4½ games behind New York and had to win at least three out of four in the series to maintain a reasonable chance of overtaking the Yankees. The pressure increased when they were beaten, 8-2, in the first game. And by the seventh in the first game. And by the seventh inning of the second game, with the Yankees leading, 5-0, the Angels' doom seemed inevitable. But then things began to happen. Little Albie Pearson (5-5%, 141 pounds) picked the eighth inning to hit one of his five 1962 home runs. One man scored ahead of him and four more came in in the ninth. Los Angeles won the

game, 6-5.

"The fans like us Angels because of our underdog quality," said Wagner.

"We enter every game against odds, play every game under tension. We're a fast team, a long-ball team mixed with speed, good pitching now and then when the batting drops off. We wouldn't know how to act if the score was 12 to 1 in our favor."

was 12 to 1 in our favor.'

was 12 to 1 in our favor."

Cynics (meaning everyone but the Angels) called it a fluke but the skepticism or the game itself didn't phase Los Angeles players. "We don't know what pressure is," said Wagner. "I mean we know, but it don't mean anything. Man, we been playing one run games for two years. It don't excite us. We can win just as easy as get beat."

The next night Wagner's teammates

The next night Wagner's teammates helped emphasize his point. The Yankees' Whitey Ford had a 4-0 shutout going into the eighth inning. Los Angeles exploded again. Six runs. New York tied the score in its half of the inning but a single, a walk and a single in the ninth won the game for

the Angels.

After Los Angeles won its second game in the series to creep within 3½ games of the Yankees, the locker 3½ games of the rankes, the room was filled with uproarious, floating Angels. "Kookie," said Pearson, ing Angels. "Kookie," said Pearson, "I who really does say such things.

been with a lotta clubs but I never gassers. Everybody's pulling for everybody. That's worth six games anyway. Turn that around, the six games I mean, and it's 12 games. Suppose we win the pennant." Albie grew groggy at the thought. "It couldn't be . . "

Pearson was right. It couldn't be. The next day the Angels had the script reversed on them and blew a 5-2 lead. A throwing error by shortstop Joe Koppe in the seventh inning kept alive a Yankee rally and New York eventually won. The Angels were back where they started before the series and they knew now that the big miracle—from birth to eighth to the pennant—was at an end. Like a man awakened from a sleep in which he had dreamt he was surrounded by beautiful girls, the Angels silently cursed reality.

But the mood didn't last long. The Angels headed for Baltimore determined to finish as high as they could. And to have as much fun as they

could.

In the hotel lobby before the game coach Jack Paepke and Pearson suddenly started shouting at each other. Old ladies dropped their knitting and grey-haired gentlemen peered up from their evening newspapers. The commotion grew more intense. The 240-pound Paepke grabbed Albie by the collar and roared, "Don't you dare call me a liar!"

"You're a liar," squeaked Pearson. Albie scrambled loose and scurried into the outer lebby.

into the outer lobby.

Paepke giant-stepped after him, caught him and swung. Pearson ducked and dashed to the door. Paepke grabbed him again and lifted him off the carpet. Pearson jabbed an elbow into Paepke's ample belly. The big coach doubled up, not with pain but with laughter.

The players soon boarded the bus. Rigney was one of the last to get on and he was greeted with a mixture of cheers and jeers. Across the aisle from this writer sat Tom Morgan and he looked grim. Without warning he turned around and glowered at Paepke sitting behind him.

"You mind your own business," yelled Paepke.

"You sat of it" and Then "It has a life or the same and the same are the same and the same are the same are

"Keep out of it," said Tom. "I know how to pitch." Says who?"

Morgan grabbed Paepke around the neck. The coach got loose and dug a large ring into the back of Morgan's

"My pitching hand!" screamed Mor-



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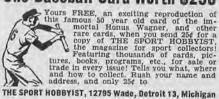
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gan. "You've ruined it!"

Morgan lashed a right to Paepke's body. "My heart!" groaned Paepke. "You've killed me!"

The scuffle ended as quickly as it had begun. All this time Rigney remained engrossed in his newspaper. The players laughed wildly and Morgan winked at this writer. "Now you're one of the gang, Dexter, you old so-and-so," said Morgan.

So it went till the season's end. "I

like to say we brought baseball back to the fans," said Bridges, and the fans bore him out. Two thousand of them had turned out at the Los Angeles airport on July 5, the same day the Los Angeles Times ran the eight-column headline: "Heaven can wait! Angels in 1st on 4th." The club's home attendance soared to 1,144,063, almost doubling 1961 figures.

The attendance and the winning record were statistical tributes to an exuberant, patient manager and the unlikeliest, but hustlingest group of ballplayers in recent baseball history. But they were tributes, too, to the

front-office.

As remarkable as Rigney's managing was the general managing of Haney. When Haney arrived at the expansion-draft meeting in 1960, he says, "I had a ballpoint pen, no office, no ball park, no players, no balls or bats, and no organization, nobody but Rig and myself.

From the player-pool of rejects, Haney filled the nine positions and added extras. But his unerring judg-ment was best exemplified by his choices of farm-system players, particularly pitchers. The Angels drafted Chance from Baltimore and McBride from the White Sox. Chance was fourth in the league last season with a 2.96 ERA, winning 14 and losing ten. Until McBride was injured, he looked like a possible 20-game winner. He finished with an 11-5 record and a 3.50 ERA.

From a special list of veterans available to the expansion clubs Haney picked Pearson, "pound for pound as big a star as Al Kaline." The leadoff man, Albie drew 95 walks last season and batted .261. Haney's second wild-card choice was big Steve Bilko. He hit 20 home runs in '61 and batted .282 last season before being replaced at first base by Lee Thomas.

All through the Angels' first season Haney was on the lookout for men to patch up the weak spots. And he didn't care how much it cost him. Fortunately, neither did owners Gene Autry or Bob Reynolds. In June, 1961, Haney bought Moran, who was hit-ting 300 for Toronto at the time. "We needed a stronger defense at the pivot," said Haney, "and I paid through the nose to get Moran— \$30,000 to Cleveland for Russell Heman, a pitcher Toronto wanted.

At about that time Haney got two shortstops—one experienced, one raw. Thirty-one-year-old Joe Koppe was brought in from Portland. And a San Francisco admirer of Haney wrote a letter recommending Jim Fregosi, "who's the greatest prospect I ever saw." Haney scribbled Fregosi's name

on his list of possibilities and drafted the boy from the Red Sox chain. When Fregosi reported, he was 19 and scared. "If you said hello to him he was stuck for an answer," said Bridges, But when Koppe was injured last season, Fregosi, like the rest of the Angles, was fearless. He batted .291 in 58 games.

Probably Haney's greatest deal was obtaining Wagner. At the start of the '61 season Haney realized he needed a lefthanded power-hitter. Wagner then was with Toronto and he was the man

Haney wanted. He got him.

Haney was willing to listen to anyone with a tip, even to scouts who never produced in the past. Tuffie Hashem, a Caribbean scout, recom-mended that Haney sign two players in last winter's draft. Haney went along with him. The two? Belinsky and Torres.

By the end of the '62 season Haney had spent \$8 million for players and had kept just 12 players from the original Angel roster. Combining flexible thinking, astute judgment and the necessary capital, Haney had molded a pennant contender in half the time that even Rigney thought it would take to reach the first division.

"We're trying to put a ball club to-gether that should take 50 years to do," said the manager in 1961. "It will be four, five years before we're even a first-division contender."

a first-division contender. Rigney, like almost everyone else, had sold himself and the Angels far

short.

CAN ED MATHEWS COME BACK?

(Continued from page 37) to me it was to offer advice or encouragement. You can't ask for better treatment than that."

Mathews is an expert on the subject of fan-relations. In the early Fifties, when big-league baseball was young in Milwaukee and Mathews was young and single, he had problems with the fans. Now, at 31, married, the father of three children, anxious to give where he had largely been on the taking end, the fans are on his side.

He smiles a little ruefully when he recalls those first days of the Milwaukee Spectacle. He was probably the most eligible bachelor between Evanston and Eau Claire. In his freshman year he had smacked 25 homers and everyone knew he was going to hit a great many more. He was a hero; he was handsome.

"There was a bunch of us living at the Wisconsin Hotel, none of us married, and it was the damnedest ball you ever saw. None of us could buy a thing. Everyone wanted to latch onto the Brave publicity and trucks used to back up with all kinds of stuff. You could hardly get into your room, there'd be cases of beer stacked right

to the ceiling."

It's different now; the fabulous money-machine now operates at a modest one-third of its former pace at County Stadium. The fans don't cheer pop fouls into the seats any more, nor do they inquire, "Which one is second base?" The slightly idiotic seminars staged by department stores for housewives where one once asked, actually: "What are 'Army eyes'?" (she was talking, it turned out, about RBI's) are over. In Milwaukee a hard core of knowledgeable fans has increased in normal progression.

One of the items on the Braves' bill of fare which the hard core has come to appreciate has been Ed Mathews, at bat and at third base. And the hard core was understandably disturbed last spring late in the second game of a doubleheader with the Houston Colts. Dick Farrell threw a high pitch to Mathews and Eddie swung

"I must have swung at that same kind of pitch a thousand times," Ed says, "and nothing ever happened. This time I felt my whole right shoulder go 'pop'. I knew it was all the muscles and ligaments in there.

Everyone else must have figured the same way because our trainer came hustling out, rubbed it, and looked pretty worried. Strange thing is that I took a final swing, struck out, and then I was through for a while."

Mathews was out several weeks, and when he came back he couldn't throw. Manager Birdie Tebbetts tried him at first base, but he didn't do well there either. It was soon obvious this wasn't an ordinary sore shoulder.

"My swing was affected in a funny way," says Mathews. "I was all right until I was halfway through it, then I'd tuck my elbow in, favoring the shoulder. Funny thing about the injury was that I was hurt in the second game of a doubleheader when you'd expect to be nice and loose."

Mathews had trouble getting "nice and loose" the rest of the season. But the last week of the season, he put on a batting show that seemed to indicate he'd be able to battle back to star's status in 1963. The show came the evening of September 25. That was the night Sonny Liston belted Floyd Patterson in the heavyweight championship ring in Chicago. Some 60 miles to the North and West, Mathews was doing some belting, too. Batting against Jay Hook of the New York Mets, Mathews came up three times and doubled three times. If there was anything wrong with Mathews' shoulder, his swing didn't show it.

If his shoulder is healed, as it

seemed to be, nothing should stand in his way—toward a '63 comeback. Certainly there is nothing wrong with his attitude toward the game which has made him a national figure, boosting him to a social and economic level he never dreamed of as a boy in Santa Barbara, California. "We only play seven months a year, and only a few hours a day," Ed says. "Why shouldn't everyone put out 100 percent? Apart from your owing it to the club it's the one way you can face yourself, no matter what happens on the field.

"If you know, and really know, you've put out all the way, that's the end of it. You might have dropped the ball that meant the game or fanned with men on, but you've done your

best.

Mathews has no patience with perfect performers. He quotes Vin Lombardi, another fellow who came half-way across the country to find sports success in the Northland. "Up in Green Bay, you know how Vin Mathews has no patience with partin Green Bay, you know how Vin Lombardi handles this, don't you? He tells his fellows, 'Green Bay is a small town, but it has good plane and railroad connections. And they can take you out of here goddam fast if you

don't give 100 percent.'"

Mathews' slump in 1962 cannot be attributed to lack of effort. None of his slumps can and he has had many, as many home-run hitters do. In the dozen years he has been playing major-league ball he has come to ac-

cept slumps as inevitable.

Ed has had his slumps since he began climbing in the Braves' farm system (High Point-Tomlinson, a couple of years at Atlanta, a single season at Milwaukee while it was still Triple-A) and through his years in the majors, beginning in Boston the last year the Braves played there. From Boston he went with the Braves to Milwaukee, where it was the World Series every day and New Year's Eve every night. "I never talked as much baseball before or since," says Mathews. "If you didn't talk baseball in those days you were completely out of things. Most of the people didn't know what they were talking about. I wasn't too sure of myself, at times,

"Today it's different. When a fellow comes up and says he's a fan and has been watching you a few years and thinks he's spotted something in your stance that might be bothering you, you listen. He's gained your respect. At least he's gained mine.
"Another thing, when I'm in a

slump I'm willing to listen to anyone. Mathews makes a point here, not apparent to the casual fan. "When a fellow is in a slump and is trying new things," he says, "you, in the field, have to be on the alert. He's up there placing his feet differently, and his swing is different. You got to try to figure where the ball will go if he hits it. Something he tries is going to

click. You'd better be ready for it." Mathews is ready for his 1963 battle. He is not afraid. He makes the point that baseball is no place for anyone who is afraid, whether on the field, in the dugout, or the front office. He speaks somewhat acidly of Fred Haney, the former Milwaukee manager, who refused his request for a benching after the '58 pennant had been clinched because he was afraid

of possible public reaction.
"Three or four days might have helped," says Mathews, "but he wouldn't do it. You can't be afraid in

this game."

Nor can the fear of being hurt influence a player's thinking, Mathews says. "That's one pretty sure way for something to happen," Ed says, "thinking about it, and what it will do to your social scale, the way you live, your obligations."

Baseball is a peculiar game, however, and people in it are afraid, just as people outside baseball are afraid for any one of a million reasons. Consider those young men who now own the Milwaukee club. They're afraid, afraid that Mathews' shoulder will not be fully recovered when he steps to the plate for the first time this sea-son in Forbes Field. They're almost as afraid as the as yet-unnamed Pirate opening-game pitcher, who is worry-ing that the shoulder will be okay.

ALTHEA GIBSON, TENNIS PIONEER

(Continued from page 61) made her an even more interesting figure, and she kept things lively with her own always blunt and often tact-

less comments.
"The only trouble with Althea," said
Sydney Llewellyn, a New York City taxi driver who taught her tennis in his spare time, "is that she doesn't mind hurting people."

Althea denies it, saying, "I say what I think, but I try to be polite. I never went around screaming that the United States Lawn Tennis Association was picking on me when it looked as though they weren't ever going to let me play at Forest Hills. Actually, I think I used to get in more trouble with my own proposed because it. with my own people because I wouldn't crusade enough to suit them. But I'm just not a racially conscious or controversially inclined person, and I don't want to be. I see myself as an individual. I can't help or change my color in any way, so why should I make a big deal out of it? My attitude has always been that I could do more has always been that I could do more for the Negro by making good, and being accepted because I had made good, than I ever could by popping off. So the Negro press, which likes fireworks, used to call me big-headed, uppity, ungrateful and a few other things like that."

Other people were also critical of

Other people were also critical of

Althea.

"She is rude, uncooperative, assertive and domineering," the English player, Angela Buxton, once said. But Angela later became so friendly with Althea that she shared her London flat during Althea's two winning sea-sons at Wimbledon.

"I'm not a cold person, underneath," Althea said one night, sipping a pre-dinner martini, "but I know some-times I appear to be." For a girl who is famous for being difficult to inter-view, she is very articulate when she

wants to be. "I've always been a loner, suspicious and withdrawn," she says. "I guess I've always been afraid to risk too much by trusting any part of myself with anybody else. You can get hurt pretty bad that way when you're poor, and colored. I guess it all goes back to when I was a kid."

Althea's childhood was, frankly, brutal. No money, no clothes, only the most primitive kinds of fun, and, worst of all, no hope. She was born on August 25, 1927, in the little South Carolina town of Silver, but her father went to New York to feed and the carolina town of Silver, but her father went to New York to find work a year or so later and her mother followed with the children as soon as there was fare money. They knew there would never be any money for them in South Carolina. "I got a bale and a half of cotton out of my sharecrop the last year we were there," Daniel Gibson, a big, powerful man, remembers. 'Cotton was \$50 a bale that year, so I

got exactly \$75 for working all year." Yet in New York money was still so tight that Althea spent far more of

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good place to meet and make our plans for what we would do all day."
When she was 12, big for her age, strong and already a neighborhood celebrity because she had won the women's singles paddle tennis cham-pionship of New York City, her father decided Althea aught to become a prodecided Althea ought to become a professional boxer. He was serious. He had been reading about women's box-

ing bouts allowed in some states.
"Daddy thought there might be good money in it," Althea says, "and he wanted to put me in for it. As a he wanted to put me in for it. As a matter of fact, I was a pretty fair fighter. Daddy taught me all the moves, and I had a good punch, no kidding. I remember one day he got mad at me for not coming home for a couple of days and when I finally sashayed in, he didn't waste any time going for any strap. He just walked up to me and punched me right in the face and knocked me for a loop. I got right back up and punched him back, as hard as I could, and pretty soon we had a good little fight going, and we weren't fooling around either."

Maybe she didn't hit him hard enough. Mr. Gibson gave up trying to make a boxer of his daughter and concentrated on trying to make a

student of her.

A nice, but vain try. Althea somehow graduated from junior high school, but she says, "I don't know how I did it. I think those teachers just made up their minds to pass me on to the next school and let them worry about me." It couldn't have been easy dealing with a street-fighting girl who would spend all day shooting baskets for Cokes at the playground or watching a movie in the afternoon and the stage show at the Apollo at night. After the show at the Apollo, she'd eat a two-cent mickey (potato) roasted in an empty lot, then climb the stairs at home with one eye on the shadowed landings to make sure nobody jumped her with a knife. Surrounded by her mother and father, her brother Daniel and her sisters Annie and Millie and Lillian,

she then went to sleep,
Some nights she didn't go home. She would spend all night riding the subway from one end of the line to the other. In the summer it was cooler on the fan-blown trains than it was on sultry 143rd Street, and in the

winter it was warmer.

Inevitably, though, her behavior landed her in a place where society could teach her discipline. She spent a few months in the girls' dormitory of the Society for the Devention of of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which she thought was a country club. The hardest work she had to do was to scrub the floor now and then, and the food was abundant and good. But the restrictions got on her nerves after a strictions got on her nerves after a while, and she asked to go home. The authorities agreed, first warning Althea that if she got into any more trouble she would be sent to a girls' correction school. "Which," Althea says wryly, "is polite language for reformatory." That prospect didn't appeal to her, so she decided it was time to work and earn some money.

As a teenager Althea cleaned chickens in a butcher shop, ran deliveries, waited on counters at a Chock Full O' Nuts restaurant, worked as a mail clerk, in a Five-and-Ten, a dressmaking shop and a button factory. During one long stretch between jobs, the City Welfare Department paid her rent for a comfortable room in a private home and supplied her a

weekly allowance.
"When I was supposed to be looking for a job," she says, "I was playing basketball and paddle tennis, shooting pool and going to the movies.

It's ironic, that if Althea had cared enough about any job to really work at it, she might never have played tennis. But instead of working she played paddle tennis. And a young musician, Buddy Walker, who was working part-time as a city playleader, saw her slamming the ball.

Paddle tennis is played on a court marked off much the same as a regular tennis court, except that it is about half the size. Wooden paddles are used instead of tennis rackets. The balls can be either sponge rubber or tennis balls. When Buddy Walker saw Althea's astonishing skill, it struck him—a tennis fan—that she might play tennis just as well. He bought her a couple of second-hand tennis rackets and soon made a date for her to play a few sets with a friend of his at the Harlem River Tennis Courts.

Juan Serrell, a Negro schoolteacher who was a member of the Cosmo-politan Tennis Club, a private club to which the wealthier Harlem tennis players belonged, saw Althea's work-out. He agreed with Walker that she had rare ability and helped provide her with a junior membership in the club and formal instruction by Fred

Johnson.

Johnson became the first of a long line of tennis coaches, patrons and officials to try to bend Althea's stubborn will and fiery temperament. They clashed early and often. Althea was willing to take his advice on how to hit a tennis ball but not on how to live her personal life. "I wasn't exactly ready to start studying how to be a fine lady," she says. "I kept wanting to fight my opponent every time I started to lose a match."

Gradually, as she began to feel more comfortable at the club and to study the members covertly, Althea came to feel the mannered customs of the game weren't so silly after all. "I made up my mind that I would go along with the program," she says. "I was learning that you could act like a lady and still beat the living daylights out of the ball."

Althea played in her first tourna-ment in 1942, She was 15, the tournament was the all-Negro American Tennis Association's New York State Open Championship, and she won it. She won the national A.T.A. girls' singles championship in 1944 and '45 and went to the final round of the

women's singles in 1946.

The important thing that happened to Althea in that tournament was meeting two tennis-playing doctors from the South, Dr. Robert W. John-son of Lynchburg, Virginia, and Dr. son of Lynchburg, Virginia, and Dr. Hubert A. Eaton of Wilmington, North Carolina. "My two doctors," Althea has affectionately called them ever since. Professionally and financially successful, and alert to any opportunity to encourage Negro participation in tennis, the doctors suggested that Althea devote the next few years to an intensive tennis training program, preferably as a scholarship student in a good Negro college. Obviously Dr. Johnson and Dr. Eaton saw in Althea their dream of a Negro tennis player good enough to break the color line in the major national and international tournaments. To Althea the idea of spending all her time playing tennis was great. But the college part of their proposal stopped her. "I never even went to high school," she said. "How can I go to college?"

The doctors were resourceful. The things they wanted Althea to do couldn't be done by an ignorant girl, no matter how hard she could wallop a tennis ball. So it was arranged that Althea would go to Wilmington for the school year, live with Dr. Eaton and his family, go to high school with the Eaton children and practice her ten-nis with Dr. Eaton on his backyard court. In the summer she would move to Dr. Johnson's in Lynchburg and, using his home as a base, travel the Negro tournament trail with him.

It was a tremendous opportunity, it wasn't an easy decision for Althea. She had heard some frighten-Attnea. She had heard some irightening stories about how it was for collored people down South. "Harlem wasn't heaven," she says, "but at least I knew I could take care of myself there." Fortunately she had made friends that year with boxer Sugar Ray Robinson and his wife, Edna Mae. The Robinsons put an end to her indecision. "You go on down there and do what those people tell you, and you'll never be sorry," Ray told her.

There were times when Althea wondered if she had done the right thing in putting her whole life on the line for the sake of her tennis career. The

signs on the Wilmington buses were new to her: "White in front, Colored to the rear."

"It was even worse when I went to the movies," she remembers. "The ushers practically knocked us colored down making sure we got up to the back balcony, which was the only place in the whole theater we were allowed to sit. Actually, I've never really liked to sit in the orchestra. sit in the balcony every time I get the chance. But I never enjoyed a movie all the time I was in the South because I had to sit in the balcony."

But her school work progressed well, better than she had dared hope, and her tennis progressed even more. That summer Althea won her first A.T.A. national women's singles title -the first of ten in a row. For whatever it was worth, and Althea knew it wasn't worth much, she was the best Negro woman tennis player in the country.

It was two years later, the summer It was two years later, the summer of 1949, when she first heard the suggestion that she might some day be able to play at Forest Hills. "Althea," Dr. Eaton said to her with elaborate casualness, "how would you feel about playing at Forest Hills next year?" "He knew how I would feel about it," Althea says. "He knew I would give my right arm to do it. So all I said was, 'Huh, who you kidding?' And he looked like he knew something and said, 'Well, all I can say is, don't

and said, 'Well, all I can say is, don't think it couldn't happen. Some pretty good people are working on it.

It's unlikely those good people, white as well as colored, would have accomplished their goal if it hadn't been for a public outburst in the early summer of 1950 by Alice Marble. Alice wrote an editorial in American Lawn

"In order to qualify for the Nationals," Miss Marble quoted a U.S.-L.T.A. committeeman, "Miss Gibson L.T.A. committeeman, "Miss Gibson must make a strong showing in the major Eastern tournaments to be played between now and the date for the big do at Forest Hills. Most of these major tournaments-Orange, East Hampton, Essex, etc.-are invitational, of course, and if she is not invited to participate, as my committee member freely predicted, then she obviously will be unable to prove anything at all, and it will be the reluctant duty of the committee to reject her entry at Forest Hills. Miss Gibson is over a very cunningly wrought barrel . . . If tennis is a wrought barrel . . . If tennis is a game for ladies and gentlemen, it's time we acted a little more like gentle people and less like sanctimonious hypocrites."

The first big break-through came when Althea was invited to play in the Eastern Grass Court Championships at South Orange, New Jersey. Althea, painfully over-anxious, de-feated Virginia Rise Johnson in the first round and lost to the experienced Helen Pastall Perez in the second. Then she went to the quarter-finals of the National Clay Court Championships at Chicago before losing to Doris Hart. Not long afterward, Harold Lebair, a long-time power in the U.S.-L.T.A., passed the word to one of Althea's supporters among the A.T.A. officials that if she applied for a place in the draw at Forest Hills, her entry would be approved. She did apply, and she was swiftly accepted.

Her first National Tournament was an experience Althea will never forget. She won her first-round match and went up against Louise Brough, champion of Wimbledon and former champion of the United States, in the second round. Despite the fact that she appeared to be hopelessly overmatched, it was a glittering opport tunity to show what she could do against first-class competition, and Althea took a life-or-death grip on her racket and set out to prove herself. Miss Brough won the first set, 6-1, but Althea laid into the ball with more power and more confidence in the second set and won, 6-3. She was ahead, 7-6, in the third set, and on the verge of a stunning upset, when a thunderstorm struck the stadium. Play had to be suspended until the next day.

"That was the worst thing thing that could have happened to me," Althea says. "It meant I had to sit around all night thinking about the match, thinking about how much it would mean to me if I won, thinking about how close I had come to beating one of the greatest players in the game and how easy it would be to blow the whole thing. So, naturally, when I went back out there the next day, and we picked up where we had left off, I blew the whole thing."

Still, Althea had forced acceptance of herself as a tournament player of the first rank. She began to play in all of the big events, even in the

Good Neighbor tournament at Miami. where she became the first Negro ever to compete in a racially mixed tournament in the Deep South. She went to Wimbledon. "All I got there was experience," she says ruefully. But experience was what she needed. Not that she wasn't disappointed as time went on and she saw herself ranked No. 9 nationally in 1952, No. 7 in 1953, and then dropped to No. 13 in 1954. By then she had a new coach, Sydney Llewellyn.

Althea, two years out of college, champion of nothing but the A.T.A., and getting no younger, was tempted to quit tennis. She actually put in her application for a commission in the Women's Army Corps. But Llewellyn talked her out of it, and then the U.S.L.T.A. boosted her career by sending her on a State Department goodwill tour of Southeastern Asia.

Traveling with Ham Richardson. Bob Perry and Karol Fageros, Althea played the game more intensively than she ever had. She had never had a chance before to play so steadily against such excellent players. Her game improved quickly. In 1956 she won the championship of France, her first major title, and, even though she was beaten in the quarter-finals at Wimbledon, she went to the final round at Forest Hills before losing to Shirley Fry. But she was 29 years old, and if she was ever going to win one of the big ones, it would have to be soon. Plenty of people in tennis predicted she never would. "She's good enough to come close," they said, "but just not quite good enough."

They were wrong. In the eighth year of her campaigning against the best of the white players, Althea finally made it. Tense with the knowledge that Queen Elizabeth was sitting in the royal box at midcourt, Althea won the Wimbledon championship by beating Darlene Hard in straight sets. Then she was led by tournament officials to meet the Queen and accept her trophy. The tough kid from 143rd Street made the deep curtsy she had painstakingly practiced and smiled happily.

"My congratulations," Queen Elizabeth said. "It must have been terribly bet out "I must have been terribly better the "I must have been terribly be "I must have been terribly be the "I must have be the "

"Yes, your majesty," Althea said.
"I hope it wasn't as hot in your box. At least I was able to stir up a breeze."

It was almost a foregone conclusion then that Althea would also win at Forest Hills, and play on the Wight-man Cup team, and win again the next year at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. Althea Gibson was, indisputably, the champion woman tennis player of the world. She recorded an album of torch songs, sang two songs on the Ed Sullivan Show, began to enjoy the fun of playing in tournaments in such exotic spots as Caracas, Ciudad Tru-

exotic spots as Caracas, Ciudad Tru-jillo and San Juan, and finally took the biggest step of all when she for-sook Harlem for Central Park West. But she couldn't quit. Not Althea. "I'm Althea Gibson, the tennis cham-pion," she wrote in her autobiography, I Always Wanted To Be Somebody. "I hope it makes me happy." But al-ready she has embarked on a brand ready she has embarked on a brand new career. Shooting in the middle 70s after only a few years of serious golf, Althea has set out to win the point, Alther has set out to win the national women's amateur golf championship. "I plan to work hard on my game and develop it," she says calmly. "I intend to win this thing." Would you bet against her?

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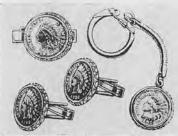
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TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS



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NOW PRO FOOTBALL IS THE UNDERDOG

AS YOU must have noted by now, this issue of Sport is devoted almost exclusively to a familiar breed in American life—the underdog. We are, as Myron Cope points out in the first story in this issue, a nation that loves the underdog. And that, basically, is why we decided to devote an entire issue to the underdog in sport.

Today, the most improbable underdog of all is pro-

fessional football. Just a few short months ago, pro football was riding the crest of unparalleled popularity. It was, everyone was saying, the great spectator sport of the 1960s. And then the clouds began to gather—allegations about players' associating with gamblers, about players betting on games, about the possibility of points being shaved.

As this is being written, the whole story of pro football's newest crisis is not yet fully developed. The facts are not all in. They may never be all in. There may, as it turns out, be more smoke than fire. But for the moment, pro football is on the spot, an underdog—and not exactly a beloved underdog. Well, we happen to believe in the basic honesty of pro football. We think pro football is a sport that deserves to be defended. We

ask that you wait before passing judgment, that you consider all the facts before you succumb to the cynicism and skepticism that fell to college basketball when that sport was fouled by scandal.

There is, for one thing, a vast difference between the scandals that nearly wrecked basketball, and the revelations that have come out about pro football. In basketball, as we have said over and over again in these pages, as we repeat now, it was the *system* that was at fault, and that is still at fault. High-school kids are flown to campuses around the country and offered hidden rewards—sometimes flat cash payments—to enroll. It is then that the boy learns his basketball skills can be computed in terms of illegal payment.

None of these temptations, though, are thrust on the

professional football player. He may have been corrupted by the system while in college—college football recruiting is every bit as vicious as basketball recruiting—and this may be one reason why he may remain vulnerable when he becomes a professional. But in professional football at least, it is not the system that is at fault.

Of all the sports in this country, professional foot-

ball has been the most aware of the problems that arise through gambling.

Players have been continually warned about being careful in their associations. It is plainly written in the National Football League contract that a player can be fined and suspended (for life if need be) for betting on a game. He can even be suspended, if the league feels it necessary, for betting nothing more than "a pack of cigarettes or a couple of cigars," the size of the bets Alex Karras of the Detroit Lions said he made when he was first questioned in January.

This tough policy began during the reign of the late Bert Bell. It was Bell who started the system of using ex-FBI men in every NFL city to trail known gamblers, to keep ears open for rumors, to watch the betting line during the week of a game

for any signs of drastic fluctuation. Every year Bell would visit the different teams and tell the players, "Don't talk to strangers. Don't go to places where gamblers go to work." And Bell's successor, Pete Rozelle, has been every bit as diligent.

We believe that pro football as a sport is basically clean and honest. Some players may have to be sorted out, thrown out. Other players may have to search their own consciences and draw a line in personal behavior. But the fault, the root of the problem, is with individuals rather than the system. The system needs no major revamping.

In light of this, we hope professional football ultimately emerges from all this disagreeable business in good shape.



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